The Gazette is the HOME PAPER. That's why you will find in it the advertisement of every business man who sells things for the home.

COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE

Sun rises today, 4:45, sets, 7:05. Mean temperature yesterday, 65. Weather today, generally fair. Sunshine yesterday, 81 per cent of possible.

NO. 13,049—[illegible] YEAR COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., MONDAY, JULY 6, 1914—TWELVE PAGES PRICE FIVE CENTS

State Historical and Natural History Society

7,000 MEN AND [illegible]EN PLEDGE THEIR VOTES TO 'DRY' COLUMN AS SUNDAY PUTS HIS QUESTION

Evangelist's Sermon on 'Booze, or Get on the Water Wagon,' Draws Big Crowd; Hundreds, Unable to Enter Wooden Temple, Stand in Rain to Hear Every Word

Abruptly breaking off his bitter characterization of the vileness of the liquor interests, Billy Sunday, with one leap, jumped to the top of his little pulpit yesterday afternoon and shouted in thunderous tones which reverberated from every nook and corner in the big tabernacle:

"How many of you people who have the right to vote will vote next fall for a dry Colorado?"

Without the slightest warning the demand for a declaration of principle was hurled forth. The evangelist had been preaching with all his power; he had broken his sermon, in the middle of a sentence, jumped to his pulpit so quickly that few had realized what was happening and shouted his query. The 7,000 men and women arose as one and gave yent to a shout that could be heard blocks away.

"Whoop," shouted Billy Sunday with all the feeling he could put into the expression. "Let's sing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee!' Get her boys, Mickey."

Snatching a big American flag from his shoulder, where it had been during the greater part of the sermon, he waved it proudly over his head and led the immense crowd in the stirring patriotic hymn. Sunday can't sing, but he makes himself heard when the song of his nation is being sung. And he continued to wave the big banner vigorously above his head so strenuously that the women in front feared for his safety on the small pulpit.

Demonstration Unprecedented.

If one-half the enthusiasm and determination is displayed at the polls that was manifested at the Tabernacle yesterday afternoon, the status of the liquor question so far as the Pikes Peak region is concerned will not long remain in doubt. Never has so big a temperance demonstration been seen in Colorado Springs. Practically every man and woman in the tabernacle jumped from his or her seat the moment the evangelist demanded a declaration. The thousand who remained seated were children.

What about the sermon? Was the new famous talk on "Booze, or Get on the Water Wagon" successful? The worth of the sermon is best shown, perhaps, by the fact that some men, a dozen or more, left the tabernacle cursing the evangelist and his blankety-blank fool ideas and swearing they would never return to hear him. They didn't leave during the sermon; they waited until the service was over. When such a talk as Sunday gave yesterday brings forth such expressions as were heard after the meeting, it can be said that it was quite successful.

Sunday was feeling fine yesterday afternoon. He was in a good humor and as usual transmitted his happy spirit to his audience. He did not show the nervous eagerness to begin preaching that he displayed when he gave his sermon on "Amusements," but, nevertheless, he was anxious to get in the first talk a few times and he drop into a deeply serious mood, during the greater part of the talk he was smiling, even though he was admonishing and forewarning his audience. His manner was that of one repeating a perfectly obvious truth. He seemed to take it for granted that everyone could readily understand every statement; his continuous smile seemed to say "Of course, that's simple enough, that's plain;" his tone of voice was that of "Why, a man would be a fool to try to make people believe anything else." In assuming this manner he was working along the proper lines. His audience accepted the statements in the spirit they were given and seemed to wonder how they could ever believe anything else.

Gives Credit for Intelligence.

His high opinion of his audiences is one of the likeable things about Sunday. Also it is one of the reasons he is received in such an open-hearted manner and listened to with such attention. Sunday always gives his crowd the credit of knowledge. He doesn't stand at his pulpit and in an I-know-more-than-you manner preach accepted facts as if they were new to the audience and needed much explaining. He doesn't enlarge on matters that people are familiar with in the way he touches on comparatively unknown subjects. Rather, he relegates the truths, but does it in a familiar way that leaves an impression of we-know-all, this-but-those-fellows-are-trying-to-fool-us-we're-wrong.

Sunday's sermon on "Booze" was all that had been predicted. The first

(Continued on Page Six.)

Today's Program; Attendance Data

Mr. Sunday and party will go to Canon City today where the evangelist will talk to the convicts at the state penitentiary. The party will be the guests of Warden Thomas Tynan and will make the Royal Gorge and Skyline Drive trips.

Attendance up to and including Saturday evening	229,400
Sunday morning	6,200
Sunday afternoon	7,900
Sunday evening	7,800
Total	251,500

Conversions Secured

Conversions up to and including Saturday evening	3,023
Sunday morning	58
Sunday evening	51
Total	3,132

HALF OF PEOPLE IN PIKES PEAK REGION HEAR EVANGELIST PREACH 3 SERMONS

More Than 21,000 Wend Way to Tabernacle as Sunday Begins Closing Week

In his three services yesterday Billy Sunday talked to crowds equaling almost one-half of the total permanent population of the Pikes Peak region. More than 21,000 people are estimated to have heard the three sermons, the crowds at the afternoon and evening services being larger than the usual evening crowds by almost 1,000.

Sunday worked hard yesterday, and when he finally concluded his evening sermon was completely worn out. In his closing prayer, he said, in that peculiar, almost pathetic manner, of his:

"Jesus, I'm tired. I'm not tired of the gospel, Jesus. Oh, my no. But I am tired of preaching it, Lord. I get tired of preaching sometimes. I get all worn out. But I'm glad that I've known tired in a good cause, Jesus. I expect you get tired, too, don't you, Jesus? Yes, I know you used to get tired and say, 'Come, let us rest.'"

Hard Work Telling.

Sunday has good cause to be worn out. His afternoon sermon alone was sufficient to completely wear out almost anyone. He exerts himself so much physically that it requires as much strength for him to preach one sermon as it does for the average man to work at physical labor all day. He worked hard in his afternoon sermon. When he left the platform perspiration was dripping from his face and his clothes were almost wringing wet. And it was almost the same at morning and evening services.

Yesterday morning Sunday preached on "Gethsemane." The sermon was on prayer, the text being from Luke 22:44. "And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

"Don't insult God with cold, heartless, formal dressy prayers," Sunday said in the beginning of his sermon. And this statement formed the theme of the entire talk. Sunday believes in prayer almost more than any other one thing. He believes in telling the Lord everything that happens that can have any possible effect on the life of the one

(Continued on Page Three)

MINE FOREMAN FALLS 1,800 FEET TO DEATH IN THE GOLDEN CYCLE

VICTOR, July 5.—Samuel Rogers, 47, foreman at the Golden Cycle mine, fell 1,800 feet to his death at the mine today.

Rogers, who had just come out of the mine on a skip, is believed to have lost his balance just as he gave the engineer the signal to raise the cage to the landing above.

He was a past exalted ruler of the Elks at Leadville, Colo., where his family resides.

G. O. P. MAY TRY TO DELAY BILLS

SENATE APATHETIC OVER PROGRAM

Antitrust Measure and Adjournment Only Things of Interest in Congress

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Although congress really is interested in only two subjects, passage of antitrust legislation by the senate and adjournment, a handful of Republican senators expected to inject a little life into proceedings by a hard fight to prevent the passage of the river and harbor appropriation bill.

This bill as it passed the house carried about $43,000,000 and to this amount the senate added about $10,000,000. Republicans who oppose it declare that the measure also provides authority for the expenditure in future years of more than $100,000,000 in addition, and say they are determined to oppose it to the finish. Senators Borah, Burton and Kenyon are leading figures in the fight. Democrats who favor the bill, however, say the attack upon it will not prevent its ultimate passage and count upon many Republican votes to aid in putting it through.

Senate Becomes Apathetic.

Aside from the fight on river bill measure the senate is showing little interest in what is going on in congress. The trade commission bill is now under consideration, but its appearance each day finds only a dozen or more senators present. Twice an effort to get an agreement to take a vote has been unsuccessful, though action may come before the week closes. The two other trust bills still are in the hands of senate committee and probably will not be completed for several days.

Night sessions probably will be resorted to during the week to clear up the calendar and some leaders still hope for adjournment in six or seven weeks.

While the house is chafing over delay in adjournment, the majority leaders are going ahead with a program which if carried to completion would mean a protracted session. Warm weather and approaching primaries are combining to cause light attend-

(Continued on Page Three.)

MAN WHO STABBED BUTTE MAYOR DIES

Insurgent Miners Disagree Over Constitution; Say It Is Too Radical

BUTTE, Mont., July 5.—Eric Lantala, the Finnish miner who attacked Mayor Louis J. Duncan in the latter's office last Friday because of the city executive's refusal to deport a correspondent here of a Michigan Finnish newspaper upholding the policies of the Western Federation of Miners, and who was shot by the mayor, died today of the wound. The bullet penetrated the liver. Lantala refused to make any statement to the county attorney in regard to the affair, although to others he asserted that the mayor shot him before he stabbed the mayor.

The constitution proposed by the executive committee of the new miners union was made public today and caused friction in the ranks of the insurgent miners. Those who oppose it consider it too radical and allege that it is modeled on principles of the Industrial Workers of the World.

A. E. SAFELEY, COLORADO PIONEER, DIES AT BOULDER

BOULDER, July 5.—Alexander E. Safeley, 73, former postmaster and a resident of Colorado since 1860, died at his home here today. He was a veteran of the civil war and commanded a company at the battle of Sand Creek, the most sanguinary Indian fight in the history of Colorado, in 1860.

Toboggans on Peak Now He's in Hospital

E. J. Kunzer, 22 years old, a railroad clerk from Chicago, was painfully but not seriously injured yesterday afternoon when a toboggan on which he was sliding down the Cog road on Pikes Peak left the track and hurled him into a ravine. His injuries consisted of severe lacerations on the head and hands. The sled left the rails about 400 yards from the Cog road shops and Kunzer was able to walk to the building, where he found Dr. L. A. Miller. He was taken to Beth-El hospital in the Carrington ambulance. His injuries were reported as slight at the hospital last night.

Kunzer started from near the summit on a toboggan and negotiated the distance until he reached a long curve. He tried to stop the sled, but the hand brakes failed to work. He was alone on the toboggan.

I. W. W. PLAN TO KILL THE ROCKEFELLERS

Explosion in New York Tenement Reveals Conspiracy, Say the Police

TWO OF THE LEADERS KILLED

Authorities Claim to Have Discovered Headquarters of Anarchist Band

NEW YORK, July 5.—In the ruins of the tenement wrecked yesterday by the explosion of a bomb, which it is believed was intended for use against John D. Rockefeller, or his son, the authorities today found evidence that Arthur Caron, who was killed with three others, had used his apartment as a center for the distribution of inflammatory literature and that it was filled with death-dealing devices.

A small printing press, revolutionary pamphlets and circulars, one electric dynamo, two electric batteries, earthenware and bits of steel were among the articles uncovered. It is believed, in the opinion of the police, a bomb was made in the place of assassination. That the explosion of the bomb killing Caron was the work of a "lone wolf" or a political machine, for revenge, or was planned against the Rockefeller family in Tarrytown, is the theory upon which the authorities are working.

Two Agitators Killed.

Two of those killed in the wrecked apartment were prominent anarchists who were to be placed on trial at Tarrytown tomorrow on charges of disorderly conduct in connection with the demonstration inaugurated against John D. Rockefeller, Jr., last year against his attitude in the Colorado coal mine strike.

The body of the fourth victim, unidentified, was found today. It was Charles Berk, known to Industrial Workers of the World circles as the "Big Swede," an associate of Caron. The other victims were Charles Hanson and Mary Ferrer. The young woman is known by Caron and his associates.

Caron "Blackballed."

Equally as interesting as the discovery of anarchistic literature and electrical machinery in the ruins of Caron's room was the assertion by I. W. W. leaders that Caron was not a member of their organization. He had recently been refused admission. They declared that the I. W. W. had nothing to do with the explosion. Why Caron was denied a place among the Workers was not made clear.

A grueseme but suggestive piece of evidence uncovered was a severed hand which clutched two small pieces of wire made ready for connections. The authorities believe that the owner of this hand was in the act of making an electric connection from one of the bombs and a battery when the explosion slew him. The search for papers and notes was minute, and some notebooks with the names of several anarchists were found. There were also some pamphlets which had been sold at I. W. W. meetings. One poem, a diatribe against Christianity, is believed to have been printed on the little press.

Appeals for Funds.

Another of the papers found was an appeal for funds to pay the fine of Frank Tannenbaum, who was sentenced to a year in prison and fined

(Continued on Page Three)

DAVID STARR JORDAN CENTER N. E. A. FIGHT

"Solid South" Backs South Carolina Man; In Full Swing Today

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 5.—David Starr Jordan, chancellor of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, became the storm center tonight of the battle over the election of a new president of the National Education association.

The party line between the "solid south" which seeks the election of Dr. J. D. B. Johnson of Rockhill, S. C., and the so-called machine delegates, who are campaigning for the California, were drawn closer with the southern delegates claiming enough votes to assure their candidate's election on Thursday.

L. R. Alderman of Portland, Ore., who also is a candidate, will withdraw, it is reported.

Delegates continued to arrive on every incoming train today and tomorrow the convention will be in full swing. No formal meetings were held today. In many of the churches, education was the topic of sermons.

Use of moving pictures in public schools was indorsed by Philander P. Claxton, United States commissioner of education.

He added, however, that there should be certain restrictions, and said he was opposed to their use for entertainment purposes.

HUERTA CONTROLS MEXICAN VOTING

BLANQUET FAVORED FOR VICE PRESIDENCY

Dictator May Form Alliance With Zapata to Repel Rebel Attack

MEXICO CITY, July 5.—Elections for president, vice president, a majority and alternate were held throughout the republic today under the Huerta government, in accordance with a decree issued recently.

General Huerta appeared in person to vote for himself for president and General Blanquet for the vice presidency.

President Huerta is considered, received a virtually unanimous vote of confidence. The returns indicate the election of all administration candidates in the chamber of deputies and the senate.

The highest vote in many years was cast both in the capital and in other places.

Huerta-Zapata Alliance.

VERA CRUZ, July 5.—It is rumored here that an alliance between President Huerta and Emiliano Zapata, the revolutionary leader, is to be formed soon.

Both here and in the capital the conviction exists that a crisis is imminent, but any change is considered unlikely for the fear that the next crisis will see a bloody end.

Mexicans are interested in the political, commercial and social life of the country and are joining in increasing strength the ranks of the fugitives.

Several foreigners other than British have taken the advice of Sir Lionel Carden, the British minister, to get out of what he regards as dangerous territory.

Mexicans Leaving Country.

Two special trains made up of the first contingent, with the funds of the sleeping cars drawn, left the capital for south Mexico Friday night and Saturday morning, respectively, according to persons who arrived here from Mexico City today. Among the passengers are said to have been General Joaquin Maas, Jr., and his family, and Quintin Moheno, former minister of commerce.

It is reported that General Huerta's daughters also were on one of the trains. It is understood that the president's wife remained in the capital. Mexicans from the capital report they heard her declare she would not abandon her husband.

Elections Considered Joke.

Mexicans from the interior just beyond the American lines do not regard seriously the elections held today. It is pointed out that such elections could scarcely have any conciliatory effect on the Constitutionalists and never could be regarded as legal since the government is powerless to comply with the provisions of the law that give voters the most freely circulated territory.

That General Huerta proposes to repeat the virtually compulsory choice of himself and Gen. Blanquet for the presidency and vice presidency respectively, as he did last year, is the story brought here today by a judge from Jalapa. He said he had received instructions to prepare the ballots in the usual manner but to see that all votes went for Huerta and Blanquet.

Quiet reigns in the elections are not likely as in many of the places where the balloting is supposed to take place are isolated and advices or returns are all in. A meeting of the electors must be held. Three periods would ensue a considerable interval before the inauguration of the president.

FOREIGN WARSHIPS JOIN IN FOURTH OF JULY SALUTE

WASHINGTON, July 5.—All the foreign warships in the harbor joined the American fleet at Vera Cruz yesterday in celebrating the Fourth of July, Rear Admiral Badger cabled the navy department tonight. The British cruisers Berwick and Bristol, the German cruiser Dresden and the French cruiser Descartes participated in the holiday festivities.

Boys Find Balloons Claim Gazette Prizes

Two more Gazette balloons were found yesterday and the lucky boys exchanged their tags for the prizes offered. Balloon No. 2, worth $2.50, was found in the 500 block on West Huerfano street by Joe Ingram of 1718 Colorado avenue. Balloon No. 4, worth a five-pound box of candy, was found by Jim Hilliard of 556 East Costilla street. The big bag had drifted south of town and was found near Fountain creek.

Only one balloon, worth a three-pound box of candy, remains to be found. Balloon No. 1 was found by E. A. Pennington, 915 East Costilla street, and No. 3 by Gerald Bennett, 618 North Weber street.

Anyone finding the tag for the remaining balloon will receive the prize if called for at the Gazette office before Friday.

MORE THAN 500,000 TOURISTS TO STOP IN COLORADO SPRINGS DURING EXPOSITION NEXT YEAR

Best Estimates Indicate Bigger Crowd, Says Geo. H. Perry, Director of Exploitation; Region Will Be Principal Stopover Point; Peak to Feature Colorado's Building

Five hundred thousand people [illegible] and in all probability numbers ranging from [illegible] in the Pikes Peak region in 1915, according to [illegible] Geo. H. Perry, director of the division of exploitation, and one of the "big four" of the San Francisco exposition, who is in Colorado Springs for a short rest and to confer with the Western Passenger Agents association at their meetings here this week.

[illegible] W. Hemmerge

Mr. Perry is [illegible] at the Antlers hotel [illegible] the Pikes Peak region will be [illegible] visit the fair from all over the country.

[illegible] of Pikes Peak region will be brought [illegible] structure [illegible] mountain [illegible] Pikes Peak [illegible] will be [illegible] the Pikes Peak [illegible] the [illegible] of Pikes Peak [illegible] building. The [illegible] will be brought [illegible] structure [illegible] mountain [illegible] Pikes Peak [illegible] mountain [illegible] guaranteed. This [illegible] settled [illegible] of this [illegible] been decided.

Not to Raise Hotel Rates.

[illegible] announcement [illegible] hotel rates for the exposition month. And books telling of the city's attractions will be out in a few days, giving the definite rates that will be adhered to throughout the fair. The city is the smallest city in the world, next to New York, according to Mr. Perry, there being more than 2,000 hostelries there.

The San Francisco exposition is going to be a crystallization of human achievement, he said. It is going to be the greatest educational institution ever attempted, not only because of the magnitude of the exhibits but because it will bring the Americas here across the Panama and will show them their native land.

"We had to have some big general celebration for the opening of the Panama canal, the United States' greatest physical achievement, and California, like the rich man in the small town, offered its front lawn for the purpose. Sixty million dollars will be expended behind the gates of the exposition, and [illegible] of this was subscribed by California citizens."

Mr. Perry in his conference with the Western Passenger association officers will take up questions of cooperation of the railroads in matters of advertising and routings. All rate questions have been settled and the rates for the exposition will be exceptionally low.

FUNERAL SCENE WAS LIKE COUNTRY FAIR

Much Complaint Made Over the Way Royal Couple Was Buried

VIENNA, July 5.—Now that the bodies of the murdered Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, have been laid to rest beneath the altar of the chapel at Arstetten, a quiet chateau, the funeral was described by those who attended it as a "country fair."

Although reports published in the leading Vienna papers the reception of the bodies at Poechlarn, across the Danube, was attended by scandalous proceedings. Violent thunderstorms upset all the prearranged ceremony, and the coffins were hurriedly carried to the waiting room of the station, where they were placed on the stone paved floor and remained there two hours or more.

Scene Like County Fair.

Meanwhile the volunteer firemen who were supposed to keep back the gendarmes in control of the arrangements, were drinking beer and eating sausages, while the more important persons stood about smoking cigars in close proximity to the cabin containing the body of the late heir to the throne.

The torrential rain drove everybody into the waiting room, and, says one account, "all the ordinary rules of behavior seemed to have been forgotten and the scene might be described as resembling the turmoil and noise of a country fair."

The coffins were brought to Poechlarn in two freight cars, coupled together. The interior was draped with black cloth. The personal suite of the archduke and the duchess, exhausted by the fatigue of the three previous days, refused to leave the sleeping cars.

11 ARE KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENTS; 15 HURT

Daughter of Gov. Dunne of Illinois Has Narrow Escape in Wreck

CHICAGO, July 5.—Miss Mona Dunne, daughter of Governor Dunne of Illinois, narrowly escaped death at Williams Bay, Wis., today in an automobile accident in which her companion, Frank Nelson Gifford of Chicago, was killed.

With a party of friends Miss Dunne was returning from Lake Geneva when a tire on the machine exploded. The car skidded off an embankment and overturned, crushing Gifford to death. Miss Dunne, although slightly injured, assisted in the attempt at rescue.

AURORA, Ill., July 5.—While an automobile was attempting to cross a railway track here three persons were killed and one fatally injured by a freight train late last night near Sugar Grove, Ill. The dead:

DR. H. P. GRIELLY and WIFE, Sugar Grove, Ill.

MRS. C. W. RICHARDSON, 1124 Wilcox avenue, Chicago.

WASHINGTON, C. H., Ohio, July 5.—Two sisters were killed and two young men were probably fatally injured here tonight when an automobile in which they were riding went into a ditch. The dead:

EDITH PFEIFFER.

HAZEL PFEIFFER.

SOMERSET, Pa., July 5.—Two persons were killed and six injured when their automobile skidded to passing another car on the Lincoln highway near Stoystown late today and rolled down an embankment. The dead:

DOLLIE PRICE, daughter of William Price, Everett.

JAMES TOPLEY, contractor, East McKeesport.

ROCK FALLS, Ia., July 5.—Mrs. John Bim was killed, Hulda Bim, 2 years old, her daughter, was fatally injured and Bernice, 12, another daughter, seriously hurt when a train struck their automobile, which had become stalled on a crossing near here today.

NEW YORK, July 5.—Two persons were killed and another was mortally injured when an unmanageable automobile broke through the gates of a Long Island railroad crossing at Hempstead tonight, overturned and was wrecked as it crashed into a passing electric train. Samuel Mdotowski, owner and driver, was killed instantly and Miss Bessie Zatulove died at the hospital. Her sister will probably die.

OCEAN CITY, N. J., July 5.—Gilbert Nichols, a well-known golf player of the Wilmington Country club, and W. C. Rowland, Jr., of Jenkintown, Pa., were seriously injured in an automobile collision near here tonight.

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Home Industry Talks

A substantial increase in manufacturing within the last few years has followed the introduction of several desirable plants, and there are indications that industrial activity can be increased along lines that will not be in conflict with other features which make Colorado Springs distinctive as a city of homes and a resort of international fame.

Cheap power, cheap fuel, good transportation facilities, certain raw materials, a central location, labor of the best class, and living conditions that are not to be found in any other city in the United States, are some of the reasons that appeal to the manufacturer in Colorado Springs and the Pikes Peak Region.

"Increase Home Production by Demanding Goods Made in the Pikes Peak Region." This is the important thing at the present time. General observance of the slogan will nearly double the payroll with a corresponding increase in population and prosperity.

Colorado Springs' first duty is to know its own industries, to learn of its own resources and possibilities and to encourage those industries already located in the community.

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W. SWIGERT WINS [A]LL-COLORADO DERBY

[D]ENVER, July 5.—H. W. Swigert of [illegible] won the first annual all-Colo[rado] automobile derby which ended [illegible] tonight. The contest was a con[test] run over a 250-mile mountain [high]way. The winner maintained an [aver]age speed of 20 miles an hour. Six [illegible] were awarded winners by the [Rock]y Mountain News.

[W.] N. BANGS, NOTED NEWSPAPER MAN, DIES

[N]EW YORK, July 5.—William N. [Ban]gs, former newspaper publisher, [die]d today at his home here after a [long] illness. He was one time pub[lish]er of the World and later joint pub[lish]er of the Mail in this city. After[war]d he published the Rochester Post-[Ex]press.

TROOPS ORDERED TO ATTACK THE CAPITAL

Last Stand by Huerta May Be Made at Queretaro, Near Mexico City

EAGLE PASS, Tex., July 5.—Troops from the division of the east have been ordered by Gen. Pablo Gonzales to proceed at once to Queretaro, according to reports from Saltillo today. This move is regarded as significant of the part the division intends to play in the capture of Mexico City, as the final stand of the federals probably will be made at Queretaro.

The movement, it is thought here, also was precipitated by the withdrawal of a body of federal troops under Gen. Pascual Orozco from the Queretaro garrison to reinforce the garrison of Mexico City.

Word has been received that the Constitutionalist troops under Gen. Jesus Carranza three miles from San Luis Potosi, have taken Ceritos in the state of San Luis Potosi from a small force of federals. The railroad has been repaired to Ceritos. The troops to go to Queretaro will be drawn from the command of Gen. Jesus Carranza, who has 15,000 men near San Luis.

Has Big Force in Field.

Col. Francisco Mariel, who is operating under the command of Gen. Jesus Carranza, arrived at Saltillo yesterday to discuss with the first chief the conditions in the field near San Luis. He said the entire country was friendly to the Constitutionalists and that if sufficient arms could be provided Gen. Jesus Carranza could have a force of 35,000 within a few days.

Colonel Mariel, who has led a force of 1,500 men, all Indians, in the states of Hidalgo and San Luis Potosi for a year, declared Col. Samuel Santos with 900 men, Col. Jose Hernandez Mirz with 600 and Colonel Laraga with 1,000, had joined General Carranza since the latter's arrival at San Luis Potosi and that there were 15,000 more recruits anxious to join if arms could be provided.

Colonel Mariel declared that the San Luis garrison had been so weakened by continued withdrawal of troops that he did not expect the federals to make a strong resistance.

Row Result of Misunderstanding.

The differences between General Francisco Villa and General Carranza, which are now being arbitrated by a commission at Torreon, are the outgrowth of a misunderstanding, according to the messengers from Saltillo. The realization that the break between the leaders was due to such a misunderstanding is said to have prompted the attempt to compose the disagreement through the commission.

According to the word reaching here, the trouble arose, at least in part, over the efforts of General Natera to capture Zacatecas. It is said that Gen. Natera, in his anxiety to take the city, either was misinformed as to the number of the federals in the town or concealed the facts giving General Carranza the impression that the garrison numbered not more than 5,000 men.

Natera Lost 2,500 Men.

After Natera had lost more than 2,500 men in his assaults he asked for reinforcements and it is said General Carranza then sent an order to General Villa based on the information regarding the federal strength, given him by Natera.

Villa, having advices that this information was incorrect and that the federals numbered nearly 14,000, took exception to the order. It is believed that when the various facts are discussed frankly at the conference a satisfactory conclusion will be reached.

The fleet of six military aeroplanes gathered by the Constitutionalist forces at Saltillo is to be moved at once to San Luis Potosi, according to dispatches, and will be used in the attack on that city. They will be under the active direction of an American aviator.

George C. Carothers, representative of the state department, is reported to have gone from Saltillo to Torreon with the commissioners who went there to treat with General Villa's representatives. L. J. Canova, another representative of the state department remained in Saltillo to keep in touch with General Carranza.

CARRANZA OUTLAWS REBEL FIAT MONEY

Appeal Made to Gen. Villa to Abandon Grudge to Aid in National Crisis

EL PASO, Tex., July 5.—Expressions of optimism received from Torreon today were not reflected in the local situation involving the ownership of Constitutionalist national currency. Roberto Pesqueira, Carranza's confidential agent, tonight sent a strong protest to General Villa regarding what Pesqueira termed the "criminal acts" of Villa's agents in making away with Carranza's fiat paper currency on this side of the line. Coming at the time of [illegible] supposed friendly treaties between Carranza and Villa representatives to settle the internal quarrel of the revolution, this was considered of unusual significance.

The monetary standing of the revolution as affected by the new rift between Carranza and Villa over the money matter, unquestionably will become one of the main points of the issue in the negotiations at Torreon, intended to bring about a settlement of the internal troubles between the revolutionary head and the northern commander.

It was learned today that Carranza had outlawed all fiat paper of the national issue not put into circulation by his officials. This will affect several millions of pesos which the Villa officials have confiscated and stamped. It undoubtedly will tend to lower the standing of the revolutionists' paper, which has been fluctuating about the 23 cent mark on the American dollar.

Villa Confiscates Money.

The arrest of Carranza's officials at Juarez and the confiscation of 4,000,000 pesos in national currency was the first evidence of an open breach between the two factions. This money had not been numbered and Villa's officials since have begun the work of stamping it. The Carranza agents made away with the secret numerical code. The national Constitutionalist government will not recognize this issue, although the print was made by their order, according to announcement of Carranza officials here. Serapo Aguirre, Carranza's treasurer general, who was arrested at Juarez, still is held by Villa's officials at Chihuahua City, said persons arriving here today.

Disposition will be made here of the temporary injunction secured by the Carranza people, which held a shipment of Constitutionalist money to this side of the line. This paper amounted to 4,000,000 pesos, it has been learned, being part of an issue of 7,000,000 pesos intended by Carranza before his trouble with Villa to absorb the state issues of Chihuahua and Durango. The remaining 3,000,000 of this issue, which was printed in Washington, has not been located. Officials of the United States army and customs department declared today that it had not passed the border at this point. It evidently had not been shipped by express as was the 4,000,000 enjoined.

Big Consignment Missing.

The missing allotment tonight was supposed to be cached on this side of the line. Carranza agents here announced that tomorrow a general injunction would be issued through courts at Washington restraining all express companies from handling the Mexican paper.

Pesqueira also sent a long complaint to Villa's military commander at Juarez. Pesqueira's telegram to Villa said:

"I take the liberty of calling to your attention and placing before you the fact that Santiago Winfield, who had been entrusted with the duty of forwarding Constitutionalist currency from Washington under the direct orders of the subsecretary of hacienda, has stolen the same and forwarded some consignments to this city, the shipments being addressed to the governor of Chihuahua in care of Lazaro de la Garza.

Appeals to General Villa.

"As I am certain that you do not approve in the least of these criminal acts, I now hurriedly advise you of the occurrence so that you may, if you desire, repudiate the acts of your agents, who, indifferent to the fact that your name is held in high esteem as an honorable and honest man, are determined to associate you with an incident that, to say the least, is highly reproachable.

"I earnestly believe, General Villa, that it is your duty at once to put a stop to these high-handed proceedings and to repudiate the agents who by their high-handed conduct and willful acts, certainly are injuring our cause, and when the acid test is applied you will find that in the last analysis the only one who can suffer any injury to his reputation by their acts will be you."

Making Some Progress.

TORREON, Coahuila, Mexico, July 5.—When the Carranza-Villa conference adjourned today at noon, after a long morning session, it was with the feeling that whatever differences had existed between the two Constitutionalist leaders were in a fair way of being eliminated tomorrow when the conference will reconvene for its final session.

While none of the members of the two commissioners would discuss any phase of the negotiations, it was plainly evident that they were in accord on whatever matters there had been been before them. The following statement was issued by the secretaries of the conference:

"The delegates have arrived at a complete understanding of the points which are being treated in the session today. It is expected that tomorrow the conferences will be ended with a satisfactory result."

It was said that all matters discussed at yesterday's session had been adjusted satisfactorily.

As soon as damage to the railroads done by recent rains has been repaired to the north, many of Villa's brigades will be sent to Chihuahua City, which General Villa himself is expected to visit as soon as the present conference are ended.

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"The Photo Play is Here to Stay" Fielding

The Only House in the Rocky Mountain Region Featuring Masterpieces.

Woman Against Woman

A New York Klaw & Erlanger Production. A Masterpiece in 3 Reels.

The Halfbreed's Sacrifice

—With Romaine Fielding, the Author-Actor.—

A One Reel Comedy

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ADULTS, 10c—CHILDREN, 5c

Continuous Performance from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.

Five Reels Daily

I. W. W. PLAN TO KILL THE ROCKEFELLERS

(Continued From Page One.)

[illegible] for disorderly [illegible] I. W. W. [illegible] Louis E. Berson and [illegible] Francisco Ferrer school were [illegible] as to what they know of [illegible] the flag. They disclaimed any knowledge of it.

A general order was sent out today for the arrest of [illegible] Murphy, whose real name is said to be [illegible] who was in the [illegible] the time of the explosion and whose escape from death is considered miraculous. He was seen in the [illegible] a short time after the explosion, but before the real nature of the blast was learned he was released.

Alexander Berkman, anarchist and associate with Emma Goldman in the publication of Mother Earth, an anarchistic paper, who was questioned at length yesterday, [illegible] that none of the dead men was a member of the I. W. W. and that the organization they had conducted was in behalf of the striking miners in Colorado. He said a number of anarchistic organizations were already making plans to hold an impressive public funeral on Saturday afternoon.

I. W. W. to Attend Trials.

Berkman asserted that the funeral would be held under the auspices of the Anti-Militarists association, which he organized as a protest against the Colorado strike situation, the Free Speech league, the Mother Earth association, an anarchistic body and the Francisco Ferrer Modern School association.

A party of sympathizers including Berkman will go to Tarrytown tomorrow, he said, to attend the trials. No unusual precautions to guard the Tarrytown courtroom have been taken. Sheriff Doyle stated today that he did not anticipate any trouble.

John D. Rockefeller went to church this morning at Pocantico Hills. He motored to Tarrytown and insisted on walking back to his estate, accompanied only by his superintendent. There were no I. W. W. agitators about the place today and tonight and the guard on duty at the estate had little to do.

Col. Roosevelt Shuts Self Off From World First Time in Years

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 5.—The gate leading to Sagamore Hill was barred today for the first time in years and Colonel Roosevelt was inaccessible from the outer world.

The colonel, it was learned tonight, still cherishes the hope of smashing the "solid south." Although he has given up his trip to the Pacific coast on account of his health, he agreed to go to New Orleans next month to make a speech. He probably will make a few other speeches in the south during the trip.

John Parker of New Orleans, Louisiana state chairman, brought encouraging reports of the outlook in his state. In most of the southern states organization work has been in progress steadily for the last two years.

EXPLOSION SHAKES ENTIRE CANAL ZONE REGION

[illegible] July 5.—The explosion of a large quantity of dynamite today at Mindi, about five miles from Colon, shook the entire district, causing something of a panic in the towns and villages. As far as can be learned only one man was killed.

PORTLAND HAS ANOTHER BIG WATER FRONT FIRE

PORTLAND, Ore., July 5.—The ocean dock owned by Balfour, Guthrie & Co. was burned today at a loss of $150,000. It was the third big water-front fire since winter.

SUNDAY CONVERTS ONE TENTH OF POPULATION

If all the penitents who have gone down the "saw-dust trail" at the invitation of Billy Sunday were residents of this city, one out of every 10 inhabitants of Colorado Springs proper would have professed conversion during the present campaign. The conversions now number more than 3,100.

It is estimated that at least one-fourth of the converts however, are tourists, while a small percentage are residents of Colorado City, Manitou and the suburbs.

USE POSLAM WHEN ITCHING SKIN ANNOYS

Don't suffer itching torments from any eruptional trouble, even for one day. Just use Poslam. Relief is immediate—all itching stops. Nothing can equal Poslam to heal and quickly drive away Eczema and all surface affections. Assures skin comfort always, but particularly in hot weather when Rashes, Mosquito-Bites, Pimples, Prickly-Heat, Hives, Itching Feet, Ivy-Poisoning, etc., bring great distress.

Your druggist sells Poslam. For free sample write to Emergency Laboratories, 32 West 25th Street, New York.

Poslam Soap used daily for toilet and bath is the best means of improving and preserving skin and hair. 25 cents and 15 cents. —Adv.

ATTEMPT MADE TO KILL DR. CARMAN

Women Said to Be in Conspiracy to Commit Murder, Say Detectives

FREEPORT, N. Y., July 5.—Dr. Carman in whose office Mrs. Louise Bailey was murdered [illegible] was shot at three times tonight as he drove in his automobile through the town of Baldwin, near here. None of the bullets struck him. The doctor was on his way home from Rockville Center, where he had been to attend a patient.

Dr. Carman told the police that as he passed through Rockville Center he saw an acquaintance whom he invited to ride with him. When they were a short distance outside the town they heard an explosion and thought one of the tires had given way.

The doctor said he stopped the car and had started to get out when he heard a shot and, looking around, saw a man standing beside a bicycle pointing a revolver at him. As he jumped back into the car, he said that he heard another bullet sing by [illegible] but opened the throttle and was soon out of range. A search was immediately begun for the man with the bicycle although the police suggested that Dr. Carman might be mistaken.

Women Under Surveillance.

FREEPORT, N. Y., July 5.—Sufficient evidence has been discovered to warrant the arrest of a woman for the murder of Mrs. Louise Bailey in the office of Dr. Edwin Carman last Tuesday night, according to Sheriff Stephen P. Pettit of Nassau county.

The sheriff announced that the woman positively would be taken into custody before the end of the week, possibly at the close of the coroner's inquest tomorrow. The sheriff added that important evidence in his possession would not be presented at the inquest.

Whether this so-called new evidence is the revolver with which the murder was committed the sheriff would not say. The ends of justice, he declared, would be defeated should he amplify his statement.

G. O. P. MAY TRY TO DELAY BILLS

(Continued From Page One)

ance, and barely more than a quorum of the house is in Washington.

Indian Bill Up Tuesday.

The Indian appropriation bill, passed by both houses but bearing 168 amendments tacked on by the senate, will be stubbornly contested Tuesday by the western representatives and undoubtedly will be sent to conference. The westerners object to amendments designed to settle many old claims which always have met opposition in the house.

The senate and house conferees will make another report this week on the dispute over the mileage to be allowed senators and representatives. The house is on record for five cents a mile each way once a session. The senate is not disposed to consent to a change in the present allowance of 20 cents a mile.

There will be a White house conference between President Wilson and Representative Jones of Virginia, chairman of the house insular affairs committee, regarding the Philippine independence bill which Mr. Jones said today he hoped to see passed this session.

What Jones Bill Provides.

The Jones bill reiterates the declaration in the Baltimore platform that it is the intention to recognize Philippine independence as soon as practicable, but does not attempt to fix any definite time for independence. It would give the Filipinos immediately as near complete control of domestic affairs as its author considers consistent with the existence of sovereignty rights by the United States, abolishing the appointive Philippine commission as a coordinate branch of the legislature and substituting an elective senate.

The Adamson bill for developing navigation and the water power resources in the navigable streams will be before the house again probably Thursday. Differences between conservationists over the measure and the Ferris public domain dam bill have been smoothed out by conference at the White house. The Ferris bill is to follow the Adamson bill.

REV. W. B. PALMORE DIES AT RICHMOND

ST. LOUIS, July 5.—Rev. W. B. Palmore of St. Louis, editor and publisher of the Christian Advocate, died today at the home of a niece in Richmond, Va., according to telegrams received here tonight. Dr. Palmore's close friends say, has left his entire fortune, estimated at more than $50,000, to the Methodist Episcopal church, South. His paper will be continued and its income will be devoted to the care of widows and orphans.

NO CHOICE MADE BY BAR FOR THE SUPREME BENCH

DENVER, July 5.—No choice was made by the Colorado bar in the first vote of its members upon candidates for nomination for supreme court to fill a vacancy caused by the retirement of Chief Justice Musser. Another ballot has been sent out.

On the first ballot, John Campbell received the highest vote, 75; James H. Teller received 67, Charles Cavender, 47.

ELECTRICIAN FALLS 60 FEET IN MINE; MAY DIE

BOULDER, July 5.—Douglas Lindsley, 19, an electrician, was perhaps fatally injured today when he fell 60 feet down the shaft of the White Raven mine at Ward, Colo. He is suffering concussion of the brain and a fractured shoulder.

MORE THAN 500,000 TOURISTS IN 1915

(Continued From Page One)

[illegible]

Divine Cup Bitter.

[illegible] he was the divine cup, a bitter cup [illegible] drinks it [illegible] another sermon [illegible] Another lesson was that the Bible is full of spirit as [illegible] a spirit which puts to shame the formalism which people insult God with by calling it religion.

The text also shows how God feels over the lost condition of people, Sunday declared. He quoted several verses of scripture to show that God does feel a great concern for the safety of souls, then added that he always preached so enthusiastically because he knew the Lord's anxiety over the people's lost.

"The trouble with the Pikes Peak region is this," Sunday said, "You look as though you are too much and [illegible] too well over the region, going to hell."

The evangelist said he always thought of the possibilities of souls that think of what Ingersoll and Voltaire, with their wonderful intellects, could have done for Jesus. He spoke on infidels a moment, then suddenly shouted in bitter, stinging tones:

Grills Present-Day Writers.

"If I had a book in my library that sneers at God, I'd go home and burn it before dinner." Then he continued by scoring popular writers. "I'd like to sentence about 90 of the writers of today to the penitentiary for the damnable novels they are turning out to the world. They're not fit for a place in any library, sneering at God and religion.

"Yes, and some preachers are no better. They talk on a book, take a verse of scripture in the end of it and call it a sermon. They are no better than the novelists."

Sunday's marvelous power over people was well demonstrated yesterday morning when he told a story of the death of a little girl whose father had been sent to the penitentiary and was had been permitted to return home just in time to see his daughter before she passed away. As he told the story tears came to the eyes of those in the audience, and when he completed it, half the big crowd were using handkerchiefs. But five minutes before he had the entire crowd laughing at some humorous yarn.

"Let's forget to eat and sleep for a week," Sunday said in concluding. "Let's center our mind on this closing week of the campaign. Let's work and pray. Let's make this last week one to be remembered for years and years and years."

After Death, Judgment.

Last night Sunday spoke on "After Death, Judgment," taking his text from Hebrews 9:27, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after death, judgment." "The text contains one clause everyone believes," he said, "no matter whether they believe in the Bible and God or not. 'It is appointed unto men once to die.' So he concluded, everyone must believe at least one thing the Bible says.

The sermon was an attack on infidelity and an exhortation for sinners [illegible] their future.

"If I could prove this is your last night on earth, you wouldn't go about your business as you do now," he said. "You would probably spend the night in prayer. And you can't prove to me that this is not your last night on earth!" he shouted, emphasizing every word.

Sunday spoke of what the gospel has accomplished and in doing so turned from his subject a moment to take another shot at the Rev. Mr. Robjent.

"Where is the fool who says the gospel is losing its power? Where is the fool who says, 'Who's this man from the east who comes out here and preaches middle-century religion to us, highly intelligent people of the Pikes Peak region?' Where is the fool who scoffs at this old religion?"

Ingersoll's Oratory.

The evangelist spoke of Bob Ingersoll and some meetings he held in Chicago while Sunday was with the Y. M. C. A. there. He said Ingersoll was a marvel at drawing word pictures and asked if it were any wonder that people were moved to jump to their feet and shout for him when he painted some beautiful picture. They were moved by his oratory, he said. He also stated that everyone who attended the meetings was given a booklet on Christianity as he left the hall and that few continued to hold the infidel after they were out from under his power.

"I can use the same words Ingersoll used to sway his crowds, with one change at the end, and you'll want to jump up and shout for sheer delight," Sunday said. And he told one of Ingersoll's stories, inserting "God" in place of "world" in the clause "at peace with the world." When he finished the crowd almost went wild. For fully two minutes the people cheered and Sunday was forced to stand waiting for quiet to be restored.

The evangelist told some excellent stories last night. In fact, much of his sermon was composed of stories from the which he drew brief conclusions, further proving his contentions.

When he extended his invitation he urged the personal workers to get out and do everything in their power to bring souls to Christ. He worked hard for converts at first, but later relaxed.

The ladies' double quartet sang again last night as did Frank Farmer of Denver. Farmer and Rodeheaver sang a duet at the morning service. The chorus sang several special numbers at all three services.

For Outings

White Trousers,

White Shoes,

Khaki Trousers,

[illegible] Shoes for mountain climbing.

Everything for tennis, golf, fishing, motoring, picnics.

Robbins ON THE CORNER

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY FOR THE BLOOD, LIVER, LUNGS.

BAPTISTS ATTACK MODERN THEOLOGY

Efforts Being Made to Break Down Teachings of the Bible, They Say

KANSAS CITY, July 5.—"You can't harness on the Holy Spirit to work out your own little private schemes," the Rev. E. W. Hunt of Boston said at one of the closing sessions of the twenty-first convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America meeting with the B. Y. P. U. of the South here today.

"The problem of the church today is the problem of power," he said. "The question for the church is, what has become of the power of God? The wealth of the world is in our churches. The thing lacking is the power of God to build up and equip them."

Dr. [illegible] of Waco, Tex., attacked the modern "higher criticism" which he asserted that many of them must an attempt to undermine the people's faith in the Bible.

"I am not here to defend the Bible," he said. "It doesn't need any defense. But I believe that many of the [illegible] and [illegible] of today are working at the very bulwark of [illegible] and the point of attack is the Bible."

The Rev. [illegible] of Dallas, Tex., [illegible] sinners to Christ and that [illegible] they can only [illegible] their fellows.

"God's [illegible] without discounts," he said. "The [illegible] is 2,000 years overdue now. We must help pay it. Some should give money, others their children, others themselves, and all should give their best."

The closing address [illegible] was delivered by the Rev. Carter Helm Jones of Seattle.

CRIPPLE CREEK SERVICE

The F. & C. C. R. R. is running the regular 10:00 a. m. train to Cripple Creek every day over the famous "Short Line," arriving at Colorado Springs on return at 5:45 p. m. The earlier train that was to be in service today leaving Colorado Springs at 8:00 a. m. will not be run for the present. —Adv.

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Go at 9 a. m. Home 5 p. m.

$1.00—Every Day—$1.00

A New Style Panama for $1 to $1.50

Ladies' large style Panama Hats cleaned, bleached, made over in the very latest shapes.

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BOOZE, OR GET ON THE WATER WAGON

BIG TABERNACLE CROWDED TO ITS CAPACITY TO HEAR BILLY SUNDAY'S FAMOUS SERMON

Evangelist Paints Terrible Picture to Show Great Audience Evils of Liquor Traffic

Mr. Sunday [illegible] on Booze or Get on the Water Wagon. Sermons of half an hour, a sixth part of his address, were delivered in complete form by the evangelist to seven [illegible].

I [illegible] my text from the [illegible] chapter of Matthew, the twenty-eighth to the thirty-second verse, describing the casting out of the devils, which entered into the swine.

Here we have one of the greatest [illegible] in all the gospels. Two men possessed of devils confront Jesus, and while the devils are crying out for Jesus to leave them, the commands the devils to come out, and they do as the commanded of Jesus. The devils ask permission to enter into a herd of swine feeding on the hillside. This is the only record we have of Jesus ever granting the petition of devils, and he did it for the salvation of men.

Then the herders that kept the swine went back to town and told the peanut-brained, whisker-eared, hog-jowled, beetle-browed, bull-necked hoboes that owned the hogs, that a long-haired fanatic from Nazareth had driven Jesus, one driven the devil out of some men and the devils have gone into the hogs, and the hogs into the sea, and the sea into the hogs, and the whole bunch is dead.

And then the fat, puffy-eyed fellows came out to see Jesus and said that he was hurting their business. A fellow says to me, "I don't think Jesus Christ did a nice thing."

You don't know what you are talking about.

Down in Nashville, I heard saw four wagons going down the street, and they were loaded with stills and jugs and jars. "What's this?" I asked.

"United States revenue officers, and they have been in the moonshine district and confiscated the stills and they are taking them down to the government awful heap."

God's Revenue Officer.

Jesus Christ was God's revenue officer. Now, the Jews were forbidden to eat pork, but Jesus Christ came and found this crowd busing and selling and dealing in pork, and upset the whole business, and he kept within the limits of the law when he did it. Then the fellows ran back to those who owned the hogs to tell what had befallen them and those hog-owners went to Jesus. "Take your leaves, and like. You are hurting our business."

And they looked into the sea and the hogs were bellowing in it, and the men were right side up. And Jesus said, "What is the matter?"

And they answered, "Leave our hogs and go." And Jesus says it is the strange request for the devils to make to ask permission to enter into hogs. I don't know—I guess a devil I would rather live in a good decent hog than in lots of them, and if you will drive the hog out you won't have any easy job to him, so I will try to help you get rid of the hog.

And then the devils go to leave the country. The hogs: "You are ruining our business."

"Have you no interest in mankind?"

"We have no interest in the devil's take your sin-loves and leave, or we are hurting our business."

That is the attitude of the liquor traffic toward the church, toward state and government, and the decision that has the impudence to place the most profitable, corrupt institution that ever wrigged its way into and fastened itself on the public.

I am a temperate Republican and yet to my mind, whoever the man may be that fights the whisky business, be he a Democrat, I am for him. They have driven the business from Alabama, they have driven it from Georgia and from Mississippi, and Tennessee all but three cities, and of the 120 counties in Kentucky. And they are driving it out of 137 counties in Texas and out of North Carolina. And it is time for every Democratic south that is fighting the saloon. The Prohibitionists are sweeping the dry over the United States. You might as well try to dam Niagara falls with toothpicks as to stop the reform wave sweeping the land. The Democratic party of Florida has put a temperance plank in its platform, and the Republicans carry every state south and east, and put their platform in if they expect to carry the nation. It is simply a matter of decency and manhood. It is the time of politics. It is prosperity against poverty, sobriety against drunkenness, honesty against thieving, decency against dirt, home against men sober, morals, clean men and women transformed into respectable citizens. "No," said a saloonkeeper to me, "I don't drink with men. We are [illegible] business, we have [illegible] manhood."

Influence Degrading.

After all is said that can be said on the liquor traffic, its influence is degrading upon the individual, the family, politics and business. It [illegible] everything that you touch it [illegible] world. For the same [illegible] when there is any [illegible] ments of us it affects. [illegible] on that point. There is just one [illegible] reason why the saloon [illegible] knocked into hell and that is the statement that it [illegible] ed to help lighten the taxes. The saloon business has never paid and it costs 50 times more for the saloon than its revenue derived from it.

I challenge you to show me where the saloon has ever helped business, education, church morals or anything we hold dear.

You listen today, and if I can't peel the bark off that tangible lollipop, I will pack my trunk and leave. I say that is the biggest lie ever belched out. The wholesale and retail trade in Iowa pays every year at least $35,000,000 in licenses. Then if there were no drunkards, it ought to reduce the taxation 25 cents per capita. If the saloon is necessary to pay the taxes and if they pay $500,000 in taxes, it ought to reduce them 25 cents a head. But no, the whisky business has increased taxes $1,000,000 instead of reducing them, and I defy any whisky man on God's dirt to show one town that has the saloon where the taxes are lower than where they do not have the saloon. I defy you to show me an instance.

Listen! Seventy-five per cent of our idiots come from intemperate parents; 80 per cent of the paupers; 82 per cent of the crime is committed by men under the influence of liquor; 90 per cent of the adult criminals are whisky made. The Chicago Tribune kept track for 10 years and found that 53,550 murders were committed by men under the influence of liquor.

Whisky and beer are all right in their place, but their place is in hell. The saloon hasn't one leg to stand on.

You say that "people will drink anyway." Not by my vote. You are the sovereign people, and what are you going to do about it?

After I am dead I want Nell (Mrs. Sunday) to cut my hide up into drum strings so the saloons will know I'm alive and still going up and down the land.

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Last year the total value of all the imports was $1,438,000,000, and we dumped that much in the whisky hole in twelve months and didn't fill it.

There are 85,000 whisky orphan children in the United States; enough in the world to belt the globe three times around, punctured at every fifth point by a drunkard's widow.

God's Revenue Officer.

Jesus Christ was God's revenue officer. Now, the Jews were forbidden to eat pork, but Jesus Christ came and found this crowd busing and selling and dealing in pork, and upset the whole business, and he kept within the limits of the law when he did it. Then the fellows ran back to those who owned the hogs to tell what had befallen them and those hog-owners went to Jesus. "Take your leaves, and like. You are hurting our business."

And they looked into the sea and the hogs were bellowing in it, and the men were right side up. And Jesus said, "What is the matter?"

And they answered, "Leave our hogs and go." And Jesus says it is the strange request for the devils to make to ask permission to enter into hogs. I don't know—I guess a devil I would rather live in a good decent hog than in lots of them, and if you will drive the hog out you won't have any easy job to him, so I will try to help you get rid of the hog.

And then the devils go to leave the country. The hogs: "You are ruining our business."

"Have you no interest in mankind?"

"We have no interest in the devil's take your sin-loves and leave, or we are hurting our business."

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'BOOZE' SERMON EXTRACTS

SUNDAYISMS ON DRINKING

The saloon exists because the church doesn't vote it out of business.

The saloons take 2,000,000 American boys every generation as their raw material.

Who works hardest for his money, the saloon man or you? Who has the most money on Sunday morning, the saloon man or you?

Say, saloon gin-mill, what is your finished product? Bleary-eyed, low-down, staggering men and the scum of God's earth, that have gone to you and taken the count.

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GROG-SHOPS GET 2,000,000 AMERICAN BOYS EVERY GENERATION AS THEIR RAW MATERIAL

Line Up for Wives, Home, Mother, Country, Urges Evangelist in His Final Plea

purchase a money basis. And listen! last year we spent $6[illegible] on our paupers and criminals, insane, paralytics, feeble-minded, etc., in the United States and 82 per cent of all criminals are whisky made, and 75 per cent of the paupers are whisky made. Now national income is [illegible] $3,000,000,000, so you can figure out how long it will take us to go into bankruptcy with that cursed business on our backs. The average money that earns $600 a year, it costs us $1,200 a year to support each of our 2 million criminals. There are 326,000 enrolled criminals in the United States and scores in jails and penitentiaries. Three-fourths were sent there because of drink, and then they have the audacity to say the saloon is needed for money reasons. Never was there a lower, or a heart so vile or hell black enough to utter such a lie.

Calls It a Lie.

"But," says the whisky fellow, "we would lose trade, the farmer would not come to town to trade." You lie. I am a farmer. I was born and raised on a farm and I have the producers of the farmyard on me today. Yes, sir. And when you say that you make the best class of men on God's earth, I say, when you put up the bluff that if you don't have the saloon the farmer won't trade, say, Mr. Whisky Man, why don't you dump money into politics and block the legislature into the corner and fight to the last ditch to prevent the enactment of county local option? You know if the farmers were given a chance they would knock the whisky business into hell the first throw out of the box. You are afraid. You have cold feet on the prohibition. You are afraid to give the farmer a chance. They are scared to death of you farmers.

I heard my friend, Governor Hanley of Indiana, see the following statistics:

"Oh, but they say, governor, there is another danger to the local option because it means a loss of markets. I subject is by woman [illegible] the farmer. We are consumers of a quantities of grain in the manufacture of our products. If you drive out of business you strike down that market, and it will create a money panic in this country, such as you have never seen. If you do that." I might answer it by saying that less than 2 per cent of the grain produced in this country is used for that purpose, but I pass that by. I want to debate the merit of the statement itself, and I think I can demonstrate in 10 minutes to any thoughtful man in any farmer, that the brewer who furnishes him a market for a bushel of corn is not his benefactor, or the benefactor of any man, from an economic standpoint. Let us see. A farmer brings to the brewery a bushel of corn. He finds a market for it. He gets 50 cents and goes his way, with the statement of the brewer ringing in his ears that the brewer is the benefactor.

Your old rumsoaks of El Paso counsel you're up against the toughest proposition you ever saw. I think when I die the brewers will run an excursion to my funeral.

But you haven't got all the factors in the problem, Mr. Brewer, and you cannot get a correct solution of a problem without all the factors in the problem. You take the farmer's bushel of corn, brewer or distiller, and you brew and distil from it four and one-half gallons of spirits. I don't know how much he dilutes them before he puts them on the market. Only the brewer, the distiller and God knows. The man who drinks it doesn't, but if he doesn't dilute it at all, he puts on the market four and a half gallons of intoxicating liquor, 36 pints. I am not going to trace the 36. It will take too long. But I want to trace three of them, and I will give you no imaginary stories plucked from the brain of an excited orator. I will take instances from the judicial pages of the supreme court and the circuit court judges reports in Indiana and in Illinois to make my case.

Drunk on Sunday.

"Two years ago in the city of Chicago a young man of good parents, good character, one Sunday crossed the street and entered a saloon, open against the law. He found there boon companions. There was laughter, song and jest and much drinking. After awhile, drunk, insanely drunk, his money gone, he was kicked into the street. He found his way across to his mother's home. He importuned her for money to buy more drink. She refused him. He seized from the side-board a revolver and ran out into the street, and with the expressed determination of entering the saloon and getting more drink, money or no money. His little mother followed him to the steps, she put her hand upon him in loving restraint. He struck it from him in anger and then his sister came and added her entreaty in vain. Not then a neighbor, whom he knew, true and respected, came and put his hand on him in gentleness and friendly kindness, but in an insanity of drunken rage he raised the revolver and shot his friend dead in his blood on the street. There was a trial; he was found guilty of murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment and when the little sweet heard the verdict—a frail little bit of a woman—she threw up her hands and fell in a swoon. In three hours she was dead.

In the streets of Freeport, Ill., a young man of good family became involved in a controversy over a lewd woman of the town. He went in a drunken frenzy to his father's home, armed himself with a deadly weapon and set forth to the city in search of his woman with whom he had quarreled. The first person he met upon the public square in the city, in the daylight, in a place where she had a right to be, was one of the most cultured women of Freeport. She carried in her arms her babe, motherhood and babyhood, upon the streets of Freeport in the daytime where they had a right to be, but this young man in his drunken insanity mistook her for the woman he sought and shot her dead upon the streets with her babe in her arms. He was tried and Judge Ferrand, in sentencing him to life imprisonment, said: "You are the seventh man under 20 years of age in two years to be sentenced for murder while intoxicated."

Killed His Mother.

"In the city of Anderson, you remember the tragedy in the Blake home. A young man came home intoxicated, demanding money of his mother. She refused it. He seized from the wood box a hatchet and killed his mother and then robbed her. You remember he died. The officers of the law pursued him, brought him back. An indictment was read to him, charging him with the murder of the mother who had given him his birth, of her who had gone down into the valley of the shadow of death to give him life, of her who had looked down into his eyes and thanked God for his life. And he said, 'I am guilty. I did it all.' And Judge McClure sentenced him to life imprisonment.

"Now I have followed probably three of the 25 pints of the farmer's product of a bushel of corn and the three of them [illegible] seven lives, the three boys who committed the murders, the three persons who were killed and the little mother, who dies of a broken heart. And, now, I want to know, my farmer friend, if this has been a good commercial transaction for you? You sold a bushel of corn; you found a market; you got 50 cents; but a fraction of this product struck down seven lives, all of whom would have been consumers of your products for their life expectancy. And do you mean to say that it is a good economic transaction for you? That disposes of the market question until it is answered, or no man argue further.

"And say, my friends, New York city's annual drink bill is $365,000,000 a year; $1,000,000 a day. Listen a minute! That is four times the annual output of gold, and it is at least one-third the value of all the coal mined in the United States, and in some sections of New York there is one saloon for every 30 families. The money spent in New York by the working people for drink in 10 years would buy every workingman in New York a beautiful home and allow $2,500 for house and lot. New York's annual drink bill would buy 73,000,000 barrels of flour, nearly a barrel for every man and woman in the United States. It would take 50 people one year to count the money in $1 bills, and they would cover 10,000 acres of ground. That is what the people in New York dump into the whisky hole in one year. And then you wonder why there is poverty and crime, and that the country is not more prosperous.

Says Circular Is False.

This gang is circulating a circular about Kansas City, Kan. I defy you to prove a statement in it. Listen! Kansas city is a town of 100,000 population, and temperance went into effect July 1, 1905. They then had 250 saloons, 200 gambling dens, and 60 disorderly houses. The prohibition was largely foreign, and inquiries have come from Germany, Sweden and Norway, asking the influence of the enforcement of the prohibitory law.

At the end of one year, the president of one of the largest banks in that city, a man who had protested against the enforcement of the prohibitory law on the ground that it would hurt business, found that at the end of one year his bank deposits had increased $1,700,000, and 75 per cent of the deposits were from men who had never saved a cent before, and 42 per cent came from men who never had a dollar in the bank. But because the saloons were driven out they had a chance to save, and the people who objected on the grounds that it would injure business found an increase of 200 per cent in building operations; and, furthermore, there were three times as many more people seeking investment, and court expenses decreased $25,000 in one year.

Who pays to feed and keep the gang you raise in jail? Why you go down in your sock and pay for what the saloon has dumped in there. They don't do it, Mr. Whisky Man, why don't you go down and take a picture of wrecked and blighted homes, and of insane asylums, with gibbering idiots that it costs $8,000,000 to support. Why don't you take a picture of that?

The whisky gang know their doom is sealed as sure as God reigns, sir. I pray God to let me live long enough to preach the funeral sermon of the whisky business. A voice: "You're all right, Willie."

At Kansas City, Kan., before the saloons were closed, they were getting ready to build an addition to the jail. Now the doors swing idly on the hinges and there is no body to lock in the jails. And the commissioner of the poor farm says there is a wonderful falling off of old men and women coming to the poorhouse, because their sons and daughters are saving their money and have quit spending it for drink. And they had to employ 48 new school teachers for 600 boys and girls, between the ages of 12 and 18, that had never gone to school before because they had to help a drunken father support the family. And they have just set aside $200,000 to build a new school house, and the bonded indebtedness was reduced $245,000 last year without the saloon revenue. And don't you know another thing. In 1906, when they had the saloon, the population, according to the directory, was 89,655. According to the last census the population was 100,832, or an increase of 12 per cent without the grog shop. In two years the banks deposits increased $3,930,000.

You drive out the saloon and you kill business, ha! ha! "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Home Best Heritage.

I tell you, gentlemen, the American home is the dearest heritage of the people for the people, by the people, and when a man can go from home in the morning with the kisses of his wife and children on his lips, and come back at night with an empty dinner bucket to a happy home, that man is a better man, whether white or black. Whatever takes away the comforts of home—whatever degrades that man or woman—whatever invades the sanctity of the home, is the deadliest foe to the home, to church, to state and school, and the saloon is the deadliest foe to the home, the church and the state, on top of God Almighty's dirt. And if all the men on earth that hate and despise God, and purity, and virtue—if all the scum of the earth could mingle with the denizens of hell to try to think of the deadliest institution to home, to church and state, I tell you, sir, the combined hellish intelligence could not conceive of or bring an institution that could touch the hem of the garment of the open, licensed saloon to damn the home and manhood, and womanhood, and business and every other good thing on God's earth.

In the island of Jamaica the rats increased so that they destroyed the crops, and they introduced the mongoose, which is a species of the coon. They have three breeding seasons a year, and there are 12 to 15 in each brood, and they are deadly enemies of the rats. The result was that the rats disappeared and there was nothing more for the mongoose to feed upon, so they attacked the snakes, and the frogs, and the lizards that fed upon the insects, with the result that the insects increased and they stripped the gardens, eating up the onions and the lettuce, and then the mongoose attacked the sheep and the cats, and the puppies, and the calves, and the geese. Now Jamaica is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to get rid of the mongoose.

Saloon Ends It All.

The American mongoose is the open licensed saloon. It eats the carpets off the floor, and the clothes from off your back, your money out of the bank, and it eats up character, and it goes on until at last it leaves a stranded wreck in the home, a skeleton of what was once brightness and happiness.

Like a drummer on a railroad train. There were some men playing cards, and one fellow pulled out a whisky flask and passed it about, and when it came to the drummer he said, "No." "What?" they said, "have you got on the water wagon?" and they all laughed at him. He said, "You can laugh at you want to, but I was born with an appetite for drink, and for years I have taken from five to 10 glasses a day, but I was at home in Chicago not long ago, and I have a friend who has a pawnshop there. I was in there when in came a young fellow with ashen cheeks and a wild look on his face. He came up trembling, threw down a little package and said, "Give me 10 cents." And what do you think was in that package? It was a pair of baby shoes.

"My friend said, 'No I cannot take them.' 'But,' he said, 'Give me a dime; I must have a drink.'

"'No; take them back home; your baby will need them.' And the poor fellow said, 'My baby is dead and I want a drink.'

Boys, I don't blame you for the lump that comes up in your throat. There is no law, divine or human, that the saloon respects. Lincoln said, "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong." I say, if the saloon, with its train of diseases, crime and misery, is not wrong, then nothing on earth is wrong. If the fight is to be won we need men—men who will fight—the church Catholic and Protestant, must fight, it or run away, and thank God, she will not run away, but fight to the last ditch.

Who Works Hardest?

Who works the hardest for his money, the saloon man or you?

Who has the most money, Sunday morning, the saloon man or you?

Do you know of anybody that died young because he didn't hit the booze? The saloon comes as near being a rat hole for a wage-earner to dump his wages in as anything you can find. The only interest it pays is red eyes and foul breath and the loss of your health. You go in with money and you come out with empty pockets. You go in with character, and you come out ruined. You go in with a good position and you lose it. You lose your position in the bank or in the cab of the locomotive. And it pays nothing back but disease and damnation and gives an extra dividend in delirium tremens and a free pass to hell. And then it will let your wife be buried in the poter's field, and your children go to the asylum, and yet you walk out and say the saloon is a good institution when it is the dirtiest thing on earth. It hasn't one leg to stand on and has nothing to commend it to a decent man, not one thing.

"But," you say, "we will regulate it by high license." Regulate what? You might as well try and regulate a powder mill in hell. Do you want to pay taxes in boys, or dirty money? A man that will sell out to that dirty business I have no use for. See how absurd their arguments are. If you drink bourbon in a saloon that pays $1,000 a year license, will it eat your stomach less than if you drink it in a saloon that pays $500 license? Is it going to have any different effect on you whether the gang pays $500 or $1,000 license? No. It will make no difference whether you drink it over a mahogany counter or a pine counter—it will have the same effect on you; it will damn you. So there is no use talking about it.

Apply the Mop Test.

In some insane asylums, do you know what they do? When they want to test some patient to see whether he has recovered his reason they have a room with a faucet in it, and a cement floor, and they give the patient a mop and tell him to mop up the floor. And if he has sense enough to turn off the faucet and mop up the floor they will parole him, but should he let the faucet run they know that he is "hughouse."

Well, that is what you are trying to do. You are trying to mop it up with taxes, and insane asylums, and jails, and Keeley cures, and reformatories. The only thing to do is to shut off the source of supply.

A fellow was delivering a temperance address at a fair grounds and a fellow came up to him and said, "Are you the fellow that gave a talk on temperance?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think that the managers did a dirty piece of business to let you give a lecture on temperance. You have hurt my business, and my business is a legal one."

"You are right there," said the lecturer, "they did do a mean trick. I would complain to the officers." And he took up a premium list and said, "By the way, I see there is a premium of so much offered for the best horse, and cow, and butter. What business are you in?"

"I'm in the liquor business."

"Well, I don't see that they offer any premium for your business. You ought to go down and compel them to offer a premium for your business, and they ought to offer on the list $25 for the best wrecked home, $15 for the best bloated bum that you can show, and $10 for the finest specimen of broken-hearted wife, and they ought to give $5 for the finest specimens of thieves and gamblers you can trot out. You can bring out the finest looking criminals. If you have something that is good trot it out. You ought to come in competition with the farmer, with his stock, and the fancy work, and the canned fruit."

Saloon Is a Coward.

As Dr. Howard said: "I tell you that the saloon is a coward. It hides itself behind stained and glass doors, and opaque windows, and sneaks its customers in at the blind door, and it keeps a sentinel to guard the door from officers of the law, and it marks its wares with false bills of lading, and offers to ship green goods to you, and marks them with the name of wholesome articles of food so people won't know what is being sent to you.

And so vile do that business get the legislature of Indiana passed a law forbidding a saloon to ship goods without being properly labeled. And the United States congress passed a law forbidding them to send whisky through the mails.

I tell you it strikes in the night, fights under cover of darkness and assassinates the characters that it not dares attack, it lies about you, attacks defenseless womanhood and childhood. The saloon is a coward. It is a thief. It is not an open court defender that steals your money but it robs you of manhood and leaves you in rags and takes away your friends, and it robs your family, impoverishes your children, and brings insanity and suicide. It will take the shirt off your back and will steal the coffin from a dead child and yank the last crust of bread out of the hand of the starving child; it will take the last bucket of coal out of the cellar, and the last cent out of your pocket, and will send you home bleary-eyed and staggering to your wife and children. It will steal the milk from the breast of the mother and leave her with nothing with which to feed the infant. It will take the virtue from your daughter. It is the dirtiest, most down-right damnable business that ever crawled out of the pit of hell. It is a sneak and a thief and a coward. It is an infidel. It has no faith in God; has no religion. It would close every church in the land. It would hang its beer signs on the altars. It would close every Sunday school. It respects the thief and esteems the blasphemer; it fills the prisons and the penitentiaries. It despises heaven, hates love, scorns virtue. It tempts the passions. Its music is the song of a siren. Its sermons are a collection of lewd, vile stories, it wraps a mantle about the hope of the world and that is comic. Its books are full of the vilest literature. It is the moral clearing house for robbery, damnation, and poverty, and insanity, and it wrecks homes and blights souls today.

Saloon Is a Liar.

The saloon is a liar. It promises good cheer and sends sorrow. It promises health and causes disease. It promises prosperity and sends adversity. It promises happiness and sends misery. Yes, it sends the husband home with a lie on his lips to his wife, and the boy home with a lie on his lips to his mother, and it hires the employe to lie to his employer. It degrades. It is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. It sends neither youth nor old age. It is coming with a dirty blanket for the child to crawl into this world. It lies in wait for the unborn.

It cocks the highwayman's pistol, puts the rope in the hands of the lynchers, it is the anarchist of the world and its dirty red flag is dyed with the blood of women and children, and it sent the bullet through the body of Lincoln, nerved the man that sent the bullet through Garfield and William McKinley. Yes, it is a murderer. The plot that was ever hatched against government and law was born in it, and crawled out of the grog shop to damn this country.

I tell you that the curse of God Almighty is on the saloon. Legislatures are legislating against it. Decent society is barring it out. The fraternal brotherhoods are knocking it out. The Masons and Odd Fellows, and the Knights of Pythias, and the A. O. U. W. are closing their doors to the whisky sellers. They don't want you wrecked your carcass in their lodges. Yes, I tell you, the curse of God is on it, is on the down grade. It is headed for hell, and by the grace of God, I am going to give it a push with a whoop all I know how. Listen to me! I am going to show you how we burn up money. It costs 20 cents to make a gallon of whisky, sold over the counter at 10 cents a glass, it will bring $4. Listen, where does it go? Who gets the 20 cents? The farmer for his corn and rye. Who gets the rest. The United States government for collecting revenue, and the corporations, and part is used to repair streets and pay our police. I show you. I'm going to show you how it is burned up, and you don't have half sense to catch on, and if you understand just keep still and nobody will ever know the difference.

I say, "Hey, Colonel Politics, what is the matter with the country?"

He swells up like a poisoned pup and says to me: "Bill, why the bugbear. That's what is the matter with the country."

Say! The total value of the gold coined in this country in 1907 was $89,500,000. Hear me! In 1907 the total value of the gold produced in this country was $94,722,000, and we dumped 10 times that much in the whisky hole and didn't fill it. What is the matter? In 1904 the total value of all the gold and silver was $524,558,000, and we dumped three times that amount in the whisky hole and didn't fill it.

What is the matter with the country, Colonel Politics? He swells up and says: "Mr. Sunday, standpatism."

I say: "You are an old windbag."

"Oh," says another, "revision of the tariff." Another man said, "Free trade, open the doors at the ports and let them pour the products in and wipe out the trusts on the sidetrack."

Say, you come with me to every port of entry. Listen! Last year the total value of all the imports was $1,430,000,000, and we dumped that much in the whisky hole in 12 months, and didn't fill it.

"Oh," says a man, "let us trade with South America and Europe to sell our products. That's what is the matter, we are not exporting enough."

Exports of a Billion.

Say, last year the total value of the exports was $1,860,000,000, and

(Continued on Next Page.)

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

SALOONS DENOUNCED BY EVANGELIST

...D'S CURSE IS ON SALOON, SHOUTS SUNDAY AND DECENT SOCIETY WILL SOON BAR IT OUT

...ecites, Statistics to Show That Country's ... Money Goes Into Vaults of Whisky Ring

(Continued From Preceding Page.)

...ed that amount in the whisky ... in one year and didn't fill it.

...e time I was down in Washington went to the United States treas... and said: "I wish you would let ...ge." And they took us around on ... inside and we walked into a room ...ut 20 feet long and 15 feet wide and ...many feet high, and I said: "What ...this?"

"This is the vault that contains all ...the national bank stock in the ...ted States."

...asked, "how much is here?" They ...: $378,000,000."

...nd we dumped nearly four times ...value of the national bank stock ...the United States into the whisky ...the last year, and we didn't fill the ...up at that. What is the matter? ...whenever the day comes that all ...Catholic and Protestant churches ...ust when the day comes when you ...say to the whisky business: "You ...to hell," that day the whisky busi...s will go to hell, but you sit there ...old whisky-voting elder and ...aron and vestryman, and you ...didn't strike your hands together on ...proposition. It would stamp you ...old hypocrite and you know it. ...say, hold on a bit. Have you got ...silver dollar? I am going to show ...how it is burned up. We have in ...s country 218,000 saloons, and al...ving 50 feet frontage for each saloon ...makes a street from New York to ...icago, and 5,000,000 men, women and ...ildren go daily into the saloon for ...ink. And marching 25 miles a day ...would take 30 days to pass this ...ilding, and marching five abreast ...er would reach 500 miles. There they ...look at them.

...n the first day of January 500,000 ...the young men of our nation su...red the grog shop and began a pub... career, hellward, and on December ... I will come back here and summon ...u people and ring the bell and raise ...e curtain and say to the saloon and ...veries: "On the first day of Jan...ry I gave you 500,000 of the brain ...d muscle of our land, and I want ...em back and have come in the game ...the home and church and school. ...ther, mother, sister, sweetheart, ...ve me back what I gave you March ...st."

Thousands of Victims.

...count, and 165,000 have lost their ...ppetites and have become muttering, ...eary-eyed drunkards, and I say: ...What is it I hear, a funeral dirge? ...hat is that procession? A funeral ...ocession 3,000 miles long and 110,000 ...arses in the procession. One h...red and ten thousand men die drunk...ds in this land of the free and home ...the brave. Listen! In an hour 12 ...en die drunkards, 300 a day, and ...0,000 a year. One man will leap in ...ont of a train, another will plunge ...to a river, another will plunge from ...e dock into a lake, another will ...row his hands to his head and life ...ll end. Another will cry "Mother!" ...d his life will go out like a burnt ...atch.

...I stand in front of the jails and ...ount the whisky criminals. They say: "Yes, Bill, I fired the bullet." "Yes, I ...acked my wife into a corner and beat ...e life out. I am waiting for the ...retfold. I am waiting." "I am wait...g," says another, "to slip into hell." ...h, oh, it goes. Say, let me summon ...e wifehood and the motherhood and ...e childhood and see the tears rain ...own the upturned faces. People, tears ...re too weak for that hellish business. ...Tears are only salty backwater and ...well up at the bidding of an occult ...ower, and I will tell you there are ...,000 whisky orphan children in the ...nited States, enough in the world to ...elt the globe three times around, ...uncture at every fifth point by a ...runkard's widow.

Like Hamilcar of old, who swore ...oung Hannibal eternal enmity against ...Rome, so I propose to perpetuate the ...ud against the liquor traffic until ...the white-winged dove of temperance ...builds her nests on the dome of the ...Capitol at Washington and spreads ...er wings of peace, sobriety and joy ...over our land, which I love with all ...my heart.

What Dollar Will Do.

I hold a silver dollar in my hand. Come on, we are going to a saloon. We will go into a saloon and spend that dolar for a quart. It takes 20 cents to make a gallon of whisky and a dollar to buy a quart. You say to the saloonkeeper: "Give me a quart." I will show you. If you wait a minute, how she is burned up. Here I am John, an old drunken bum with a wife and six kids. (Thank God, it's all a lie.) Come on, I will go down to a saloon and throw down my dollar. It costs 20 cents to make a gallon of whisky. A nickel will make a quart. My dollar will buy a quart of booze. Who gets the nickel? The farmer for corn and apples. Who gets the 95 cents? The United States government, the big distillers, the big corporations. I am John, a drunken bum, and I will spend my dollar. I have worked a week and got my pay. I go into a grog shop and throw down my dollar. The saloonkeeper gets my dollar and I get a quart of booze. I come home with me. I stagger, and I fall in my wife's presence, and she says, "Hello, John, what did you bring home?"

"A quart."

What will a quart do? It will burn up my happiness and my home and fill my home with squalor and want. So here is the dollar. The saloonkeeper has it. Here is my quart. There you get the whisky end of it. Here you get the workingman's end of the saloon.

But come on; I will go to a store and spend the dollar for a pair of shoes. I want them for my son, and he puts them on his feet, and with the shoes to protect his feet he goes out and earns another dollar, and my dollar becomes a silver thread in the woof and warp of happiness and joy, and the man that owns the building gets some, and the clerk that sold the shoes gets some, and the merchant, and the traveling man, and the wholesale house gets some, and the factory, and the man that made the shoes, and the man that tanned the hide, and the butcher that bought the calf, and the farmer that raised the calf, and the little colored fellow that shined the shoes, and my dollar spread itself and nobody is made the worse for spending the money.

I join the booster club for business and prosperity. A man said: "I will tell you what is the matter with the country, it's overproduction. You see it is underconsumption.

Whisky Gets It All.

Say, wife, the bread that ought to be in your stomach to satisfy the cravings of hunger is down yonder in the grocery store, and your husband haven't money enough to carry it home. The meat that ought to satisfy your hunger hangs in the butcher shop. Your husband hasn't any money to buy it. The cloth for a dress is lying on the shelf in the store, but your husband hasn't the money to buy it. The whisky gang has his money.

What is the matter with our country? I would like to do this. I would like to [illegible] the water wagon. I would like to summon all the drunkards in America and say: "Boys, let's quit for one day and spend the money for flour, meat and calico; what do you say?" Say, $500,000,000 will buy all the flour in the United States, $500,000,000 will buy all the beef cattle, and $500,000,000 will buy all the cotton at $5 a bale. But we dumped more money than that in the whisky hole last year, and we didn't fill it. Come on, I am going to line up the drunkards. Everybody fall in. Come on, read forward, march right, left, here I come with all the drunkards. We will line up in front of a butcher shop. The butcher says: "What do you want, a piece of neck?"

"No, how much do I owe you?"

"Three dollars."

"Here's your dough. Now give me a porterhouse steak and a sirloin roast."

"Where did you get all that money?"

"Went to hear Bill and climbed on the water wagon."

"Hello. What do you want?"

"Beefsteak."

"What do you want?"

"Beefsteak."

We empty the shop and the butcher runs to the telephone. "Hey, central, give me the slaughter house. Have you got any beef, any pork, any mutton?"

"They strip the slaughter house and then telephone to Swift and Armour, and Nelson Morris, and Cudahy, to send down trainloads of beefsteaks.

All on Water Wagon.

The whole bunch has gotten on the water wagon.

And Swift and the other big packers in Chicago say to their salesmen: "Buy beef, pork and mutton."

The farmer sees the price of cattle and sheep jump up to three times their value. Let me take the money you dump into the whisky hole and buy beefsteaks with it. I will show you what is the matter with America. I think the liquor business is the dirtiest, rottenest business this side of hell.

Come on, are you ready? Fall in! We line up in front of a grocery store.

"What do you want?"

"Why, I want flour."

"What do you want?"

"Flour."

"What do you want?"

"Flour."

"Pillsbury, Minneapolis. 'Sleepy Eye?'"

"Yes, ship in trainloads of flour; send on fast mail schedule, with an engine in front, one behind and a Mogul in the middle."

"What's the matter?"

"Why the workingmen have stopped spending their money for booze and have begun to buy flour."

The big mills tell their men to buy wheat and the farmers see the price jump to over $3 a bushel. What's the matter with the country? Why the whisky gang has your money and you have an empty stomach; and yet you will walk up and vote for the dirty traffic?

Come on, cut out the booze, boys. Get on the water wagon. Get on for the sake of your wife and babies, and hit booze a blow.

Come on, ready, forward, march! Right, left, halt! We are in front of a dry goods store.

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

Stores Are Stripped.

"Calico, all right, come on." The stores are stripped.

Hey, Marshal Field, Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., J. V. Farwell, send down calico. The whole bunch has voted out the saloons and we have such a demand for calico we don't know what to do. And the big stores telegraph to Fall River to ship calico, and the factories telegraph to buy cotton, and they tell their salesmen to buy cotton, and the cotton plantation man sees cotton jump up to $100 a bale.

What is the matter? Your children are going naked and the whisky gang has got your money. That's what's the matter with you. Don't listen to these old whisky-soaked politicians who say "Stand pat on the saloon."

Come with me. Now, remember, we have the whole bunch of booze fighters on the water wagon, and I'm going home now. Over here I was John, the drunken bum. The whisky gang got my dollar and I got the quart. Over here I am John on the water wagon. The merchant got my dollar and I have his meat, flour and calico, and I'm going home now. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home without booze."

Wife comes out and says: "Hello, John, what have you got?"

"Two porterhouse steaks, Sally."

"What's that bundle, pa?"

"Cloth to make you a new dress, sis. Your mother has fixed Mary's old one so often it looks like a crazy quilt."

"And what have you there?"

"That's a pair of shoes for you, Tom, and here is some cloth to make you a pair of pants. Your mother has patched the old ones so often they look like the map of Pennsylvania."

What's the matter with the country? We have been dumping the money into the whisky hole that ought to have been spent for flour, beef and calico, and we haven't that hole filled yet.

A man comes along and says: "Are you a drunkard?"

"Yes, I'm a drunkard."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to hell."

"Why?"

No Drunkards There.

"Because the Good Book says: 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God,' so I am going to hell."

Another man comes along and I say: "Are you a church member?"

"Yes, I am a church member."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to heaven."

"Did you vote for the saloon?"

"Yes."

"Then you shall go to hell."

Say, if the man that drinks the whisky goes to hell, the man that votes for the saloon shall, and the whisker voter will go to hell. If the man that drinks the whisky goes to hell, and the man that sold the whisky to the men that drink it goes to heaven, then the poor drunkard will have the right to stand on the brink of eternal damnation and put his arms around the pillar of justice, shake his fist in the face of the Almighty and say: "That isn't a square deal." If you vote for the dirty business you ought to go to hell as sure as you live, and I would like to fire the furnace while you are there.

Some fellow says: "Drive the saloon out and the buildings will be empty. Which would you rather have, empty buildings, or empty jails, penitentiaries and insane asylums? You drink the stuff and what have you to say? You that vote for it, and you that sell it? Look at them painted on the canvas of your recollection.

Wha tis the matter with this grand old country? I heard my friend, George Stuart, tell how he imagined that he walked up to a mill and said:

"Hello, there, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A sawmill."

"And what do you make?"

"We make boards out of logs."

"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes."

Must Have Lumber.

"We will make laws for you. We must have lumber for houses."

He goes up to another mill and says: "Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A grist mill."

"What do you make?"

"Flour and meal out of wheat and corn."

"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes."

"Then come on. We will make laws for you. We will protect you."

He goes up to another mill and says: "What kind of a mill are you?"

"A paper mill."

"What do you make paper out of?"

"Straw and rags."

"Well, we will make laws for you. We must have paper on which to write notes and mortgages."

He goes up to another mill and says: "Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

"I don't like the looks nor the smell of you. A gin mill; what do you make? What kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

"What is your raw material?"

"The boys of America."

(Here the evangelist summoned five small boys to the platform.)

The gin mills of this country must have 2,000,000 boys or shut up shop. Say, walk down your streets, count the homes and every fifth home has to furnish a boy for a drunkard. Have you furnished yours? No. Then I have to furnish two to make up.

"What is your raw material?"

"Americans boys."

"Then I pick up the boys and give them to you."

A man says: "Hold on, not that boy, he is mine."

Then I will say to you what a saloonkeeper said to me when I protested: "I am not interested in boys, go hell with your boys."

"Say, saloon, gin mill, what is your finished product?"

"Bleary-eyed, low-down, staggering men and the scum of God's dirt that have gone to me and taken the count."

One Brewer's Advice.

Go to the jails, go to the insane asylums and the penitentiaries, and the homes for feeble-minded. There you will find the finished product for their dirty business. I tell you it is the worst business this side of hell, and you know it.

Listen! Here is an extract from the Saturday Evening Post of November 19, 1910, taken from a paper read by a brewer. You will say that a man didn't say it. "It appears from these facts that the success of our business lies in the creation of appetite among the boys. Men who have formed the habit scarcely ever reform, but they, like others, will die, and unless there are recruits made to take their places, our coffers will be empty, and I recommend to you that money spent in the creation of appetite will return a hundred dollars to your mills after the habit is formed."

The saloon exists because the church don't vote it out of existence.

Say, are you in favor of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of liquor in the United States?

If you ever get a chance to do it, boys, will you do it? If you do, stand up with me.

What is your raw material, saloons? American boys. Say, I would not give one boy for all the distilleries and saloons this side of hell. And they have to have 2,000,000 boys every generation. And then you tell me you are a man when you will vote for an institution like that. What do you want to do, lay taxes in money or in boys?

I feel like an old fellow in Tennessee who made his living by catching rattlesnakes. He caught one with 14 rattles and put it in a box with a glass top. One day when he was sawing wood his little 5-year-old boy, Jim, took the lid off and the rattler wriggled through and struck him in the cheek. He ran to his father and said: "The rattler has hit me." The father ran and chopped the rattler to pieces, and with his jackknife he cut a chunk from the boy's cheek and then sucked and sucked at the wound to draw out the poison. He looked at little Jim, watched the pupils of his eyes dilate and watched him swell to three times his norinal size, watched his lips become parched and cracked, and his eyes roll and little Jim gasped and died.

The father took him in his arms, carried him over by the side of the rattler, got on his knees and said: "Oh, God, I would not give little Jim for all the rattlers that ever crawled over the Blue Ridge mountains."

And I would not give those five boys for every dirty dollar you get from the hell-soaked liquor business or from every brewery and distillery this side of hell.

Listen! In a northwest city a preacher sat at his breakfast table one Sunday morning. The doorbell rang, he answered it, and there stood a little boy, 12 years of age. He was on crutches, right leg off at the knee, shivering, and he said: "Please, sir, will you come up to the jail and talk and pray with papa? He murdered mamma. Papa was good and kind, but whisky did it, and I have to support my three little sisters. I sell newspapers and black boots. Will you go up and talk and pray with papa? And will you come home and be with us when they bring him back? The governor says we can have his body after they hang him."

The preacher hurried to the jail and talked and prayed with the man. He had no knowledge of what he had done. He said: "I don't blame the law, but it breaks my heart to think that my children must be left in a cold and heartless world. Oh, sir, whisky did it."

The preacher was at the little hut when up drove the undertaker's wagon and they carried out the pine coffin. They led the little boy up to the coffin, he leaned over and kissed his father and sobbed, and said to his sisters: "Come on, sisters, kiss papa's cheeks before they grow cold." And the little hungry, ragged, whisky orphans hurried to the coffin shrieking in agony. Police whose hearts were adamant buried their faces in their hands and rushed from the house, and the preacher fell on his knees and lifted his clenched fist and tear-stained face and took an oath before God and before the whisky orphans that he would fight the cursed business until the undertaker carried him out in a coffin.

Chance to Fight.

You men have a chance to show your manhood. Then in the name of your pure mother, in the name of your manhood, in the name of your wife and the pure, innocent children that climb up in your lap and put their arms around your neck, in the name of all that is good and noble, fight the curse. Shall you men who hold in your hands the ballot, and in that ballot hold the destiny of womanhood and children and manhood, shall you, the sovereign power, refuse to rally in the name of the defenseless men and women and native land? No.

I want every man to say: "God, you can count on me to protect my wife, my home, my mother, and my children and the manhood of America."

By the mercy of God, which has given to you the unshaken and unshakable confidence of her you love, I beseech you make a fight for the women who wait until the saloons spew out their husbands and their sons, and send them home maudlin, brutish, devilish, stinking, blear-eyed, bloated-faced drunkards.

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ALL MUST DIE, WARNS SUNDAY AND AFTER DEATH, JUDGMENT

The Rev. William A. Sunday at last evening meeting in the tabernacle spoke on the subject, "After Death, the Judgment." He said:

I have chosen a text of which every man here tonight will believe at least a part. Some may say that this can't be. Some may say: "I don't believe in Jesus Christ. I don't believe in the Bible. I don't believe in eternal life." Yet there is not one among you who will not agree with at least the first part of my text.

It is appointed unto all men once to die. You believe that don't you? You all agree that it is appointed to all men once to die. You'll all agree to that.

But my next text adds, "And after death, the judgment."

If you admit the first proposition of the text, has an auditor the audacity to reject the last part? By every rule of reason or logic, when you admit one part you must accept the other.

Some men have been startled when the judgment has been mentioned. I know there are thousands of men in Colorado Springs, hundreds of them here this evening, who, if they'd disappear would be lost. Not because they don't know but because they put off accepting Christ. I'd could only make you realize what a risk you're taking, what a change there'd be. No man would put it off if he'd only realize. Some of you men here have been set to thinking in these past weeks. You have heard many sermons, but you are still outside the gate of God's mercy. If I should say to you that a quarter after 2 o'clock tomorrow you would be in your coffin, you wouldn't sleep tonight. You'd be getting ready to meet the God you have forgotten, spurned and repudiated. You would send for the preacher and you would try to prepare yourself to face Christ in judgment. If I could tell you that this is the last week of your life, and that on next Sunday you would be a corpse, you would not think about business, you wouldn't worry whether bonds or stocks went up or down, you wouldn't care about politics, but you'd think about your soul, and you'd get ready to meet the God you have damned and defied. You can't prove that this isn't your last day on earth.

Danger Signal Lighted.

Up in Canada there is a railroad which hangs red lights on one side of the track when all is safe, and on the other side when there is danger. For some of you the light is still on the side of danger. I hope I can say something that will show you the peril in which you stand.

What a change there would be in your life if you only accepted all of this text! We have the words of Jesus, that all those who believe in him shall come into everlasting life with him and that for them there shall be no judgment. We have this assurance of Paul that there is no judgment for those who are followers of Christ.

Whether you're a Christian or not a Christian, you'll all be there. But I'm not worried about this judgment for myself. The Christian has no need to fear. The Christian will not be there to be judged, but to receive the reward for his righteousness. The sinner will be judged.

Never in my life has my heart gone out to men as it has gone out to them in Colorado Springs. Never more than this evening have I prayed for them. I have prayed that thousands of people shall come down these aisles and give me the honor of taking them by the hand in the name of Jesus Christ. I am not concerned for myself, but for you. I have worked here as if my own salvation depended upon it. I couldn't have worked harder if it had. I am tired, so tired I sometimes feel that I'll fall into bed and not get up.

I have special reas[illegible] for posting this text this [illegible] question. It means [illegible] for you. You must settle it [illegible] for yourself. You must eat for yourself, you must settle the question of [illegible] Jesus Christ for yourself. [illegible] left to me to settle [illegible] man here you importuning [illegible] on the side of God. [illegible] Ever Get Almighty [illegible] save a soul against the [illegible] will.

Respects Honest Doubter.

I suppose [illegible] men have people in the world [illegible] have you been enough to do [illegible]. I have [illegible] years. I know Mrs. Sunday and my mother [illegible]. But, no matter how nearly [illegible] to you may love [illegible] help you in the judgment. You [illegible] stand alone. You may have [illegible] as Socrates in the [illegible] or the church, but in judgment [illegible] can do nothing for you. [illegible]

When a man [illegible] to refuse to be a Christian, [illegible] miserable cur in the face and say: "I don't will you stand in my place [illegible] judgment?"

You may have read the story. Down in New York was a [illegible] who said to her dying [illegible] down to the [illegible] and [illegible] the judge send you over to the island for a few weeks. Maybe [illegible] straighten up then and I can have some respect for you again." Down they went to the police court and appeared before the judge. He asked who could make the charge and the mother spoke forward with the words on her lips. Then she stopped short, turned to her son and throwing her arms about his neck cried out: "I can't. I can't. He is my son. I love him and I pray." Then she fell at his feet dead. As dearly as she had loved her offspring, doated, living son she couldn't stand in the judgment.

Most men out of Jesus Christ are not honest. I don't mean that they lie and cheat and steal, but I do mean they're not honest about spiritual things. They praise themselves for the belief to which they adhere, when way down in their hearts they know they're not doing right. If I were in physical [illegible] I'd see the best doctor I could find. If I had no desire to be a Christian, if I had no inclination to be right with the Almighty, I'd get right down on my knees and ask God to help me. There's no man I'd work harder to save than an honest sinner, but I have no respect for the man who won't believe in Christianity, steels his heart against it, then dies to see others to disbelieve just because he doesn't.

I pray God that the words of my text will ring in your ears long after you've forgotten my face and long after the tabernacle has been torn down, when I have gone to other states to preach the word of God. I pray that you'll hear them above the clash of hammers in your shops, above the din of exploding powder in the mines. I pray that when you walk the streets the echo of your steps will cry: "The judgment! the judgment! the judgment!"

Religion isn't a matter of feeling or of emotion. It isn't doing just what ever you want to do. Suppose you worked for a firm, were given some orders to perform, then said: "I don't want to do it." You'd get your walking papers quick enough.

You say there are hypocrites in the church. There are hypocrites in the lodge, there are hypocrites everywhere. But because some men are hypocrites is no reason why you should not do right. There'll be no hypocrites in heaven. And if you want to get into heaven you'd better get into the church with a few of them now, for the day of judgment God will say, to the hypocrites: "Get over on the left there."

Did you vote for the saloon?"

"Yes."

"Then you shall go to hell."

Say, if the man that drinks the whisky goes to hell, the man that votes for the saloon shall, and the whisker voter will go to hell. If the man that drinks the whisky goes to hell, and the man that sold the whisky to the men that drink it goes to heaven, then the poor drunkard will have the right to stand on the brink of eternal damnation and put his arms around the pillar of justice, shake his fist in the face of the Almighty and say: "That isn't a square deal." If you vote for the dirty business you ought to go to hell as sure as you live, and I would like to fire the furnace while you are there.

Some fellow says: "Drive the saloon out and the buildings will be empty. Which would you rather have, empty buildings, or empty jails, penitentiaries and insane asylums? You drink the stuff and what have you to say? You that vote for it, and you that sell it? Look at them painted on the canvas of your recollection.

Wha tis the matter with this grand old country? I heard my friend, George Stuart, tell how he imagined that he walked up to a mill and said:

"Hello, there, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A sawmill."

"And what do you make?"

"We make boards out of logs."

"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes."

Must Have Lumber.

"We will make laws for you. We must have lumber for houses."

He goes up to another mill and says: "Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A grist mill."

"What do you make?"

"Flour and meal out of wheat and corn."

"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes."

"Then come on. We will make laws for you. We will protect you."

He goes up to another mill and says: "What kind of a mill are you?"

"A paper mill."

"What do you make paper out of?"

"Straw and rags."

"Well, we will make laws for you. We must have paper on which to write notes and mortgages."

He goes up to another mill and says: "Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

"I don't like the looks nor the smell of you. A gin mill; what do you make? What kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

"What is your raw material?"

"The boys of America."

(Here the evangelist summoned five small boys to the platform.)

The gin mills of this country must have 2,000,000 boys or shut up shop. Say, walk down your streets, count the homes and every fifth home has to furnish a boy for a drunkard. Have you furnished yours? No. Then I have to furnish two to make up.

"What is your raw material?"

"Americans boys."

"Then I pick up the boys and give them to you."

A man says: "Hold on, not that boy, he is mine."

Then I will say to you what a saloonkeeper said to me when I protested: "I am not interested in boys, to hell with your boys."

"Say, saloon, gin mill, what is your finished product?"

"Bleary-eyed, low-down, staggering men and the scum of God's dirt that have gone to me and taken the count."

One Brewer's Advice.

Go to the jails, go to the insane asylums and the penitentiaries, and the homes for feeble-minded. There you will find the finished product for their dirty business. I tell you it is the worst business this side of hell, and you know it.

Listen! Here is an extract from the Saturday Evening Post of November 19, 1910, taken from a paper read by a brewer. You will say that a man didn't say it. "It appears from these facts that the success of our business lies in the creation of appetite among the boys. Men who have formed the habit scarcely ever reform, but they, like others, will die, and unless there are recruits made to take their places, our coffers will be empty, and I recommend to you that money spent in the creation of appetite will return a hundred dollars to your mills after the habit is formed."

The saloon exists because the church don't vote it out of existence.

Say, are you in favor of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of liquor in the United States?

If you ever get a chance to do it, boys, will you do it? If you do, stand up with me.

What is your raw material, saloons? American boys. Say, I would not give one boy for all the distilleries and saloons this side of hell. And they have to have 2,000,000 boys every generation. And then you tell me you are a man when you will vote for an institution like that. What do you want to do, lay taxes in money or in boys?

I feel like an old fellow in Tennessee who made his living by catching rattlesnakes. He caught one with 14 rattles and put it in a box with a glass top. One day when he was sawing wood his little 5-year-old boy, Jim, took the lid off and the rattler wriggled through and struck him in the cheek. He ran to his father and said: "The rattler has hit me." The father ran and chopped the rattler to pieces, and with his jackknife he cut a chunk from the boy's cheek and then sucked and sucked at the wound to draw out the poison. He looked at little Jim, watched the pupils of his eyes dilate and watched him swell to three times his norinal size, watched his lips become parched and cracked, and his eyes roll and little Jim gasped and died.

The father took him in his arms, carried him over by the side of the rattler, got on his knees and said: "Oh, God, I would not give little Jim for all the rattlers that ever crawled over the Blue Ridge mountains."

And I would not give those five boys for every dirty dollar you get from the hell-soaked liquor business or from every brewery and distillery this side of hell.

Listen! In a northwest city a preacher sat at his breakfast table one Sunday morning. The doorbell rang, he answered it, and there stood a little boy, 12 years of age. He was on crutches, right leg off at the knee, shivering, and he said: "Please, sir, will you come up to the jail and talk and pray with papa? He murdered mamma. Papa was good and kind, but whisky did it, and I have to support my three little sisters. I sell newspapers and black boots. Will you go up and talk and pray with papa? And will you come home and be with us when they bring him back? The governor says we can have his body after they hang him."

The preacher hurried to the jail and talked and prayed with the man. He had no knowledge of what he had done. He said: "I don't blame the law, but it breaks my heart to think that my children must be left in a cold and heartless world. Oh, sir, whisky did it."

The preacher was at the little hut when up drove the undertaker's wagon and they carried out the pine coffin. They led the little boy up to the coffin, he leaned over and kissed his father and sobbed, and said to his sisters: "Come on, sisters, kiss papa's cheeks before they grow cold." And the little hungry, ragged, whisky orphans hurried to the coffin shrieking in agony. Police whose hearts were adamant buried their faces in their hands and rushed from the house, and the preacher fell on his knees and lifted his clenched fist and tear-stained face and took an oath before God and before the whisky orphans that he would fight the cursed business until the undertaker carried him out in a coffin.

Chance to Fight.

You men have a chance to show your manhood. Then in the name of your pure mother, in the name of your manhood, in the name of your wife and the pure, innocent children that climb up in your lap and put their arms around your neck, in the name of all that is good and noble, fight the curse. Shall you men who hold in your hands the ballot, and in that ballot hold the destiny of womanhood and children and manhood, shall you, the sovereign power, refuse to rally in the name of the defenseless men and women and native land? No.

I want every man to say: "God, you can count on me to protect my wife, my home, my mother, and my children and the manhood of America."

By the mercy of God, which has given to you the unshaken and unshakable confidence of her you love, I beseech you make a fight for the women who wait until the saloons spew out their husbands and their sons, and send them home maudlin, brutish, devilish, stinking, blear-eyed, bloated-faced drunkards.

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NOTHING MAKES SUCH JOY IN HEAVEN AS THE SALVATION OF A SOUL, SAYS SUNDAY

Story of Gethsemane and Power of Prayer Theme of Morning Sermon Yesterday

The sermon preached yesterday morning [illegible] by Rev. William A. Sunday was an earnest manly [illegible] his usual sermon follows.

"And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down on the ground." Luke 22:44.

Infidels have seized upon certain verses of scripture and made them as reasons for their unbelief that the statement therein contained did not agree with their opinion. One of these verses is the one that I have just read: "And being in great agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down on the ground."

For, says the infidel, it is a physical impossibility for men to sweat blood. This is a lot of nonsense. Because you have two good eyes, and have always known good sight, should you say there are no blind? They have never heard of such a thing happening, they say. All right, but be sure you say that man has never sworn blind, don't say that God didn't.

When I was a boy I used to hear men say that the Bible couldn't be true for it was absolutely impossible for a man to fast 40 days and live. They thought that settled it. Then along came Dr. Tanner and he fasted for 40 days. That was the first time. He fasted a fair for 40 days, and he fasted a third time for 62 days, and after that we didn't hear any more about a fast of 40 days being impossible. The infidels quit quoting Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" on that point.

When a man gets cheesy and puts his old theories up against God, then God always brings a man forward to show that he is an old maruder and an old liar.

Dr. Witnerow, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Chicago—he went there from Boston—says he knew a man who had a wayward son. He hadn't heard from that boy for nine years. Then, one day, they sent him word that his son was in prison. He had committed a murder, and he had been tried and convicted and was about to be executed. He had refused to tell anything about his family until he was face to face with death, then he told them and they wrote to the father to ask him what should be done with the body.

Sweat Drops of Blood.

Dr. Witnergy said that in his agony that father sweat drops of blood. Is an earthly father sweat drops of blood for one son who has gone wrong, is it strange that Jesus should sweat drops of blood for all men when they were in danger of hell?

When Jesus sweat drops of blood there in the garden, it was a new sight for the angels. They had seen their brother angels rebel against God, and they had seen the conflict which followed and they had seen these rebel angels hurled over the battlements of heaven. They had seen Sennecharib come up with his men, and they had seen 185,000 Assyrians laid low by the sword when the angel of God smote them in the night. They had seen Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego cast into a fiery furnace for refusing to bow themselves down to idols, and had seen them come out from it unharmed. They had seen the brave Daniel hurled into the lions' den for refusing to bow the knee to anyone save Jehovah, and they had seen him come out from that den of wild beasts alive. But never before had the angels beheld such a sight as when they looked down upon the garden of Gethsemane and saw the Son of God kneeling there, sweating drops of blood as he agonized over man.

In this text there are many lessons valuable to us, and especially valuable just at this stage of the campaign.

The first lesson is that the divine cup is bitter. It is bitter to fallen angels and fallen man, and it was bitter to the fallen Christ. Think of the sight. Think of Jesus, staining his garments with the bloody sweat not because of any sin or fault of his own, for he was without sin, but because of his anguish over man.

God hates sin and so do I. So will every man on this earth who lays any claim to decency. If you don't hate sin you will if you ever change your ways and try to be decent.

He didn't sweat those drops of blood because of any physical suffering, it wasn't because of any fear of death, for if Jesus had been afraid to die he would have been a coward, and he wasn't a coward, although he was willing to die if God said to. "I don't want to die. I want to stay here as long as I can and so did Jesus, but he wasn't afraid to die. No. It was because of his grief for man.

A great martyr said as he stood in the midst of the flames that were devouring him: "Though I see the flesh fall from my bones I absolutely feel no pain."

No Doubt About Hell.

If you ever had any doubt about a literal hell, a fiery hell where the wicked must remain forever, it would all vanish as I see Jesus Christ in Gethsemane, agonizing because men would not accept him and were going to hell.

Hell must be an awful place. The fact that God went to the trouble he did to send Jesus Christ to this earth and to work out his great plan of redemption proves that it must be an awful place. I think this should give us a new vision.

Yes, it was a bitter cup for Jesus. Oh, don't be careless professors of Christianity for another minute. Don't you dare to make a cold, formal prayer when you come to address Almighty God. Don't you dare to regard this campaign in a critical and carping way. Oh, hell must be an awful place when Jesus was in such agony to think that men were going there. You're a big fool to go to hell, but it'll be your own fault if you do. God doesn't want you to go there, but he can't stop you. He has sacrificed his son to keep you out of hell, and what more could he do? I am doing all I can to keep you out of hell. I have stood here and preached to you and I've done all that I could, and if you won't be saved, all right—go to hell.

When Jesus was being led out to be sacrificed women followed him and wept and he turned to them and said: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." For he said: "For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Jesus meant that if people should weep for him who was innocent, then they should weep for those who were guilty. Christ was more concerned about the sin of others than he was about his own suffering. Let us be like him.

[illegible] Jesus troubles [illegible] sweat got on your knees and pray for your own salvation. Don't worry over my condition, you better look after your own.

[illegible] there some way in [illegible] good [illegible]? But God said: "No, there is no other way," and Jesus drank the cup.

We [illegible] something besides the power of prayer.

Every man and every woman that [illegible] world and see [illegible] Godward has been a christian of prayer. Martin Luther would go in his cell and travel at night, and when the break of day came he called his [illegible] and said to him: "[illegible] History records that on that [illegible] King Charles granted religious toleration, a thing for which Luther had prayed.

John Knox, whose his grave figures more than [illegible] was a man of prayer that he [illegible] the earth, fell on his face and cried: "Oh, God, give me Scotland or I die." And God gave him Scotland and not only that, he made Scotland to be a great missionary.

When Jonathan Edwards was about to preach his greatest sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," he prayed for days and when he stood before his congregation and preached it, men clung to the seats in their terror, and some fell to the floor, and the people cried out in their fear: "Mr. Edwards tell us how we can be saved."

I believe that if you will pray as you ought to pray you will have more people at the altar in the next week than you have had in all the weeks that are passed. You have never had the people of this community in such a frame of mind as they are in now, and you may never have things as they are now again. Now is the time to save souls. If you don't save them now, God pity you, for you never will.

An old infidel—a blacksmith—said that he could refute any argument that a christian could make. There was an old deacon there he was a Baptist and he heard of it. He told his wife and they got down on their knees and prayed until 3 o'clock in the morning. That morning the old deacon hitched up and drove over to see the man. He went into the blacksmith shop and the infidel was standing there, and the deacon stood before him. He said: "My wife and I prayed for you until 3 o'clock this morning." Then his eyes filled with tears and he sobbed and turned away. He couldn't think of one of the arguments he had prepared. He drove back home, and when he got there he said to his wife, "I've made an old fool of myself. It was all for nothing." When I saw him I just told him that we had been praying for him, then I broke down and couldn't think of another thing, and I came home."

Old Infidel Saved.

In the meantime the infidel went into his own house and he said to his wife, "I heard a new argument this morning." She said, "What was that?" "Why," he said, "the old deacon drove in to see me this morning and he told me that he and his wife had prayed for me until 3 o'clock in the morning." Then he sobbed and went away." And the infidel said, "Let's hitch up and go over and see him. I'd like to talk to him." They drove over and he told the deacon why he had come, and it wasn't long before the deacon had him on his knees and he was saved.

A mother had some daughters, and they were careless and worldly girls. She couldn't get them to give up their pleasures and live for God. She prayed for them and finally one day she said to them: "I'm ashamed of you. I'm almost sorry that I bore you and held you on my knees. I don't care more for others than you do for your God or your mother. Others ask you to go with them, and you go. I ask you to go with me and you won't go. I'm going into my closet and I'm going to pray for you. I don't know that I shall ever come out alive."

She went in and prayed. The hours went by and still she prayed. Finally there was a knock at the door, and one of her daughters stood there. She was weeping and she said: "Mother, I want to be saved. I've come to pray with you." So the two of them prayed and the hours went by, and presently another daughter came in and joined them there, and before night came all those girls and found Jesus.

Then we learn a lesson of the spirit of deep concern over souls.

The spirit of concern that we find in the Bible puts to shame many who are in Colorado Springs. Some of you have been coming to this tabernacle ever since the meetings were begun, but you have simply sat here. You haven't put forth a hand to bring anyone to Christ. If you are one of these you are absolutely worthless so far as God is concerned. You are of no use to him and he looks on you as an unprofitable servant. How can you sit by while souls are going to hell? What are you going to say to God about it after a while?

Go and see an unsaved person die, and read the obituary notices, and realize that he died unsaved, and then see what you think of it.

Someone may say, "How do I know how God feels about it?" How do I know whether he is really concerned over sinners? I know it. It would be a sin of presumption if I did not. If God cared as little for the souls of men as some of you care, not a soul ever would have been saved.

It is not possible for the human mind to have a greater conception of God than is revealed to us in Jesus Christ. For a man to say he loves God and then turn his back on Jesus Christ is an insult to the Almighty. You will find in him just what your heart has been looking for and you'll find it nowhere else.

I can see Jesus in the garden looking down on Jerusalem and saying: "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stoned them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy

NOTHING MAKES SUCH JOY IN HEAVEN AS THE SALVATION OF A SOUL, SAYS SUNDAY

Story of Gethesmane and Power of Prayer Theme of Morning Sermon Yesterday

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God's gift to the Jews—so Jesus is God made manifest in the flesh.

Did you ever see the sin of the world? Did you ever weep over the evil of humanity? If you never did, then there's something wrong with your religion. If God Almighty had no more concern about the salvation of Colorado Springs than some of you, Colorado Springs would have been in hell long ago. If God's love no more anxious about Colorado Springs than some of the churches I could name, this city would have been damned long ago. I've been here long enough to see that.

Salvation all comes through Jesus. You've got to see Jesus in order to see God, and you've got to see God in order to enter heaven. The hope of the world is in Jesus Christ. The hope of America is in Jesus Christ, not in free trade, it's not in the banking system, it's not in tariff reform, of conservation of natural resources or the ship problem or currency. We don't need more colleges or universities. We need a great tidal wave of religion.

One time I found a little boy in the street. After that boy had been restored to his mother, I said that the mother had been frantic for his return. She could not do enough to show her appreciation. It opened my eyes and I said, "God, I know how you feel about all this unsaved world, for I know how that mother felt over that little lost boy."

Prayed Most Earnestly.

Another lesson we find is that much concern moves the unsaved for God.

Much concern is aroused by prayer. Dr. Chapman told me that when he was a young minister and was pastor of a little Dutch Presbyterian church in New York state he started what he called a revival. He told me that he had often apologized to God since then, for calling it that. He would preach, and then he would say "If any one would like to join the church let them step in and meet the session." If that isn't as cold-blooded a proposition as you can find, I'll give it up. Nobody stepped in to meet the session. They didn't believe in excitement in the church. No sir! If anybody wanted to join he could step in and meet the session.

Dr. Chapman became concerned for one young man. He felt that he ought to speak for him, but he feared that he might show more zeal than knowledge. He felt the man might be offended if he went to him in that way. He had the wrong idea. If anyone is offended because you are doing right, let them go. If anyone is offended because you ask them to be a Christian let them go to hell. You've done your duty. He thought it over and made up his mind to speak that very night. The young man did not come that night, so on the next day Dr. Chapman drove out in a cutter to see him. He met the man and said, "I want you to be a Christian."

The man was angry. He said, "You blankety-blankety little preacher, I don't want you to come to me about that." Dr. Chapman turned and left him and drove away. He caught cold while driving out there and it stayed with him that winter and soon after he left the place and took up evangelistic work.

One night 10 years after he was holding a meeting at Saratoga when he saw a man coming down the aisle.

"Don't you know me?" the man asked. Dr. Chapman didn't know him.

"Why," the man said, "I'm Benedict from Schuylerville. I'm the man who cursed you when you drove out to my home and asked me to be a Christian. I want to be a Christian now."

"What has changed you?" Dr. Chapman asked.

"I'll tell you," said the man. "I never heard a sermon that touched me, nor a song. It was your tears—the tears that were in your eyes as I cursed you and you turned and go. I've never been able to forget them. I've never had a day's peace since that moment."

Oh, if you knew of the power of tears for the sinner. If you had enough concern to weep over those who are in danger of being lost. The sight of such tears would win many souls for Christ.

One morning when I was out in Iowa a woman came to my door and knocked and said that a man wanted to see me. I found that he was a church member—a ruling elder. He told me that he had not been living right.

"How can I get right?" he asked.

I told him that his confession must be as public as his sin had been great. I told him that he would have to stand up and tell the people that he had not been living right and promise that with God's help he would do better.

He said, "Oh, I can't do that."

"All right," I said, "but if you aren't willing to do what you must do to get right, what did you come to me for?"

He finally said he would do it, and he did. Then he asked me to pray for him and I did. Then he asked to pray for his son Ernest, and I prayed for him at intervals that day. The boy was at Shenandoah, that was out in western Iowa, going to school. He didn't go with his mess that day. Late that night there was a knock at the door and when they opened it Ernest was there. He had walked 10 or 12 miles to get home and he was almost frozen.

"What's wrong with father?" he asked.

"Ask father," he said. "I'm saved."

"Ask father," said the boy.

When God Shot Arrow.

They called his mother and they got him warm. Today he is preaching the gospel to the heathen.

God shot the arrow of conviction over 15 miles that day in answer to our prayers.

If the church people get right, the world will get right. The world is challenging the church instead of the church challenging the world. If it was as easy to get the church on its knees as it is to get the unsaved world into the kingdom, we wouldn't have any more trouble about religion. And God can't save you unless you're willing. He won't coerce you to it.

I often think of what Bob Ingersoll might have been if he had only been turned into Christianity. What a power for God that man could have been!

I often think what a tower Voltaire could have been for God—that brilliant man over whose writings many have tumbled to hell.

Carey translated the Bible into 24 languages and dialects.

Finney brought over 1,000,000 into the kingdom of God.

Moody brought hundreds of thousands to Christ.

I have never seen a minister who preached damnation and cursed and evolution and all such things and who had any real concern for the souls of his people. Jesus Christ is in a hurry to save this world, and there never was an age when people were so hungry for the truth as they are today.

The angels don't care anything about a railroad in Alaska. What do the angels care about political principles? What do they care about a 40-story skyscraper or reclaiming the deserts of the west? What do they care about pictures, art or science? The only thing they're interested in is the salvation of man. If you want to make the bells of heaven ring, get down on your knees. Tell a sinner about Jesus Christ if you want to hear the heavenly bells. Nothing will swing open the prison doors and bring men out of sin like prayer.

I never see a man or woman or boy or girl, but I do not think that God has a plan for them, and wonder what it is. He has a plan for each of us. He will use each of us to his glory if we will only let him. We can defeat his plan if we want to.

Finally, we find that God honors this spirit of deep concern for the unsaved. This concern comes from a clear realization of man's relation. I never knew a higher critical preacher to save them from hell. Such preaching is not of God and he will not bless it. It is of the devil. If you haven't got in your heart an agonized concern for the unsaved—even if you are a deacon or an elder—yes, even if you are a preacher—go right down there in front and fall in the sawdust and ask God to forgive you.

Nothing makes such joy in heaven as the salvation of a soul. Kneel by that old drunkard there, kneel by that fallen woman, kneel by that thief, and you will set the bells of heaven a-ringing. The angels don't care a rap about your wealth, they don't care about your social position, they don't care about your culture. It's the salvation of sinners the angels care about.

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ALL MUST DIE, SUNDAY WARNS; THEN JUDGMENT

(Continued From Page Five.)

that peasant, with my wife and children by my side and the open Bible on my knees, at peace with the world and at peace with God. I would rather have been that poor peasant and gone down at least in the promissory of the dust, with the certainty that my name was written in the Lamb's book of life than to have been that brilliant intellect whose flicks of oratory charmed thousands and sent souls to hell.

One day a man stood on the theater stage in Chicago and he painted beautiful word pictures of his home, his mother and the times he had boyed, then he took the brush, filled it with ink and blotted it all out. And he wriggled like a poison worm into the hearts of many people with his disbelief. He floated across the earth like a meteor with no orbit. He shone for a brief period, then was gone. His belief had no foundation like the rock to which I cling.

The man in charge of a drawbridge once was influenced to open the bridge to let by a tug boat when he knew he should keep it stationary for a fast train that was expected soon. When he tried to close it the machinery went wrong, the bridge stuck and the train went into the river with all its passengers. The man lost his reason and in the asylum cell to which they assigned him, he paced back and forth until he wore a groove in the floor. Only one thought would he utter and that he repeated over and over. "If I only had," he moaned, again and again. There are men in hell today who are crying, "If I only had." There are men in Colorado Springs who will cry, "If I only had."

I plead in the name of God, with every ounce of my strength, that you will so decide that you will not have to say, "If I only had." If I only had. Every conscience is the ability of your mind to distinguish between right and wrong. Every man knows what is right and what is wrong. No man goes blindly through this world. You know what you ought to do. You are responsible for what you do. Be a man and do what you ought to do.

Remember that your mind is immortal.

Every man has an office where records of land ownership and transfers are kept. If you want to know who owns a piece of land you go to the office and see what the records say. They are there. What was set down there 1,000 years ago is still there. Nothing is forgotten. So it is with memory.

Marvelous Memories.

Some men have long memories. Some have short memories. Lord Bacon said that men never forget anything—that at some time or another they will remember every impression that have ever had or that such an impression can be reproduced.

King Cyrus would remember the names of 25,000 men in his army, and it gave him a wonderful power over them.

Horace Greeley could read several columns of the New York Tribune and repeat what he had read, word for word.

Dr. J. M. Buckley of the Christian Advocate of New York could read a long column and repeat the words just as he had read them.

I saw a Japanese student at Armour Institute in Chicago who could quote the first five books of the Bible, the Psalms and all of the New Testament.

Moody met a man in Scotland who could repeat the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelations. If the Bible were to be destroyed today it could be rewritten from the memories of men.

You can't down your memory. I bet some of you men would go down to the butcher shop, place your arm on the block and let the butcher cut it off if it would only wipe out the past. Some men plunge into pleasure to try to drown the past. Some men become dope fiends, but it's useless. They can't kill memory.

You must meet your memory in judgment—every fact of your life. God is writing a book of every life. He puts everything in and he leaves nothing out. If you were making a tree of the ancestors and one of them had been hanged for horse stealing, you might cut that branch around at the back, where nobody would see it. But God puts everything to the front, where it will be seen in judgment.

Do you lie? Do you steal? Do you commit adultery? Are you keeping somebody on the side? Some day God will rip the bark off of you and show that you are full of worm holes.

You'll remember everything. You'll meet your sins unless you have buried them all in the faith of Jesus Christ. You'll remember my face. You'll remember the words in which I ask you to come to Jesus Christ. You'll remember the interior of this tabernacle tonight when you were given a chance to turn from your sins.

Sometimes people say to me: "What will be the outcome of the labor question?" I don't know. Sometimes they ask me how the problems of capital are to be solved. I don't know. But I do know that there will be a judgment and that it won't be a class judgment. Capital and labor, rich and poor, toiler and idler, all will stand alike in judgment.

Let the blasphemers come then. Come on, scoffers. Come on old infidels. Stand up, skeptic and agnostic. It's your final stand of unbelief. Will you sneer and make fun of God? Get up and tell the universe what a fool you are. Come on, worshipers of mammon and idolaters of gain. You have made a bank vault of your heart. Can that save you now?

Three Ways to Escape.

If you sin, there are just three ways in which you can escape.

First, because the law doesn't make you out a criminal. You may be arrested, but it may be found that there is no law to cover the offense you have committed.

Second, you are given a trial and the jury says that you are not guilty. Then you are justified by evidence.

But suppose that you're tried and the jury says that you are guilty. You are called before the court and sentenced. How can you escape now? Only if you are pardoned. Who can do this? Only one man in the state can save you—the governor.

You are condemned to hell. How can you be saved? Only by pardon. Who can pardon you? "God—only God." But he won't do it unless you accept his son, Jesus Christ.

One day a court-martial was held by General Battle at Round Oaks church, and Edward Cooper stood charged with desertion. The witnesses testified against him, then the general asked him if he had anything to say. He said: "General, I got a letter from my wife and she said that our little girl was very sick, and asked me to come home. I asked for a furlough, and it was refused. I asked again, and it was refused. I asked a third time and it was refused.

"I was assigned to picket duty and as I walked to and fro I could see the faces of Mary and Lizzie, and I couldn't stand it. I threw down my gun and went. I would have gone if every gun in the Confederacy had been pointed at my heart. When I got home my wife was at the gate to meet me and she ran in and brought out our child. She asked, 'How long is your furlough for?' She must have seen in my face, even as she asked, what the truth was. I said: 'I have no furlough. I asked for one and they wouldn't give it to me. I am a deserter.' She said: 'Go back at once. The name of Cooper has never been dishonored, and you go back even if you be shot.' I wasn't caught. General Battle, I came back and give myself up."

Deserter Let Go.

The men on that court-martial were men trained to do their duty. Cooper was found guilty and sentenced to be shot. The papers in the case went to Gen. Robert E. Lee for his action. He took them, looked them over, and wrote these words on the back: "The finding of the court-martial is approved, but the prisoner is ordered to be released and directed to return to his command at once."

You have been condemned and God has approved the finding that condemned you, but he'll free you if you only let him. Twenty-seven years ago he said to me: "Bill, you're free to go to heaven."

We've had our trial—"eternal damnation." Thank God he's willing to review the testimony. He's willing to go over it all and give us another chance. All we need is absolute faith in his bounty.

(Copyrighted.)

BABIES AT TABERNACLE CRY--RODY TELLS STORY

Several mothers took their babies to the tabernacle last night. By a strange coincidence, they all began to cry at the same time, whereupon Chorister Rodeheaver, who was conducting the song service, said:

"Mothers, we have provided a nursery at the First M. E. church, where you may leave your babies free of charge during every service. Competent women have been placed in charge and the babies will be better cared for than if they were with you here.

"We have had great success with the nursery in other cities, never having lost or mislaid any baby. We check them at the nursery, give you a duplicate check, and no one can take them away without presenting that check.

"At a meeting back east a mother lost her check. After the service she went to the nursery, explained the loss and asked if she might have her little one. The nurses refused. She pleaded with them. They told her she couldn't take any baby without presenting a check. However, they also told her she might wait until all the mothers had called then take the baby left. She consented.

"She sat down and for half an hour or more mothers came in to get their babies. She wasn't angry or nervous; she waited patiently. Finally all the babies but one had been called for—that one was colored. So she took it home with her—it was her baby."

One From Missouri Who's Been Shown

This conversation was overheard on a Tejon car about 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Passenger—Where's all the crowd going?

Conductor—Up to the Billy Sunday meeting.

Passenger—Is that blankety blanked sick here?

Conductor—Why, yes. What's the matter with him?

Passenger—Oh, nothing. Only the blankety blank held a meeting in my home town, Joplin, Mo., some time ago and put all the saloons out of business. The blankety blanked blank.

WILDFLOWER
EXCURSION
Go at 9 a. m. Home 5 p. m.
$1.00—Every Day—$1.00

7,000 PLEDGE VOTES TO MAKE STATE DRY

(Continued From Page One.)

half was largely a recital of statistics, embellished with characteristic sayings and short stories that kept the audience on edge. The latter part was his denunciation of the saloon and liquor traffic. The crowd sat as if charmed throughout this part of the sermon. Faces were upturned, in many cases mouths were wide open, eyes fastened on the speaker, every nerve strained, attention centered on the words of the speaker. Had any doubted the evangelist's power over people, that doubt must have been dispelled by a glance at yesterday afternoon's crowd.

The service was open to both men and women. Sunday saying since the women of Colorado have a chance to crack the dirty saloon they ought to be permitted to hear a sermon on booze." Scores of those who attended the morning service carried lunches with them and ate at the tabernacle. By 1 o'clock the big building was half filled and every street car was loaded to the running boards with the crowds. Before 2 o'clock, the time set for the service to begin, the building was completely filled and men were fighting to secure seats on a fence which extends the length of the tabernacle to the north. Before Sunday began to preach more than 1,000 people were standing at the windows and doors around the building.

Hundreds Stand in Rain.

Just as the sermon began, it started to rain. Though the rain continued to fall lightly for 15 minutes or more, the crowd outside never moved. During the sermon Sunday was not disturbed so much as once by anyone moving in the tabernacle: no one left.

Chorister Rodeheaver, accompanied by a double male quartet, worked up the crowd with "Brewster's Big Horses" and another booze song. The choirmaster requested the audience to furnish the whistle and steam for the temperance engine, referred to in the song, and for several minutes the building echoed with laughter and poor imitations of the whistling of a locomotive.

In response to the applause of the audience, "Rody" said: "We appreciate that applause, but we'll appreciate it far more when we get the returns from next fall's election."

"I am the sworn, eternal uncompromising enemy of the liquor traffic," was Sunday's opening sentence. He was forced to pause after it for the applause to die down. In the meantime he removed his coat, tie and collar. "Get comfortable," he advised.

He spoke for a moment on the fight being made on the liquor traffic today, then said:

"Whisky is all right in its place." And while the audience gasped, added: "But its place is in hell."

He quoted statistics on lunatics, paupers and crime in Kansas, a dry state, then on "whisky-soaked Missouri." Several people in front muttered something. "Yes, old whisky-soaked Missouri," with emphasis on every word. "I know a lot of you people are from Missouri. I'm glad of it. OLD, WHISKY-SOAKED MISSOURI."

Not a Political Issue.

The evangelist declared that temperance is not a political issue and pointed out that all parties are considering it. "But old rock-ribbed, Democratic Dixie has got old rock-ribbed, Republican north skinned to a frazzle on temperance," he added, amid the cheers of the audience.

"Every worldwide interest that's decent—only the underworld is excluded—is against the saloon," he shouted, then quoted the opinions of a score or more famous men on the saloon question. Among them was Ingersoll, his name bringing a loud laugh from the audience. Sunday having so often denounced him in bitter terms.

Frequently the evangelist would lean over his platform, shake his finger at his audience and say: "I'll tell you something, you old whisky soak, if you're here."

Sunday couldn't refrain from taking a rap at the licensed drug stores.

"If I was as much respect for a saloon as a whisky drug store," he said, "I wouldn't buy anything in the drug line from a store that sells booze. If I couldn't find one here that doesn't, I'd go to Colorado City or Manitou, or wait until I got to Denver. The applause was terrific. "Or send to Sears-Roebuck," the evangelist added with a laugh.

"You say if the saloons are driven out business will be killed," he said sarcastically. "Why, you black-hearted liars." He paused several seconds then said, with a hearty ha-ha, "If it does, 'Blessed are the dead that die for the Lord.'"

Personal liberty was taken up and roundly scored. "You say, 'You interfere with our personal liberty,'" the "personal liberty" voiced in deep tones and with much pomp and self-importance. "Yes, Adam and Eve exercised personal liberty, too," he said. "Personal liberty shot Lincoln—and civil liberty shot John Wilkes Booth. I stand for civil liberty, but to hell with personal liberty."

The liquor interests advance the arguments that the farmers won't go to town to trade if the saloons are kicked out, the evangelist stated. "Why, the poor simps, the booze gang is more afraid of the bird-whiskered farmer than any other class. They know if the farmers are ever given a shot at them, they go in a minute."

Speaking of the liquor interests, he said in an aside, "That's the gang that thinks I'm vulgar. Oh, Lord!"

Says Its Adulterated.

Sunday declared that less than 3 per cent of all the beer brewed in the United States is unadulterated. He again stated that the "dirtiest thing the Taft administration ever did was to kick Dr. Wiley out." He also told how whiskey is adulterated, with the permission of the government. "If the brewers of America made beer in Germany they would all be in jail in less than 30 minutes," was the way he described the quality of the product.

The evangelist's answer to regulation by high license was, "You might as well try to regulate a powder mill in hell."

"There isn't any man in America the dirty liquor gang hates so much as your Uncle Fuller—ha! ha! ha!" the evangelist laughed. "God pity em. Oh, the dirty bunch," the latter expressions being almost in undertones.

Early in his sermon Sunday had grabbed a big American flag from the pulpit and during the remainder of his talk carried it over his shoulder. He quoted statistics from an internal revenue report. "Oh, I've got a friend who gives me all the dope I want," he smiled as he told the source of his information. The sermon was thickly interspersed with such sayings, all of which brought prolonged laughs from the crowd.

Then the evangelist began to tell a story. It required almost half an hour, so often did he get away from it to hurl forth his denunciations. It would be impossible to describe his acting of the story.

"Suppose I'm a drunkard with a wife and six kids," he said, adding: "Thank God, it's all a lie. Got four kids, though." And he led the laugh. "I got a dollar, go down to a saloon and buy a quart of whisky, then go home. 'Whatcha got, pa?' the kids say when I come in. 'Quart,' I answer.

"Now, suppose I reform and line up all the drunkards behind me." He lined them up, standing on one side of the platform and motioning the men into line behind him. He was enjoying himself immensely. Then he started to march. "Hep—hep—hep—hep—hep," he shouted, stamping around the platform. "Then we stop at a butcher shop. 'Hello, John—that's my drunkard's name—what do you want?' the butcher says. 'Neck, liver, jaw?' 'No,' I answer, 'porterhouse.'"

Imitates Drunken Man.

Sunday carried on a five-minute conversation, much of which was lost amid the cheers of the audience. The people simply held their sides and cut loose. And they continued while he marched his men around to a grocery store, dry goods store and other shops to buy things for the wives and kiddies. Then he gave a screaming imitation of a drunkard.

"Hello, drunk, where you goin'?" I say.

"To hell," he answers.

"Don't have to," I return.

"Yep, too far gone," and he's off.

Then here comes a swell in a Prince Albert and white vest. And Sunday played the swell strutting to church with a Bible under his arm.

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"To heaven," he proudly responds.

"Do you vote for the saloon?" I query.

"Yes," he responds, "but I'm going to heaven."

"You're going to hell."

Another characteristic saying: "Yes, and hell's going to be so full of church members who vote for the saloon that their feet'll stick out of the windows."

Sunday denounced everyone who has anything to do with the liquor traffic, saying they all are going to hell. "Yes, even the newspaper man who helps them by taking their advertising," he concluded.

He got a crowd of boys on the platform and, pointing to them, shouted: "Every drunkard was once as pure as these American boys. I stand between these boys and the saloons, and if the dirty booze gang gets them it will be over my body." The crowd applauded for fully a minute.

Sunday spoke of the interests' opposition to him.

"That's the reason you were opposed to me before I came here," he said. "Their press agent has my itinerary as well as I have, and he told you a lot of dirty, stinking lies about me. They do everything to try to get me. I'll bet they went around to the newspapers here and tried to buy them. They have every place else. When a paper won't publish the news of my campaigns I know they have sold out to the booze gang."

Relief Corps Gives Flag to Evangelist

Chorister Rodeheaver, who has charge of all tabernacle services, apologized from the platform at all three services yesterday to the members of the Women's Relief corps for his negligence in forgetting to call upon their delegation at the services Saturday night. The relief corps had a big American flag—the one used by Sunday yesterday—to present to the evangelist. The presentation was to have been made the night the G. A. R. and affiliated organizations attended in a body, but the flag was not received. Saturday the women attended in a body to make the public presentation and "Rody" forgot to call upon them. The ladies gave the flag to Sunday after the service.

Hears Booze Sermon; Is on Water Wagon

"I was drunk this morning. Had a hangover from last night and tried to get rid of the feeling by drinking more booze. For some reason or other, I don't know why, I came up to the tabernacle this afternoon. You know, I've never heard this booze proposition talked about just like that fellow talked. It kinda sobered me up. And I think I'll lay off the booze after this. I can see now why they all say, 'What's the use?'"

It was a man, evidently a laboring man, who walked up to one of the ministers at the tabernacle yesterday afternoon after the service. That was the way he told his story.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of C. H. Fletcher

CRIPPLE CREEK SERVICE

The F. & C. C. R. R. is running the regular 10:35 a. m. train to Cripple Creek every day over the famous "Short Line," arriving at Colorado Springs on return at 5:45 p. m. The earlier train that was to go in service today leaving Colorado Springs at 8:35 a. m. will not be run for the present. Adv.

IF YOU WANT THE NEWS THE DAY IT HAPPENS SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE

I HAVE NO DESIRE TO BE AN ANGEL, SAYS REV. ROBIENT IN SERMON ON 'AMUSEMENTS

Pastor of All Souls Asserts That Theater Has Done Much for Uplift of People

All Souls church was packed to the doors yesterday morning following the announcement that the Rev. Thomas Salter Robient would preach on "Amusements—the better and brighter side of the subject covered by a recent denunciation of the theater and the dance."

"Someone asked me during the week," said Mr. Robient in announcing his theme, "what was the chief characteristic of our liberal religion. And I replied without hesitation: 'It is the emphasis which we place upon life. There are no deathbed horrors in our theology.'"

Mr. Robient upheld clean amusement and entertainment and declared that he has never been able to find congenial fellowship with half-angelic men and women. "Angels," he said, "are all very well in pictures, but I have no desire to be one, either on this side or the other side of death. I prefer to be just a man, living just a human life." Speaking of the theater, Mr. Robient asserted that it has done as much for modern civilization in attacking evil, in eradicating public wrongs, as the church. The sermon, in part, follows:

"The chief characteristic of our liberal religion is the emphasis we place upon life. There are no deathbed horrors in our theology. While children, as the majority of us do, to the belief of a life beyond death, we place the emphasis on the life that now is—trying to fill that life with all the sweetness, sympathy, justice and love that we can possibly put into it.

"We do not believe that God has set us in this beautiful old world a paradise as it is in these summer days—and then demanded that we should pass through it as through a wilderness, our eyes fixed upon something that peryenture comes after. When we have done with its beauty, that he has endowed us with these nature senses as they are of a thousand strings, and then called upon us to put them into quarantine (that he has given us these bodies fearfully and wonderfully made, and then told us to treat them as half-tamed tigers; that he has endowed us with joy and gladness and then commanded that we put all happiness aside as if all incompetence.

"There are some people who want to make us angels before our time. I have to confess that I have never been able to find congenial fellowship with these half-angelic men and women. The people that seem to touch my life, and whose life I am able to touch are just human beings. Wordsworth says of his wife that when he first met her she was a phenomenon of delight, but as the years rolled on he was glad to think she was not merely an angel but a creature, none too good for human nature's daily food.

I confess that my heart responds to the sentiment of one of our authors, when he says, that he likes to be just a human being—to wake up in the morning to the smell of a good breakfast, to hear the quick step of the milkman, the bark of a dog, the early song of the birds, to take a cold plunge, and go down to the morning meal and open the newspaper and see how this old world has gotten along through a night and day, to take a quick walk or ride down town, to plunge into business to fight the battle of life for wife and child, to come back at night and be happy in the fellowship of the family circle, to make a social call, to go to the theater, or any other innocent amusement.

Doesn't Want to Be an Angel.

Angels are all very well in pictures, but I have no desire to be one either on this side or the other side of death. Angels, as far as we know—never had any mothers to sing to them or fathers to romp with and play games. Angels never went gathering nuts in the autumn, never kept Thanksgiving or Christmas, never dreamed of Santa Claus. Angels never blushed at little maids they passed on the road or slyly gave apples to them. Angels never fell in love for good and all, never made homes or had children climb to their knees. Angels never smiled or wept—and so, for one, I prefer to be just a man, living just a human life. That is the teaching of liberal religion. We believe in life, and in spite of what evangelists may say, based upon unconscious falsehood, we do not fear death.

I like that story told of one of our good New England Unitarian women, whose life was as sweet as a flower, who when she was dying, was awakened up by her nurse, and she said: "Why did you wake me for I was dying so sweetly? But give me the drink and I will try again." And they gave her the draught to allay her pain and she closed her eyes and slept with God.

This is the teaching of liberal religion and I believe of Jesus of Nazareth. That man of sweetly human life, who sang at his play and rested when the day's work was done and sometimes in the evening hour sat on the hillside overlooking the blue Mediterranean, and felt that the sea and his own life were swaying with the heart of God; that man who went to the wedding feast at Cana of Galilee, who even pointed a lesson from the sight of people innocently dancing in the market place. If he felt the thing was so evil, why have we no record of his renunciation, in the same vulgar fashion as a certain evangelist denounces it, publicly to thousands in Colorado Springs?

The morbid idea of religion, which is abroad at this moment, is responsible for keeping hundreds of good men and true outside of the church. I sometimes think whether it is not possible to be too religious. The man who has no religion is a dwarf; the man who has too much is a freak.

Defense of Theater.

I have been asked to say a word in regard to the tirade recently made against amusements. Let us begin with the theater. Our Puritan forefathers took much the same view as Mr. Sunday. They denounced the theater, the dance, but they also denounced—in precisely the same way—Baptists, Quakers, the May pole, music and laughter.

The theater, as an institution, is as deeply rooted in human life as the church or the school houses. It may need reforming, but my experience teaches me that those who thank God that they are not as others are, would be a little better if they were more like them. I venture to assert that the theater has done as much for our modern civilization in attacking evil, in eradicating public wrongs, as the church has done.

I happened to be in New York at the time when "The Servant in the House" was first produced, and when Forbes Robertson gave his play the Passing of the Third Floor Back" was there when the "Lion and the Mouse" was presented with its trenchant attack on the Wall street magnate, and the merciless man of wealth who combined Sunday religion with week day tyranny, and I venture to say that these plays, including "Way in the Low," with many others, have done more for the uplifting of true citizenship in our land than all the preachers and revivalists during the last 10 years.

When we talk of the theater needing reformation, we remind you that an institution simply expresses man at a given moment in his life. If the theater often panders to brutish senses and expresses them, so did the church at the time of the inquisition and later. So does the church today in Russia. And, if we find sad, sad, that the theater should be misused, let us remember that to drive people from the theater is to drive them to the lower elements to find what that misuse is sought for. In fact, that "deliberate" does not obtrude itself upon the senses and shock the sensibilities of the crowds.

Dancing and Cards.

Take up another question, the dance. There is no question but that the dance is good in many instances. Watch a child dance when a dance tune is being played by an orchestra and you will see that his feet are keeping time with the music. Why is it, that some Christian people have thought that dancing is wrong? Why, that the average man of the world looks upon it as the thieving the institution into the minds of young people? Is it because of evil thoughts—which I declare are all from the mind? Is it because folks is little short of demon folks?

I have reared a family and brought them to the church. I am the highest in the minds of many people, I suppose. The sweet path to my home is through dancing, dancing as much as you or me.

The same question is taught by card playing. Mr. Sunday, in his sermons, is narrowly, bitterly, opposed to card playing. Yet, I know of many good people who play cards. Mr. Sunday says that mothers, when their children come home from the card parties, they are not as much in the mind of the Lord as when they are in church. Yet, I know of many mothers who have taken their children to the card parties, and they have come home from the card parties with the children, and they have knelt down and prayed God to forgive them for their sins. Is it because of the evil thoughts that are in the minds of the people who are there? Is it because of the evil thoughts that are in the minds of the people who are in the church? Is it because of the evil thoughts that are in the minds of the people who are in the church? Is it because of the evil thoughts that are in the minds of the people who are in the church

ALWAYS RELIABLE AND UP TO THE MINUTE

THE DAY'S HAPPENINGS IN SPORT CIRCLES

NEWS FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD

Edited for THE GAZETTE by T. W. Ross

[Z]OZ TAKE CLOSE [G]AME FROM K. C.; SCORE 8 TO 7

[HA]RD FOUGHT TO FINISH [WI]TH RALLIES; FUSICK LOCAL CAPTAIN

By GORDON DAVIS

[A] game filled with thrilling incidents, a varying score and snappy [batti]ng and fielding was yesterday's [game] at the Zoo, when the locals [squee]zed out a victory over the [Kni]ghts of Columbus by the score of [8 to] 7. The contest was the closest of [the] season and a last rally in the [ninth], netting three runs, and a Knights [rally] in the ninth, bringing two, kept [the] fans on edge until the last man [was] put out.

[illegible]

Desperate Attempt to Win.

[T]he Knights made a desperate attempt to win the game in the ninth [wh]en they pulled a strong batting [rally], scoring two runs, one short of [t]ying. Two men were on the bases and two were out when Birch [fl]ied a high fly to Fusick and ended [the] contest.

[illegible]

STOVALL FINED $500 FOR THREATENING NOT TO PLAY

CHICAGO, July 5.—George Stovall, manager of the Kansas City club of the Federal league, was fined $500 today by President Gilmore for threatening to refuse to play today's game with Chicago unless Harry Neily, business manager of the club, who had been discharged, was reinstated.

Neily returned to Kansas City with the team tonight to seek reinstatement from C. C. Madison, president of the club.

"That's a question for Neily and Mr. Madison to settle," President Gilmore asserted.

BIG ED WALSH COMES BACK; WHIRLS WHITE SOX TO 6-3 VICTORY

St. Louis Beats Out Detroit in 14-Inning Thriller; Also Win Second

CHICAGO, July 5.—Ed Walsh made his "comeback" today. He started against Cleveland and pitched seven innings, allowing three hits and three bases on balls, netting the visitors three runs. He was taken out to let a pinch hitter bat for him in the seventh, and Faber finished the game, which the White Sox won 6 to 3.

Score: R.H.E.

[illegible]

Batteries—Hagerman and O'Neill; Walsh, Faber and Schalk.

[illegible]

BROWNS HELD TO THREE HITS BY DUBUC, BUT WIN GAME

DETROIT, July 5.—St. Louis won both ends of a double header here today, the first game 6 to 5 in 14 innings and the second 2 to 0 in the regulation distance.

[illegible]

CLOTHIER WINS TITLE IN SINGLES; BEATING CHURCH

GLEN COVE, N. Y., July 5.—Playing a steady, driving game, W. J. Clothier of Philadelphia, former national champion, won the singles tennis cup here today at the Nassau Country club, defeating G. M. Church 9-7, 6-4, 1-6, 6-0.

[illegible]

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
[illegible]						

Flying Boat Can Run With Either Motor, Curtiss Is Pleased

HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y., July 5.—Glenn Curtiss today made a test flight of the America, the Rodman Wanamaker transatlantic flying boat, with only one motor running. The machine flew steadily and but little adjustment of the rudder was required to offset the pull of the single propeller.

It had been held that should one motor stop while the machine was in flight it would be necessary immediately to shut down the other motor to avoid [illegible]. Mr. Curtiss flew today with first one propeller stopped and then the other without affecting the machine's balance enough to be noticed by the crowd watching the flight.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST, WASH.

PHOTO © 1914 BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

JOHNSON'S PITCHING WINS BRIDE; IS CONGRESSMAN'S DAUGHTER

Walter Johnson, hero of Washington fans, and Miss Hazel Lee Roberts, one of the prettiest girls in the congressional set, only daughter of Representative E. E. Roberts of Carson City, Nev., were married at the home of the bride's parents here. The event is the culmination of a romance which began [illegible] a year ago, when the star pitcher of the Nationals and the congressman's daughter were introduced by her father, who is an enthusiastic fan. The honeymoon will be postponed until after the end of the baseball season.

An inkling of the engagement has been entertained by their friends for some time. Whenever Johnson pitched for the Nationals in Washington, Miss Roberts was among the box holders. She put aside her preparation for her wedding day to go to the game with her mother. They will make their home [illegible]

ZIMMERMAN'S BASE RUNNING WINS FOR CUBS OVER PIRATES

Cincinnati Reds Show Slight Improvement and Wallop Cardinals

CHICAGO, July 5.—Zimmerman's daring base running in the tenth inning gave Chicago a 5 to 4 victory over Pittsburg today. Kantlehner was ordered out of the game for arguing.

Score: R.H.E.

[illegible]

Batteries—Harmon, McQuillan and Gibson; Humphreys, Pierce, Smith and Bresnahan.

Two-base hits—Bresnahan, Mitchell, Leach. Home runs—Harmon, Saier. Double play—Mowrey, Viox and Konetchy. [illegible]

BENTON HOLDS CARDS TO [illegible] HITS; REDS BLANK ST. LOUIS

ST. LOUIS, July 5.—Playing [illegible] less ball on its side, Cincinnati slugged two of St. Louis' pitchers for nine hits and defeated the home team 7 to 0. Benton, pitching for the visitors, was almost invincible.

Score: R.H.E.

[illegible]

Batteries—Benton and Clarke; Robinson, Steele, Griner and Snyder.

Two-base hits—Niehoff, Groh, Clark, Roche. Three-base hit—Miller. Home run—Moran. Double play—Wilson and Miller. First base on balls—Off Benton 5, off Robinson 3. Struck out—By Benton 5, by Steele 1, by Griner 1. Hits—Off Robinson 4 in 6 innings, off Steele [illegible]

BARON ROTHSCHILD'S PONY AGAIN WINS PARIS RACE

PARIS, July 5.—The Prix du President de la Republique at Maisons-Laffitte was won today by Baron Maurice de Rothschild's Sardanapale, which last Sunday captured the Grand Prix de Paris. J. Tissot's Djamy was second, with J. Davis' Fauche Levent third.

The race, at one mile, four and a half furlongs, was valued at $22,600. In the betting Sardanapale was 13 to 4; Djamy, 71 to 4, and Fauche Levent, 99 to 1.

Sardanapale has earned more than $200,000 in less than 10 races.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Milwaukee, 3; Kansas City, 6.
Minneapolis, 9-7; St. Paul, 6-4.
Indianapolis, 3-5; Columbus, 4-2.
Cleveland, 7-5; Louisville, 4-6.

Standing of the Clubs

WESTERN LEAGUE

Clubs—	Won	Lost	Pct.
Denver	43	18	[illegible]
St. Joseph	41	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sioux City	41	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lincoln	29	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wichita	28	34	[illegible]
Omaha	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Des Moines	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Topeka	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Clubs—	Won	Lost	Pct.
Philadelphia	41	[illegible]	.556
Washington	[illegible]	32	.513
Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Detroit	39	[illegible]	.521
St. Louis	39	34	.534
Boston	37	34	.521
New York	24	42	.364
Cleveland	23	46	.333

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Clubs—	Won	Lost	Pct.
New York	38	24	.613
Chicago	40	33	.548
St. Louis	36	36	.500
Cincinnati	34	36	.486
Brooklyn	30	33	.476
Pittsburg	31	[illegible]	.470
Philadelphia	28	34	.452
Boston	26	38	.406

FEDERAL LEAGUE

Clubs—	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	[illegible]	26	.600
Baltimore	[illegible]	28	.548
Indianapolis	36	29	.544
Buffalo	[illegible]	30	.538
Brooklyn	30	32	.484
Pittsburg	27	34	.443
St. Louis	29	39	.426
Kansas City	26	36	.419

Federal League

INDIANAPOLIS, July 5.—Falkenberg's wildness, an error and two hits in the third gave St. Louis enough runs to win today's game, 6 to 3.

Score: R.H.E.

St. Louis .....0 0 5 1 0 0 0 0 0—6 9 5
Indianapolis ...3 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3 10 2

Keupper and Hartley; Falkenberg, Billiard and Rariden.

CHICAGO, July 5.—Pitcher Hendrix' home run in the third today, scoring Farrell ahead of him, enabled Chicago to defeat Kansas City, 2 to 1.

Score: R.H.E.

Chicago .....0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 *—2 7 1
Kansas City ...0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1 4 0

PACKERS SWAMP WOODMEN AND DECIDE WHO'S WHO

By the score of 18 to 5 the Packers yesterday defeated the W. O. W. team at Zoo park, thus settling the question of supremacy in the amateur division. The Packers were never in danger and it became a question of how large a score they would run up. The batteries were: Packers—White, Dodson and Hall. W. O. W.—Bundy and Murdock.

FISH-MEN BREAK RECORD AND ILLINI WIN THE MEET

Duke Kahanamoku Beaten by Chicago Swimmers; World's Mark in 440-Yard Swim Broken

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—A new world's tank record in the 440-yard swim, a new American record in the 500-yard relay race and a new Pacific coast record in the 200-yard breast stroke swim were established today in the last day's tournament of the National Invitational swimming championships here. The meet was won by the Illinois Athletic club with a margin of 25 points over its closest contender, the Hui Halu club of Hawaii.

Ludy Langer of Los Angeles, Cal., did the 440 yards in five minutes 22 1-5 seconds, four-fifths of a second under the world's record. P. McGillivray, Illinois Athletic club, holder of the former American record in the distance, finished second.

The I. A. C. men made the new relay record, going the 300 in two minutes 44 3-5 seconds, and M. McDermott, I. A. C., made the 200 yards breast stroke swim in 2 minutes 49 4-5 seconds, nearly 17 seconds better than it has been done on the coast before. P. McGillivray, A. C. Raithel, Max Mott and K. Wohlfeld composed the winning relay team.

Raithel beat Duke Kahanamoku, the Hawaiian prodigy, and B. R. Small of San Francisco, holder of the world's 50-yard open water record, in today's 50-yard indoor distance. Small and Kahanamoku bumped.

Illinois Athletic club took 44 points in the meet.

UMPIRE WAS "IVORY" AND D. & F. LOSE TO VICTOR

The D. & F. team returned from Victor last night claiming that the umpire robbed them of the game, which ended by a score of 6 to 5 in favor of the Miners. The locals outhit the camp boys 2 to 1, getting 10 hits and claim they should have won the contest. The batteries were: D. & F.—Fuller and James; Miners—Mayhew and Gilton.

CRIPPLE CREEK SERVICE

The F. & C. C. R. R. is running the regular 10:35 a. m. train to Cripple Creek every day over the famous "Short Line," arriving at Colorado Springs on return at 5.45 p. m. The earlier train that was to go in service today leaving Colorado Springs at 8:25 a. m. will not be run for the present. Adv.

CUBS AND RED SOX PUT UP SENSATIONAL FIGHT OF WEEK; GIANTS HAVE A FIRM LEAD

Race in American Is Tightest in Years at This Part of Season; Cobbless Tigers Are Playing Sterling Baseball

NEW YORK, July [illegible].—[illegible] Red Sox [illegible]

[illegible]

White Sox Look Good.

[illegible] Fusick's chances, [illegible] of the White [illegible] The [illegible] insures [illegible] The [illegible] games played, won and lost, with runs, hits and errors and men left on bases follows:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	P.	W.	L.	R.	H.	E.	LB.
New York	7	[illegible]	[illegible]	34	67	17	47
[illegible]							

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team	P.	W.	L.	R.	H.	E.	LB.
[illegible]							

RALLY IN TWELFTH WINS FOR OMAHA OVER LINCOLN

Harrington's Fine Pitching and Rallies by Bears Win From Sioux City; Score 7 to 1

OMAHA, July 5.—Omaha tied the score in the ninth today, added a tally in the twelfth inning and won the first game of the series 4 to 3.

Score: R.H.E.

[illegible]

Batteries—Claus, Jordan and Kerr; Styles, Slagle and Crosby.

[illegible]

RALLIES WIN FOR BEARS; HARRINGTON IN FINE FORM

SIOUX CITY, July 5.—Denver rallied in the fifth and ninth and won the opening game 7 to 1.

[illegible]

Batteries — Harrington and Block; Gaspar, Ezell and Murphy.

[illegible]

REGAN'S PITCHING WALLOPS ST. JOSEPH FOR TOPEKA

ST. JOSEPH, July 5.—Good base running coupled with good ball playing by the locals allowed Topeka to take the opening game. Regan did not allow a hit until the sixth inning.

Score: R.H.E.

Topeka ....0 2 0 2 2 0 1 0 0—8 12 4
St. Joseph .....0 0 0 0 0 0 5 0 0 2—[illegible]

Batteries—Regan and Wait; Glaze, Pursell, Piercy and Schang.

[illegible]

WICHITA MANAGER ASSAULTS UMPIRE; DES MOINES WINS

DES MOINES, July 5.—Des Moines won this afternoon from Wichita in the first game of the series by a score of 7 to 2. Manager Maddox of the Jobbers assaulted Umpire Stockdale during the game and was put off the field.

Score: R.H.E.

[illegible]

Batteries—Mogridge and Haley; Clemens and Graham.

[illegible]

WISHART CLAIMS HE WON RACE; MISSING LAP CAUSE

Row at Sioux City Auto Speed Contest; Will Be Given Second Place by Rickenbacher

SIOUX CITY, Ia., July 5.—Spencer Wishart, who finished second in the 300-mile automobile race here yesterday, filed a protest late last night against the seconding with officials of the Sioux City Speedway association. Wishart alleged he had not been given a lap he was entitled to which would land him in first place, thus putting Rickenbacher, the winner, in second place. So strong was Wishart's protest, that Referee Kneedler ordered a recount of the laps. The contest waged for 18 hours. The first session lasted until 2:30 this morning. It was resumed at 10 o'clock and [illegible] until late this afternoon.

Wishart's protest as to being short a lap was not sustained, but Rickenbacher, the winner, seeing an endless controversy in sight, consented to move his second car, driven by Ralph C. Mulford, from third to sixth place. Cyrus Patschke was moved from fifth to third and Billy Knipper from sixth to fifth. Gil Anderson held on to fourth place. By the agreement the winners of third, fourth and sixth positions pooled their money, each taking down $1,700.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE

Sacramento, 2-2; San Francisco, 4-3.
Portland, 4-4; Venice, 3-2.
Oakland, 3-1; Los Angeles, 3-11.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION

Memphis, 3; Birmingham, 2.
Nashville, 3; New Orleans, 4.

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Go where you can take a dip in the surf; where the salt sea air rejuvenates, and where you can enjoy the most interesting of sightseeing trips through incomparable Yosemite or along the shore of the blue Pacific.

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COLORADO SOUTHERN

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BOOZE, OR GET ON THE WATER WAGON

BIG TABERNACLE CROWDED TO ITS CAPACITY TO HEAR BILLY SUNDAY'S FAMOUS SERMON

Evangelist Paints Terrible Picture to Show Great Audience Evils of Liquor Traffic

Mr. Sunday spoke at the afternoon session of the Men's Bible Class on "Booze, or Get on the Water Wagon." Includes of some of Jesus' parables, and how one was cured. The sermon as published is hampered from by the stenographer as follows:

I will take my text from the twenty-second chapter of Matthew, the twenty-eighth to the thirty-second verse, describing the casting out of the devils, which entered into the swine.

Here we have one of the strangest scenes in all the gospels. Two men possessed of devils confront Jesus, and while the devils are driving out by Jesus to leave them, he commands the devils to come out, and the devils obey the command of Jesus. The devils ask permission to enter into a herd of swine feeding on the hillside. This is the only record we have of Jesus ever granting the petition of devils, and he did it for the salvation of men.

Then the followers that kept the hogs went back to town and told the peanut-brained, weak-kneed, hog-jowled, beetle-browed, bull-headed lobsters that owned the hogs, that a long-haired fanatic from Nazareth, named Jesus, has driven the devils out of some men and the devils have gone into the hogs, and the hogs into the sea, and the sea into the hogs, and the whole bunch is dead."

And then the fat, piggy old fellows came out to see Jesus and said that he was hurting their business. A fellow says to me, "I don't think Jesus Christ did a nice thing."

You don't know what you are talking about.

Down in Nashville, Tenn., I saw four wagons going down the street, and they were loaded with stills and kettles and pipes. What did they? United States revenue officers, and they have begun the moonshine district and confiscated the illicit stills, and they are taking them down to the government scrap heap.

God's Revenue Officer.

Jesus Christ was God's revenue officer. Now, the Jews were forbidden to eat pork, but Jesus Christ came and found that crowd buying and selling and dealing in pork, and confiscated the whole business, and he kept within the limits of the law when he did it. Then the fellows ran back to those who owned the hogs to tell what had befallen them and those hog-owners came to Jesus: "Take your hogers and hike. You are ruining our business." And they looked out to the sea and the hogs were bottom side up, but the men were right side up. And Jesus said, "What is the matter?"

And they answered, "Let us alone and go." A fellow says it is rather a strange request for the devils to make, to ask permission to enter into hogs. I don't know—if I was a devil I would rather live in a good decent hog than in lots of men, and if you will drive the hog out you won't have to carry sign to him, so I will try to help you get rid of the hog.

And then old Jesus left the country. They said: "You are hurting our business."

Have you an interest in manhood? We have no interest in the devil, take your whiskies and leave for you are ruining our business.

That is the attitude of the liquor traffic toward the church and state and government, and the minister that has the boldness to lift up the mad dog, daring, defiantly, shall never wriggle out of hell that haunted itself on the public.

I am a temperance fellow from down to my toes. Where else are you fighting the whisky business in the south? It is the Democratic. They have driven the business from Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Tennessee, all but three cities, and out of 100 counties in Kentucky. And they have driven it out of 247 counties in Texas, and out of North Carolina. And it is the so-called Democratic south that is hemmed the saloon. They started this fight that is sweeping like the river that flows United States. You might as well try and dam Niagara falls with tooth picks as to stop the reform wave sweeping our land. The Democratic party of Florida has put a temperance plank in its platform, and the Republican party in every state would nab the plank in their platform if they thought it would carry the election. It is simply a matter of decency and manhood versus of politics. It is poverty against poverty, society against drunkenness, honesty against thieving, heaven against hell. Don't you want to see men sober, virtual, staggering men transformed into respectable citizens? "No," said a saloonkeeper, "to hell with men. We are interested in our business, we have no interest in humanity."

Influence Degrading.

After all is said that can be said upon the liquor traffic, its influence is degrading upon the individual, the family, politics and business, and upon everything that you touch in this old world. For the time has long gone by when there is any ground for arguments of its effects. All are agreed on that point. There is but one prime reason why the saloon has not been knocked to hell, and that is the false statement that the saloon is needed to help lighten the taxes. The saloon business has never paid, and it costs 10 times more for the saloon than the revenue derived from it.

I challenge you to show me where the saloon has ever helped business, education, church morals or anything we hold dear.

You listen today, and if I can't peel the bark off that damnable liquor I will pack my trunk and leave. I say that is the biggest lie ever belched out. The wholesale and retail trade in Iowa pays every year at least $500,000 in license. Then if there were no drunkards it ought to reduce the taxation 25 cents per capita. If the saloon is necessary to pay the taxes and it does pay $500,000 in taxes, it ought to reduce them 25 cents a head. But no, the whisky business has increased taxes $1,000,000 instead of reducing them, and I defy any whisky man on God's dirt to show one town that has the saloon where the taxes are lower than where they do not have the saloon. I defy you to show me an instance.

Listen! Seventy-five per cent of our idiots come from intemperate parents; 80 per cent of the paupers; 82 per cent of the crime is committed by men under the influence of liquor, 90 per cent of the adult criminals are whisky made. The Chicago Tribune kept track for 10 years and found that 53,556 murders were committed by men under the influence of liquor.

Whisky and beer are all right in their place—but their place is in hell. The saloon hasn't one leg to stand upon.

Fire Points in New York was a spot as near like hell as any spot on earth. There are five streets that run to this point, and right in the middle was a dive old brewery, and the streets on either side were lined with groceries. The newspapers turned a searlight on the district, and before they could stop it the first thing they had to do was to buy the old brewery and turn it into a mission, and today it is a decent, respectable place.

Sum of Villainies.

The saloon is the sum of all villainies. It is worse than war or pestilence. It is the crime of crimes. It is the parent of crimes and the mother of sins. It is the appalling source of misery and crime in this land, and the principal cause of crime. It is the source of three-fourths of the crime, of course, it is the source of three-fourths of the taxes to support that crime. Add to license such an incarnate fiend of hell as the dirtiest, lowdown, damnable business on top of this old earth. There is nothing to be compared to it.

The legislature of Illinois appropriated $6,000,000 in 1913 to take care of the insane people in the state, and the whisky business produces 75 per cent of the insane. That is what you go down in your pocket for to help support. It is needless to say the legislature appropriated nearly $6,000,000 to take care of the state institutions. Do away with the saloon and you will close these institutions. The saloons make them necessary and they make the poverty and fill the jails and the penitentiaries. Who pays the bills? The taxpayer who doesn't get the rent because the money goes for whisky, the butcher, and the grocery, and the charitable person who takes care of the children of drunkards, and the taxpayer who supports the insane asylums and other institutions that the whisky business keeps full of human wrecks.

Do away with the cursed business and you will not have to pay taxes to support them. Who gets the money? The bankers and the brewers and the landlords, while the whisky fills the land with misery and poverty, and wretchedness, and disease, and death, and damnation, and it is being authorized by the will of the sovereign people.

You say that people will drink anyway. Not by my vote. You say, "men will murder their wives anyway." Not by my vote. They will drink anyway." Not by my vote. You are the sovereign people, and what are you going to do about it?

After I am dead I want Nell (Mrs. Sunday's wife) to call the banker and put my body up into drum strings so the saloons will know I'm alive and still going up and down this land.

Fears Won't Stop It.

Let me assemble before your minds the bodies of the drunken dead, who crawl away into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell, and then out of the valley of the shadow of the drink, to pay all the appertaining motherhood and wifehood, and childhood, and brotherhood, tears rain down upon their graves. Do you think that would stop the curse of the liquor traffic? No! No!

In these days when the question of saloon or no saloon is on the fore in almost every community, one hears a good deal about what is called "personal liberty." These are fine, large, mouth-filling words that certainly do sound fine, but when you come and sit right down and analyze them in the light of common old horse sense, you will discover that in their application to the poison controversy they mean just about this: "Personal liberty," is for the man who, if he has too inclination and the price can stand up to a bar and fill his belly full of red liquor that he is transformed for the time into an irresponsible, dangerous, foul smelling lunatic. But "personal liberty" is not for his patient, long suffering wife, who has to endure with what fortitude she may his blows and curses, nor is it for his children who, if they escape his insane rage are yet robbed of every known joy and privilege of childhood, and too often grow up neglected, uncared for and vicious as the result of their surroundings and the example before them. "Personal liberty" is not for the sober, industrious citizen who, from the proceeds of honest toil and orderly living, has to pay, willingly or not, the tax bills which pile up as a direct result of drunkenness, disorder, and poverty, the items of which are written in the records of every police court and poorhouse in the land; nor is "personal liberty" for the good woman who goes abroad in the town only at the risk of being shot down by some drink-crazed creature. This rant about "personal liberty" as an argument has no less to stand upon.

Sold Out Cheap.

Now, last year the corn crop was 2,583,732,000 bushels, and it was valued at $1,350,000,000. Secretary Wilson says that the breweries use less than 2 per cent. I will say that they use 2 per cent. This would make 51,000,000 bushels, and at 50 cents a bushel that would be about $25,000,000. How many people are there in the United States? Eighty millions. Very well, then, that is 31 cents per capita. Then we sold out the whisky business for 27 cents apiece—the price of a dozen eggs or a pound of butter. We are the cheapest gang this side of hell if we will do that kind of business.

Now, listen! In 1912 the income of the United States government, and the cities and towns and counties from the whisky business was $134,000,000. That is putting it liberally. You say that's a lot of money. Well, last year the workingmen spent $2,200,000,000 for drink, and it cost $1,200,000,000 to care for the judicial machinery. In other words, the whisky business cost us last year $3,400,000,000. I will subtract from that the dirty $3,000,000,000 which we got, and it leaves $3,050,000,000 in favor of knocking the whisky business out on purely a money basis. And again last year we spent $500,000,000 for our paupers and criminals, insane, orphans, defectives and feeble-minded, only in the United States and 87 per cent of our criminals are whisky made. Per cent of our paupers are whisky made. Our gain in loving restraint, the strack in national increase in wealth, has built from him in anger and then his sister $5,000,000,000, so you can figure out how long it will take us to get into bankruptcy with that cursed business on our backs. The average factory hand earns $500 a year and it costs us $1,200 a year to support each of our whisky criminals. There are 330,000 criminals in the United States and 500 in jails and penitentiaries. Three-fourths were sent there because of drink, and then they save the audacity to say the saloon is needed for money reasons. Never was there a baser lie, or a heart so vile or lips black enough to utter such a lie.

Calls It a Lie.

"But," says the whisky fellow, "we would lose trade the farmer would not come to town to trade." You the farmer? I am a farmer. I was born and raised on a farm and I have the trademarks of the barnyard on me today. Yes, sir. And when you say that you insult the best class of men on God's dirt. Say, when you put up the lie that the farmer doesn't have the saloons the farmer would trade, say, Mr. Whisky Man, why do you dump money into politics and back the legislatures into the corner and fight to the last ditch to prevent the enactment of county local option? You know if the farmers were given a chance they would knock the whisky business into hell the first throw out of the box. You are afraid. You have cold feet on the proposition. You are afraid to give the farmer a chance. They are scared to death of you farmers.

I heard my friend, Governor Hanley of Indiana, use the following illustrious:

"Oh, but they say, governor, there is another danger to the local option because it means a loss of market to farmers by reason of high sense of the farmer. We are consumers of large quantities of grain in the manufacture of our products. If you drive us out of business you strike down that market, and it will create a money panic in this country such as you have never seen, if you do that." I might answer it by saying that less than 2 per cent of the grain produced in this country is used for that purpose, but I pass that by. I want to debate the merit of the statement itself, and I think I can demonstrate in 60 minutes to any thoughtful man to any farmer, that the brewer who furnishes him a market for a bushel of corn is not his benefactor, or the benefactor of any man, from an economic standpoint. Let us see. A farmer brings to the brewer a bushel of corn. He finds a market for it. He gets 50 cents and goes his way, with the statement of the brewer ringing in his ears that the brewer is the benefactor.

You old rumsoaks of El Paso county, you're up against the toughest proposition you ever saw. I think when I die the brewers will run an excursion to my funeral.

But you haven't got all the factors in the problem, Mr. Brewer, and you cannot get a correct solution of a problem without all the factors in the problem. You take the farmer's bushel of corn, brewer, or distiller, and you brew and distil from it four and one-half gallons of spirits. I don't know how much he dilutes them before he puts them on the market. Only the brewer, the distiller and God knows. The man who drinks it doesn't, but if he doesn't dilute it at all, he puts on the market four and a half gallons of intoxicating liquor, 256 pints. I am not going to trace the 256. It will take too long. But I want to trace three of them, and I will give you no imaginary stories plucked from the brain of an excited orator. I will take instances from the judicial pages of the supreme court and the circuit court judges reports in Indiana and in Illinois to make my case.

Drunk on Sunday.

Two years ago in the city of Chicago a young man of good parents, good character, one Sunday crossed the street and entered a saloon, open against the law. He found there boon companions. There was laughter, song and jest and much drinking. After awhile, drunk, insanely drunk, his money gone, he was kicked into the street. He found his way across to his mother's home. He importuned her for money to buy more drink. She refused him. He seized from the sideboard a revolver and ran out into the street and with the expressed intention of entering the saloon and getting more drink, money or no money. His little mother followed him and laying her hand upon his shoulder in loving restraint. He struck it from him in anger and then his sister came and added her entreaty in vain. And then a neighbor, whom he knew, respected and respected, came and put his hand on him in gentleness and friendly kindness, but in an insanity of drunken rage he raised the revolver and shot his friend dead in his blood in the street. There was a trial. He was found guilty of murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment, and when the child mother heard the verdict—a frail little bit of a woman—she threw up her hands and fell in a swoon. In three hours she was dead. In the streets of Freeport, Ill., a young man of good family became involved in a controversy over a lewd woman of the town. He went in a drunken frenzy to his father's home, armed himself with a deadly weapon and set forth to the city in search of the woman with whom he had quarreled. The first person he met upon the public square in the city, in the daylight in a place where she had a right to be, was one of the most cultured women of Freeport. She carried in her arms her babe, motherhood and babyhood, upon the streets of Freeport, in the daytime where they had a right to be, but this young man in his drunken insanity mistook her for the woman he sought and shot her dead upon the streets with her babe in her arms. He was tried and Judge Pergam, in sentencing him to life imprisonment said: "You are the seventh man under 25 years of age in two years to be sentenced for murder while intoxicated."

Killed His Mother.

In the city of Anderson, you remember the tragedy in the Blake home. A young man came home intoxicated demanding money of his mother. She refused it. He seized from the wood box a hatchet and killed his mother, and then robbed her. You remember he fled. The officers of the law pursued him, brought him back. An indictment was read to him, charging him with the murder of the mother who had given him his birth, of her who had gone down into the valley of the shadow of death to give him life, of her who had looked down into his blue eyes, and thanked God for his life. And he said, "I am guilty. I did it all." And Judge McClure sentenced him to life imprisonment.

Now I have followed probably three of the 26 pints of the farmer's product of a bushel of corn and the three of them have struck down seven lives, the three boys who committed the murders, the three persons who were killed and the little mother, who died of a broken heart. And now, I want to know, my farmer friend, if this has been a good commercial transaction for you? You sold a bushel of corn; you found a market; you got 50 cents; but a fraction of this product struck down seven lives, all of whom would have been consumers of your products for their life expectancy. And do you mean to say that it is a good economic transaction to you? That disposes of the market question until it is answered, let no man argue further.

And say, my friends, New York city's annual drink bill is $365,000,000 a year, $1,000,000 a day. Listen a minute! That is four times the annual output of gold; and it is at least one-third the value of all the coal mined in the United States. And in some sections of New York there is one saloon for every 50 families. The money spent in New York by the working people for drink in 50 years would buy every workingman in New York a beautiful home and allow $3,500 for house and lot. New York's annual drink bill would buy 75,000,000 barrels of flour, nearly a barrel for every man and woman in the United States. It would take 50 people one year to count the money in $1 bills, and they would cover 10,000 acres of ground. That is what the people in New York dump into the whisky hole in one year. And then you wonder why there is poverty and crime, and that the country is not more prosperous.

Says Circular Is False.

This gang is circulating a circular about Kansas City, Kan. I defy you to prove a statement in it. Listen! Kansas City is a town of 100,000 population, and temperance went into effect July 1, 1905. They then had 250 saloons, 200 gambling halls and 60 disorderly houses. The population was largely foreign, and thousands have come from Germany, Sweden and Norway, asking the influence of the enforcement of the prohibitory law.

At the end of one year the president of one of the largest banks in that city, a man who had protested against the enforcement of the prohibitory law on the ground that it would hurt business, found that at the end of one year his bank deposits had increased $1,700,000, and 75 per cent of the deposits were from men who had never saved a cent before, and 4 per cent came from men who never had a dollar in the bank, but because the saloons were driven out they had a chance to save, and the people who objected on the grounds that it would injure business found an increase of 20 per cent in building operations, and furthermore, there were three times as many more people seeking investment, and court expenses decreased $25,000 in one year.

Who has to feed and keep the gang you have in jail? Why, you go down in your sock and pay for what the saloon has dumped in there. They don't do it. Mr. Whisky Man, why don't you go down and take a picture of wrecked and blighted homes, and of insane asylums, with gibbering idiots, that it costs $6,000,000 to support? Why don't you take a picture of that?

The whisky gang know their doom is sealed as sure as God reigns, sir. I pray God to let me live long enough to preach the funeral sermon of the whisky business. A voice: "You're all right, Willie."

At Kansas City, Kan., before the saloons were closed, they were getting ready to build an addition to the jail. Now the doors swing idly on the hinges and there is nobody to lock in the jails. And the commissioner of the poor farm says there is a wonderful falling off of old men and women coming to the poorhouse, because their sons and daughters are saving their money and have quit spending it for drink. And they had to employ 18 new school teachers for 600 boys and girls, between the ages of 12 and 18, that had never gone to school before because they had to help a drunken father support the family. And they have just set aside $250,000 to build a new school house, and the bended indebtedness was reduced $245,000 last year without the saloon revenue. And don't you know another thing? In 1906, when they had the saloon, the population, according to the directory, was 89,655. According to the last census the population was 99,835, or an increase of 12 per cent without the gang shop. In two years the banks deposits increased $5,930,000.

You drive out the saloon and you kill business. Ha! ha! "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Home Best Heritage.

I tell you, gentlemen, the American home is the dearest heritage of the people, for the people, by the people, and when a man can go from home in the morning with the kisses of his wife and children on his lips, and come back at night with an empty dinner bucket to a happy home, that man is a better man, whether white or black. Whatever takes away the comforts of home—whatever degrades that man or woman—whatever invades the sanctity of the home, is the deadliest foe to the home, to church, to state and school, and the saloon is the deadliest foe to the home, the church and the state, on top of God Almighty's dirt. And if all the men on earth that hate and despise God, and purity and virtue—if all the scum of the earth could mingle with the denizens of hell to try to think of the deadliest institution to home, to church and state, I tell you, sir, the combined hellish intelligence could not conceive of or bring an institution that could touch the hem of the garment of the open, licensed saloon to damn the home and manhood, and womanhood, and business and every other good thing on God's earth.

In the island of Jamaica the rats increased so that they destroyed the crops, and they introduced the mongoose, which is a species of the coon. They have three breeding seasons a year, and there are 12 to 15 in each brood, and they are deadly enemies of the rats. The result was that the rats disappeared and there was nothing more for the mongoose to feed upon, so they attacked the snakes, and the frogs, and the lizards that fed upon the insects, with the result that the insects increased and they stripped the gardens, eating up the onions and the lettuce, and then the mongoose attacked the sheep and the cars, and the puppies and the calves, and the geese. Now Jamaica is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to get rid of the mongoose.

Saloon Ends It All.

The American mongoose is the open licensed saloon. It eats the carpets off the floor, and the clothes from off your back, your money out of the bank, and it eats up character, and it goes on until at last it leaves a stranded wreck in the home, a skeleton of what was once brightness and happiness.

Like a drummer on a railroad train. There were some men playing cards, and one fellow pulled out a whisky flask and passed it about, and when it came to the drummer he said, "No." "What?" they said, "have you got on the water wagon?" and they all laughed at him. He said, "You can laugh if you want to, but I was born with an appetite for drink, and for years I have taken from five to 10 glasses a day, but I was at home in Chicago not long ago, and I have a friend who has a pawnshop there. I was in there when in came a young fellow with ashen cheeks and a wild look on his face. He came up trembling, threw down a little package and said, 'Give me 10 cents.' And what do you think was in that package? It was a pair of baby shoes.

"My friend said, 'No I cannot take them.' But he said, 'Give me a dime; I must have a drink.'

"'No; take them back home; your baby will need them.' And the poor fellow said, 'My baby is dead and I want a drink.'"

Boys, I don't blame you for the lump that comes up in your throat. There is no law, divine or human, that the saloon respects. Lincoln said, "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong." I say, if the saloon, with its train of diseases, crime and misery, is not wrong, then nothing on earth is wrong. If the fight is to be won we need men—men who will fight—the church, Catholic and Protestant, must fight it or run away, and thank God, she will not run away, but fight to the last ditch.

Who Works Hardest?

Who works the hardest for his money, the saloon man or you?

Who has the most money Sunday morning, the saloon man or you?

Do you know of anybody that died young because he didn't hit the booze?

The saloon comes as near being a rat hole for a wage-earner to dump his wages in as anything you can find. The only interest it pays is red eyes and foul breath and the loss of your health. You go in with money and you come out with empty pockets. You go in with character and you come out ruined. You go in with a good position and you lose it. You lose your position in the bank or in the cab of the locomotive. And it pays nothing back but disease and damnation and gives an extra dividend in delirium tremens and a free pass to hell. And then it will let your wife be buried in the potter's field, and your children go to the asylum, and yet you walk out and say the saloon is a good institution when it is the dirtiest thing on earth. It hasn't one leg to stand on and has nothing to commend it to a decent man, not one thing.

"But," you say, "we will regulate it by high license." Regulate what? You might as well try and regulate a powder mill in hell. Do you want to pay taxes in boys, or dirty money? A man that will sell out to that dirty business I have no use for. See how Abser surd their arguments are? If you drink bourbon in a saloon that pays $1,000 a year license, will it eat your stomach less than if you drink it in a saloon that pays $500 license? Is it going to have any different effect on you whether the gang pays $500 or $1,000 license? No. It will make no difference whether you drink it over a mahogany counter or a pine counter—it will have the same effect on you; it will damn you. So there is no use talking about it.

Apply the Mop Test.

In some insane asylums, do you know what they do? When they want to test some patient to see whether he has recovered his reason they have a room with a faucet in it, and a cement floor, and they give the patient a mop and tell him to mop up the floor. And if he has sense enough to turn off the faucet and mop up the floor they will parole him, but should he let the faucet run they know that he is "hughouse."

Well, that is what you are trying to do. You are trying to mop it up with taxes, and insane asylums, and jails, and Keeley cures, and reformatories. The only thing to do is to shut off the source of supply.

A fellow was delivering a temperance address at a fair grounds and a fellow came up to him and said: "Are you the fellow that gave a talk on temperance?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think that the managers did a dirty piece of business to let you give a lecture on temperance. You have hurt my business, and my business is a legal one."

"You are right there," said the lecturer, "they did do a mean trick. I would complain to the officers." And he took up a premium list and said: "By the way, I see there is a premium of so much offered for the best horse, and cow, and butter. What business are you in?"

"I'm in the liquor business."

"Well, I don't see that they offer any premium for your business. You ought to go down and compel them to offer a premium for your business, and they ought to offer on the list $25 for the best wrecked home, $15 for the best bloated bum that you can show, and $10 for the finest specimen of broken-hearted wife, and they ought to give $5 for the finest specimens of thieves and gamblers you can trot out. You can bring out the finest looking criminals. If you have something that is good trot it out. You ought to come in competition with the farmer, with his stock, and the fancy work, and the canned fruit."

Saloon Is a Coward.

As Dr. Howard said: "I tell you that the saloon is a coward. It hides itself behind stained and glass doors, and opaque windows, and sneaks its customers in at a blind door, and it keeps a sentinel to guard the door from officers of the law, and it marks its wares with false bills of lading, and offers to ship green goods to you and marks them with the name of wholesome articles of food so people won't know what is being sent to you. And so we did get that business g[illegible] the legislature of Indiana passed [illegible] forbidding a saloon to ship goods out being properly labeled. A[illegible] United States congress passed [illegible] forbidding them to send [illegible] through the mails.

"I tell you it strikes in the n[illegible] nights under cover of darkness [illegible] assassinates the characters that [illegible] damn, and it lies about [illegible] attacks defenseless womanhood [illegible] childhood. The saloon is a [illegible] It is a thief; it is not an o[illegible] court defender that steals your [illegible] but it robs you of manhood and [illegible] you in rags, and takes awa[illegible] friends, and it robs your famil[illegible] impoverishes your children [illegible] brings insanity and suicide. [illegible] take the shirt off your back [illegible] steal the coffin from a dead [illegible] and rank the last crust of bread [illegible] the hand of the starving child; [illegible] take the last bucket of coal out o[illegible] cellar, and the last cent out o[illegible] pocket, and will send you home [illegible] eyed and staggering to your wi[illegible] children. It will steal the milk [illegible] the breast of the mother and lea[illegible] with nothing with which to feed [illegible] fant. It will take the virtue from [illegible] daughter. It is the direst, mos[illegible] down, damnable business that [illegible] crawled out of the pit of hell. [illegible] a sneak and a thief and a cow[illegible]

"It is an infidel. It has no fa[illegible] God, has no religion. It would [illegible] every church in the land. It [illegible] hang its beer signs on the altars. It would close every [illegible] school. It respects the thief [illegible] esteems the blasphemer, it fil[illegible] prisons and the penitentiaries. [illegible] spises heaven, hates love, scorn[illegible] tue. It tempts the passions. Its [illegible] is the song of a siren. Its sermo[illegible] a collection of lewd, vile storie[illegible] wraps a mantle about the hope o[illegible] world, and that is crime. Its [illegible] are full of the vilest literature. [illegible] the moral clearing house for ro[illegible] damnation, and poverty, and in[illegible] and it wrecks homes and blight[illegible] today.

Saloon Is a Liar.

The saloon is a liar. It p[illegible] good cheer and sends sorr[illegible] promises health and causes [illegible] It promises prosperity and sen[illegible] versity. It promises happiness [illegible] sends misery. Yes, it sends th[illegible] and home within its lips [illegible] wife and the boy home with a [illegible] his lips to his mother, and it [illegible] the employe to lie to his em[illegible] It degrades. It is God's worst [illegible] and the devil's best friends. It [illegible] neither youth nor old age. It is [illegible] ing with a dirty blanket for the [illegible] to crawl into this world. It [illegible] wait for the unborn.

"It cocks the highwayman's pis[illegible] puts the rope in the hands of the [illegible] It is the anarchist of the world [illegible] dirty red rag is dyed with the b[illegible] women and children, and it se[illegible] bullet through the body of Lin[illegible] nerved the man that sent the [illegible] sandsab[illegible] rfg hmb sev hmb [illegible] through Garfield and William [illegible] ler. Yes, it is a murderer [illegible] plot that was ever hatched agains[illegible] government and law. Was born [illegible] bred, and crawled out of the grog[illegible] to damn this country.

"I tell you that the curse of Go[illegible] might is on the saloon. Legisla[illegible] are legislating against it. Deben[illegible] ciety is barring it out. The fra[illegible] brotherhoods are knocking it out. [illegible] Masons and Odd Fellows, and [illegible] Knights of Pythias, and the A. [illegible] W. are closing their doors to the w[illegible] sellers. They don't want you wrig[illegible] your carcass in their lodges. Yes [illegible] I tell you, the curse of God is on [illegible] is on the down grade. It is heade[illegible] hell, and by the grace of God, I am [illegible] ing to give it a push with a whoo[illegible] all I know how. Listen to me! [illegible] going to show you how we burn p[illegible] money. It costs 20 cents to ma[illegible] gallon of whisky, sold over the co[illegible] at 10 cents a glass, it will bring [illegible]

"But," said a saloonkeeper, "[illegible] you must figure in the strychnin[illegible] the cochineal and other stuff th[illegible] in it, and it will bring nearer 1[illegible]

"Yes, it increases the heart be[illegible] times more in a minute, when you [illegible] sider the licorice and potash, and [illegible] wood and other poisons that ar[illegible] in. I believe the cause for th[illegible] precedented increase of crime is [illegible] to the poison put in the stuff now[illegible] to make it go as far as they c[illegible] am indebted to my friend, Geor[illegible] Stuart, for some of the follo[illegible] points:

How It Is Burned.

I will show you how your mon[illegible] burned up. It costs 20 cents to [illegible] a gallon of whisky, sold over [illegible] counter at 10 cents a glass, [illegible] brings $4. Listen, where does [illegible] Who gets the 20 cents? The [illegible] for his corn and rye. Who gets [illegible] real. The United States govern[illegible] for collecting revenue, and the [illegible] corporations and part is used to [illegible] our streets and pay our police [illegible] show you. I'm going to show you [illegible] it is burned up, and you don't [illegible] half sense to catch on, and if you [illegible] understand just keep still, and [illegible] body will ever know the differenc[illegible]

I say, "Hey, Colonel Politics, [illegible] is the matter with the country?" He swells up like a poisoned [illegible] and says to me: "Bill, why the [illegible] bugbear. That's what is the m[illegible] with the country."

Say! The total value of the [illegible] coined in this country in 1907 wa[illegible] 559,800. Hear me! In 1907 the [illegible] value of the gold produced in [illegible] country was $94,722,000, and we du[illegible] 10 times that much in the whisky [illegible] and didn't fill it. What is the ma[illegible] In 1904 the total value of all the [illegible] and silver was $524,558,000, an[illegible] dumped three times that amoun[illegible] the whisky hole and didn't fill it.

What is the matter with the cou[illegible] Colonel Politics? He swells up [illegible] says: "Mr. Sunday, standpatism[illegible]

I say: "You are an old windb[illegible]

"Oh," says another, "revision o[illegible] tariff." Another man said, "Free [illegible] open the doors at the ports an[illegible] them pour the products in and w[illegible] put the trusts on the sidetrack."

Say, you come with me to every [illegible] of entry. Listen! Last year the [illegible] value of all the imports was $1,43[illegible] 000, and we dumped that much i[illegible] whisky hole in 12 months, and di[illegible] fill it.

"Oh," says a man, "let us [illegible] South America and Europe to sell [illegible] products. That's what is the ma[illegible] we are not exporting enough."

Exports of a Billion.

Say, last year the total value [illegible] the exports was $1,000,000,000, an[illegible]

(Continued on Next Page.)

'BOOZE' SERMON EXTRACTS

SUNDAYISMS ON DRINKING

The saloon exists because the church doesn't vote it out of business.

The saloons take 2,000,000 American boys every generation as their raw material.

Who works hardest for his money, the saloon man or you? Who has the most money on Sunday morning, the saloon man or you?

Say, saloon gin-mill, what is your finished product? Bleary-eyed, low-down, staggering men and the scum of God's earth, that have gone to you and taken the count.

I challenge you to show me where the saloon has ever helped business, education, church morals or anything else we hold dear.

Listen! Seventy-five per cent of our idiots come from intemperate parents; 80 per cent of the paupers; 82 per cent of the crime is committed by men under the influence of liquor; 90 per cent of the adult criminals are whisky made. The Chicago Tribune kept track for ten years and found that 53,556 murders were committed by men under the influence of liquor.

Whisky and beer are all right in their place, but their place is in hell. The saloon hasn't one leg to stand on.

You say that "people will drink anyway." Not by my vote. You're the sovereign people, and what are you going to do about it?

After I am dead I want Nell (Mrs. Sunday) to cut my hide up into drum strings so the saloons will know I'm alive and still going up and down the land.

The whisky gang knows their doom is sealed as sure as God reigns. I pray God to let me live long enough to preach the funeral sermon of the whisky business.

New York city's annual drink bill is $365,000,000. That is $1,000,000 a day. That is four times the annual output of gold; it is one-third the value of all the coal mined in the United States.

Last year the total value of all the imports was $1,438,000,000, and we dumped that much in the whisky hole in twelve months and didn't fill it.

There are 865,000 whisky orphan children in the United States; enough in the world to belt the globe three times around, punctured at every fifth point by a drunkard's widow.

GROG-SHOPS GET 2,000,000 AMERICAN [illegible] EVERY GENERATION AS THEIR RAW MAT[illegible]

Line Up for Wives, Home, Mother, Cou[illegible] Urges Evangelist in His Final Plea

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SALOONS DENOUNCED BY EVANGELIST

D'S CURSE IS ON SALOON, SHOUTS SUNDAY AND DECENT SOCIETY WILL SOON BAR IT OUT

cites Statistics to Show That Country's Money Goes Into Vaults of Whisky Ring

ontinued From Preceding Page.)

red that amount in the whisky in one year and didn't fill it. e time I was down in Washington went to the United States treas- and said: "I wish you would let to where you don't let the general ic." And they took us around on inside and we walked into a room 20 feet long and 15 feet wide and many feet high, and I said: "What his?"

"this is the vault that contains all the national bank stock in the ed States."

asked, "how much is here?" They "$578,000,000."

nd we dumped nearly four times value of the national bank stock he United States into the whisky last year, and we didn't fill the up at that. What is the matter? whenever the day comes that all Catholic and Protestant churches st when the day comes when you say to the whisky business: "You o hell," that day the whisky busi- will go to hell, but you sit there. old whisky-voting elder and con and vestryman, and you ldn't strike your hands together on proposition. It would stamp you old hypocrite and you know it. ercy, hold on a bit. Have you got liver dollar? I am going to show how it is burned up. We have in country 218,000 saloons, and st- ing 50 feet frontage for each saloon makes a street from New York to cago, and 5,000,000 men, women and dren go daily into the saloon for nk. And marching 20 miles a day would take 30 days to pass this ding, and marching five abreast would reach 500 miles. There they look at them!

n the first day of January 500,000 the young men of our nation en- ed the grog shop and began a pub- career, hellward, and by December will come back here and summon people and ring the hell and raise curtain and say to the saloon and veries: "On the first day of Jan- y, I save you 500,000 of the brain muscle of our land, and I want m back and have come in the name the home and church and school: her, mother, sister, sweetheart, e me back what I give you. March ?"

Thousands of Victims.

count, and 165,000 have lost their petites and have become unhap- ary-eyed drunkards, and I say, that is it. I hear, a funeral dirge? at is that procession? A funeral cession 3,000 miles long and 110,000 rses in the procession. One hun- ed and ten thousand men die drunk- s in this land of the free and home the brave. Listen! In an hour 12 n die drunkards, 300 a day and ,000 a year. One man will leap in nt of a train, another will plunge o a river, another will plunge from dock into a lake, another will ow his hands to his head and life ll end. Another will cry "Mother" d his life will go out like a burnt tch.

stand in front of the jails and ant the whisky criminals. They say es, Bill, I fired the bullet." "Yes, I ched my wife into a corner and beat life out. I am waiting for the rfold: I am waiting." "I am wait- ," says another, "to slip into hell." on, it goes. Say, let me summon wifehood and the motherhood and childhood and see the tears rain wn the upturned faces. People, tears e too weak for that hellish business. ars are only salty backwater and ll up at the bidding of an occult wer, and I will tell you there are ,000 whisky orphan children in the ited States, enough in the world to lt the globe three times around, mctured at every fifth point by a drunkard's widow.

Like Hamilcar of old, who swore ung Hannibal eternal enmity against ome, so I propose to perpetuate the ud against the liquor traffic until e white-winged dove of temperance nids her nests on the dome of the apitol at Washington and spreads r wings of peace, sobriety and joy er our land, which I love with all y heart.

What Dollar Will Do.

I hold a silver dollar in my hand. ome on, we are going to a saloon. e will go into a saloon and spend at dollar for a quart. It takes 20 nts to make a gallon of whisky and ollar to buy a quart. You say to e saloonkeeper: "Give me a quart will show you, if you wait a minute, ow she is burned up. Here I am ohn, an old drunken bum with a wife d six kids. (Thank God, it's all a). Come on, I will go down to a loon and throw down my dollar. It ets 20 cents to make a gallon of hisky. A nickel will make a quart, ly dollar will buy a quart of booze. ho gets the nickel? The farmer for orn and apples. Who gets the 95 ents? The United States govern- ent, the big distillers, the big cor- orations. I am John, a drunken bum, nd I will spend my dollar. I have orked a week and got my pay. I go to a grog shop and throw down my ollar. The saloonkeeper gets my ollar and I get a quart of booze e home with me. I stagger, and in my wife's presence, and she "Hello, John, what did you home?"

"A quart."

What will a quart do? It will burn p my happiness and my home and ll my home with squalor and want. o here is the dollar. The saloonkeep- r has it. Here is my quart. There ou get the whisky end of it. Here ou get the workingman's end of the aloon.

But come on: I will go to a store nd spend the dollar for a pair of hoes. I want them for my son, and e puts them on his feet, and with the hoes to protect his feet he goes out nd earns another dollar, and my dol- ar becomes a silver thread in the woof nd warp of happiness and joy, and he man that owns the building gets ome, and the clerk that sold the shoes ets some, and the merchant, and the raveling man, and the wholesale house ets some, and the factory, and the an that made the shoes, and the man, hat tanned the hide, and the butcher hat bought the calf, and the farmer hat raised the calf, and the little olored fellow that shined the shoes, nd my dollar spread itself and no- body is made the worse for spending he money.

I join the Booster club for business nd prosperity. A man said: "I will ell you what is the matter with the country, it's overproduction." You lie, it is underconsumption.

Whisky Gets It All.

Say, wife, the bread that ought to be in your stomach to satisfy the cravings of hunger is down yonder in the grocery store, and your husband hasn't money enough to carry it home. The meat that ought to satisfy your hunger hangs in the butcher shop. Your husband hasn't any money to buy it. The cloth for a dress is lying on the shelf in the store, but your husband hasn't the money to buy it. The whisky gang has his money.

What is the matter with our country? I would like to do this. I would like to see every booze fighter go on the water wagon. I would like to summon all the drunkards in America and say: "Boys, let's cut her out and spend the money for flour, meat and calico; what do you say?" Say! $500,000,000 will buy all the flour in the United States; $500,000,000 will buy all the beef cattle, and $500,000,000 will buy all the cotton at $50 a bale. But we dumped more money than that in the whisky hole last year, and we didn't fill it. Come on, I'm going to line up the drunkards. Everybody fall in. Come on, ready, forward, march, right, left, here I come with all the drunkards. We will line up in front of a butcher shop. The butcher says: "What do you want, a piece of neck?" "No; how much do I owe you?" "Three dollars." "Here's your dough. Now give me a porterhouse steak and a sirloin roast."

"Where did you get all that money?" "Went to hear Bill and climbed on the water wagon."

"Hello. What do you want?"

"Beefsteak."

"What do you want?"

"Beefsteak."

We empty the shop and the butcher runs to the telephone. "Hey, central, give me the slaughter house. Have you got any beef and pork, any mutton?"

They strip the slaughter house and then telephone to Swift and Armour and Nelson Morris and Cudahy, to send down trainloads of beefsteaks.

All on Water Wagon.

The whole bunch has gotten on the water wagon.

And Swift and the other big packers in Chicago say to their salesmen: "Buy beef, pork and mutton."

The farmer sees the price of cattle and sheep jump up to three times their value. Let me rake the money you dump into the whisky hole and buy beefsteaks with it. I will show you what is the matter with America. I think the liquor business is the dirtiest, rottenest business this side of hell.

Come on, are you ready? Fall in! We line up in front of a grocery store.

"What do you want?"

"Why, I want flour."

"What do you want?"

"Flour."

"What do you want?"

"Flour."

"Pillsbury, Minneapolis, Sleepy Eye?"

"Yes, ship in trainloads of flour, send on fast mail schedule, with an engine in front, one behind and a Mogul in the middle."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, the workingmen have stopped spending their money for booze and have begun to buy flour."

The big mills tell their men to buy wheat and the farmers see the price jump to over $3 a bushel. What's the matter with the country? Why the whisky gang has your money and you have an empty stomach, and yet you will walk up and vote for the dirty traffic.

Come on, cut out the booze. Get on the water wagon. Get on for the sake of your wife and babies, and hit booze a blow.

Come on, ready, forward, march! Right, left, halt! We are in front of a dry goods store.

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

Stores Are Stripped.

"Calico, all right, come on. The stores are stripped.

Hey, Marshal Field, Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., J. V. Farwell, send down calico. The whole bunch has voted out the saloons and we have such a demand for calico we don't know what to do. And the big stores telegraph to Fall River to ship calico, and the factories telegraph to buy cotton, and they tell their salesmen to buy cotton, and the cotton plantation man sees cotton jump up to $150 a bale.

What is the matter? Your children are going naked and the whisky gang has got your money. That's what's the matter with you. Don't listen to these old whisky-soaked politicians who say "Stand pat on the saloon."

Come with me. Now, remember, we have the whole bunch of booze fighters on the water wagon, and I'm going home now. Over here I was John, the drunken bum. The whisky gang got my dollar and I got the quart. Over here I am John on the water wagon. The merchant got my dollar and I have his meat, flour and calico, and I'm going home now. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home without booze."

Wife comes out and says: "Hello, John, what have you got?"

"Two porterhouse steaks, Sally."

"What's that bundle, pa?"

"Cloth to make you a new dress, sis. Your mother has fixed Mary's old one so often it looks like a crazy quilt."

"And what have you there?"

"That's a pair of shoes for you, Tom, and here is some cloth to make you a pair of pants. Your mother has patched the old ones so often they look like the map of Pennsylvania."

What's the matter with the country? We have been dumping the money into the whisky hole that ought to have been spent for flour, beef and calico, and we haven't that hole filled yet.

A man comes along and says: "Are you a drunkard?"

"Yes, I'm a drunkard."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to hell."

"Why?"

No Drunkards There.

"Because the Good Book says: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," so I am going to hell."

Another man comes along and I say: "Are you a church member?"

"Yes, I am a church member."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to heaven."

"Did you vote for the saloon?"

"Yes."

"Then you shall go to hell."

Say, if the man that drinks the whisky goes to hell, the man that votes for the saloon that sold the whisky to him will go to hell. If the man that drinks the whisky goes to hell, and the man that sold the whisky to the man that drink it goes to heaven, then the poor drunkard will have the right to stand on the brink of eternal damnation and put his arms around the pillar of justice, shake his fist in the face of the Almighty and say: "That isn't a square deal." If you vote for the dirty business you ought to go to hell as sure as you live, and I would like to fire the furnace while you are there.

Some fellow says: "Drive the saloon out and the buildings will be empty." Which would you rather have, empty buildings, or empty jails, penitentiaries and insane asylums? You drink the stuff and what have you to say? You that vote for it, and you that sell it? Look at them painted on the canvas of your recollection.

Who is the matter with this grand old country? I heard my friend, George Stuart, tell how he imagined that he walked up to a mill and said:

"Hello, there, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A sawmill."

"And what do you make?"

"We make boards out of logs."

"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes."

Must Have Lumber.

"We will make laws for you. We must have lumber for houses."

He goes up to another mill and says: "Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A grist mill."

"What do you make?"

"Flour and meal out of wheat and corn."

"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes."

"Then come on. We will make laws for you. We will protect you."

He goes up to another mill and says: "What kind of a mill are you?"

"A paper mill."

"What do you make paper out of?"

"Straw and rags."

"Well, we will make laws for you. We must have paper on which to write notes and mortgages."

He goes up to another mill and says: "Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

"I don't like the looks nor the smell of you. A gin mill; what do you make? What kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

"What is your raw material?"

"The boys of America."

(Here the evangelist summoned five small boys to the platform.)

The gin mills of this country must have 2,000,000 boys or shut up shop. Say, walk down your streets, count the homes and every fifth home has to furnish a boy for a drunkard. Have you furnished yours? No. Then I have to furnish two to make up.

"What is your raw material?"

"Americans boys."

"Then I pick up the boys and give them to you."

A man says: "Hold on, not that boy, he is mine."

Then I will say to you what a saloonkeeper said to me when I protested: "I am not interested in boys; to hell with your boys."

"Say, saloon, gin mill, what is your finished product?"

"Bleary-eyed, low-down, staggering men and the scum of God's dirt that have come to me and taken the count."

One Brewer's Advice.

Go to the jails, go to the insane asylums and the penitentiaries and the homes for feeble-minded. There you will find the finished product for their dirty business. I tell you it is the worst business this side of hell and you know it.

Listen! Here is an extract from the Saturday Evening Post of November 18, 1907, taken from a paper read by a brewer. You will say that a man didn't say it. It appears from these facts that the success of our business lies in the creation of appetite among the boys. Men who have formed the habit scarcely ever reform, but they, like others, will die, and unless there are recruits made to take their places, our coffers will be empty, and I recommend to you that money spent in the creation of appetite will return in dollars to your tills after the habit is formed."

The saloon exists because the church don't vote it out of existence.

Say, are you in favor of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of liquor in the United States?

If you ever get a chance to do it, boys, will you do it? If you do, stand up with me.

What is your raw material—saloons? American boys. Say, I would not give one boy for all the distilleries and saloons this side of hell. And they have to have 2,000,000 boys every generation. And then you tell me you are a man when you will vote for an institution like that! What do you want to do, pay taxes in money or in boys?

I feel like an old fellow in Tennessee who made his living by catching rattlesnakes. He caught one with 11 rattles and put it in a box with a glass top. One day when he was sawing wood his little 5-year-old boy, Jim, took the lid off and the rattler wriggled through and struck him in the cheek. He ran to his father and said: "The rattler has bit me." The father ran and chopped the rattler to pieces, and with his jackknife he cut a chunk from the boy's cheek and then sucked and sucked at the wound to draw out the poison. He looked at little Jim, watched the pupils of his eyes dilate and watched him swell to three times his normal size, watched his lips become parched and cracked, and his eyes roll and little Jim gasped and died.

The father took him in his arms, carried him over by the side of the rattler, got on his knees and said: "Oh, God, I would not give little Jim for all the rattlers that ever crawled over the Blue Ridge mountains."

And I would not give those five boys for every dirty dollar you get from the hell-soaked liquor business or from every brewery and distillery this side of hell.

Listen! In a [illegible] city a preacher sat at his breakfast table one Sunday morning. The doorbell rang, he answered it, and there stood a little boy 12 years of age. He was on crutches, right leg off at the knee, shivering and he said: "Please, sir, will you come up to the jail and talk with your company with papa? He murdered mamma. Papa was good and kind, but whisky did it, and I have to support my three little sisters. I sell newspapers and black boots. Will you go up and talk and pray with papa? And will you come home and be with us when they bring him back? The governor says we can have his body after they hang him."

The preacher hurried to the jail and talked and prayed with the man. He had no knowledge of what he had done. He said: "I don't blame the law, but it breaks my heart to think that my children must be left in a cold and heartless world. Oh, sir, whisky did it."

The preacher was at the little hut when up drove the undertaker's wagon and they carried out the pine coffin. They led the little boy up to the coffin, he leaned over and kissed his father and sobbed, and said to his sisters: "Come on, sisters, kiss papa's cheeks before they grow cold." And the little hungry, ragged, whisky-orphans hurried to the coffin, shrieking in agony. Police whose hearts were adamant buried their faces in their hands and rushed from the house, and the preacher fell on his knees and lifted his clenched fist and tear-stained face and took an oath before God and before the whisky orphans that he would fight the cursed business until the undertaker carried him out in a coffin.

Chance to Fight.

You men have a chance to show your manhood. Then in the name of your pure mother, in the name of your manhood, in the name of your wife and the pure, innocent children that climb up in your lap and put their arms around your neck, in the name of all that is good and noble, fight the curse. Shall you men who hold in your hands the ballot, and in that ballot hold the destiny of womanhood and children and manhood, shall you, the sovereign power, refuse to rally in the name of the defenseless men and women and native land? No.

I want every man to say: "God, you can count on me to protect my wife, my home, my mother, and my children and the manhood of America."

By the mercy of God, which has given to you the unshaken and unshakable confidence of her you love, I beseech you make a fight for the women who wait until the saloons spew out their husbands and their sons, and send them home maudlin, brutish, devilish, stinking, blear-eyed, bloated-faced drunkards.

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ALL MUST DIE, WARNS SUNDAY AND AFTER DEATH, JUDGMENT

The Rev. William A. Sunday at last night's meeting of the tabernacle spoke on the subject, "After Death the Judgment." He said:

I have chosen a text of which every man here tonight will believe at least a part. Some may say that this can't be. Some may say, "I can't believe in Jesus Christ." I can't believe in the Bible. I can't believe in eternal life. Yet, there is not one among you who will not agree with at least the first part of my text.

It is appointed to all men once to die. You believe that don't you? Yes, all agree that it is appointed to all men once to die. You'll all accept that.

But my next text adds, "And after death the judgment."

If you admit the first proposition of the text how can you have the temerity to reject the last part? By every rule of reason or logic which you admit one part you must admit all.

Some men have been startled when the judgment has been mentioned. I know there are thousands of men in Colorado Springs, hundreds of them here this evening, who if they die tonight would be lost. Not because they don't know but because they put off accepting Christ. If I could only make you realize what a risk you're taking, but a change there be. No man would put it off if he'd only realize. Some of you men here have been put to thinking in these past weeks. You have heard many sermons, but you are still outside the pale of God's mercy. If I should say to you that a quarter after 2 o'clock tomorrow you would be in your coffin, you wouldn't sleep tonight. You'd be getting ready to meet the God you have forgotten, spurned and repudiated. You would send for the preacher and you would try to prepare yourself to face God in judgment. If I could tell you that this is the last week of your life, and that on next Sunday you would be a corpse, you would not think about business, you wouldn't worry whether bonds or stocks went up or down, you wouldn't care about politics, but you'd think about your soul and you'd get ready to meet the God you have damned and defied. You can't prove that this isn't your last day on earth.

Danger Signal Lighted.

Up in Canada there is a railroad which hangs red lights on one side of the track when all is safe, and on the other side when there is danger. For some of you the light is still on the side of danger. I hope I can say something that will show you the peril in which you stand.

What a change there would be in your life if you only accepted all of this text! We have the words of Jesus that all those who believe in him shall come into everlasting life with him and that for them there shall be no judgment. We have this assurance of Paul that there is no judgment for those who are followers of Christ.

Whether you're a Christian or not a Christian, you'll all be there. But I'm not worried about this judgment for myself. The Christian has no need to fear. The Christian will not be there to be judged, but to receive the reward for his righteousness. The sinner will be judged.

Never in my life has my heart gone out to men as it has gone out to them in Colorado Springs. Never more than this evening have I prayed for them. I have prayed that thousands of people shall come down these aisles and give me the honor of taking them by the hand in the name of Jesus Christ. I am not concerned for myself, but for you. I have worked here as if my own salvation depended upon it. I couldn't have worked harder if it had. I am tired, so tired. I sometimes feel that I'll fall into bed and not get up.

I have special reason for choosing this text this evening. It means a personal question. It means salvation for you. You must settle it for yourself. You must wait for yourself and you must settle the question for yourself. Jesus Christ is knocking at the door of your heart. He is knocking at the door of many hearts here tonight. He is knocking at the door of God. He is knocking at the door of your heart. Even God knocks and will save a soul against the individual's will.

Respects Honest Doubter.

I suppose that some of you men have lost the faith of your mothers. You have well enough to die for, you say. I have—they gave me to God. Mrs. Sunday and my mother died. But, no matter how dear they were to you, they have not the power to help you in the judgment. You must stand alone. You may have been a church member, you may have been in the choir, you may have been a member of the church, but the judgment will not be a family affair for you. You must stand alone.

When a man advises you to refuse to be a Christian, look the miserable cur in the face and say: "If I do, will you stand in my place in judgment?"

You may have read the story. Down in New York was a woman who said to her daughter one day: "Let's go down to the police court and see the judge send you up to the island for a few weeks. Maybe you'll straighten up then and I can have some respect for you again." Down they went to the police court and appeared before the judge. He asked who would make the charge, and the mother sprang forward with the words on her lips. Then she stopped short, turned to her son and throwing her arms about his neck cried out: "I can't! I can't! He is my son. I love him and I can't." Then she fell at his feet dead. As dearly as she had loved her drunken, bloated, loathe some son, she couldn't stand in the judgment.

Most men out of Jesus Christ are not honest. I don't mean that they lie and cheat and steal, but I do mean they are not honest about spiritual things. They persuade themselves for the belief to which they adhere when way down in their hearts they know they are not doing right. If I were ill physically I'd see the best doctor I could find. If I had no desire to be a Christian, if I had no inclination to be right with the Almighty, I'd get right down on my knees and ask God to help me. There's no man I'd work harder to save than an honest skeptic, but I have no respect for the man who won't believe in Christianity, stocks his heart against it, then rules others for disbelieving just because he doesn't.

I pray God that the words of my text will ring in your ears long after you've forgotten my face and long after the tabernacle has been torn down, when I have gone to other states to preach the word of God. I pray that you'll hear them above the clash of hammers in your shops, above the din of exploding powder in the mines. I pray that when you walk the streets the echo of your steps will cry: "The judgment, the judgment, the judgment!"

Religion isn't a matter of feeling or of emotion, it isn't doing just what you want to do. Suppose a general worked for a time were given some orders to perform, then said: "I don't want to do it." You'd get your walking papers pretty enough.

You say there are hypocrites in the church. There are hypocrites in the lodge, there are hypocrites everywhere. But because some men are hypocrites is no reason why you should not do right. There'll be no hypocrites in heaven. And if you want to get to heaven you'd better come into the church with a few of them now. On the day of judgment God's will say to the hypocrite: "Get over on the left there."

Then I will say to those on the right: "Come, you blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Then I will say to those on the left: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into the lake of fire prepared for the devil and his angels

NOTHING MAKES SUCH JOY IN HEAVEN AS THE SALVATION OF A SOUL, SAYS SUNDAY

Story of Gethesmane and Power of Prayer Theme of Morning Sermon Yesterday

(Continued From Page Five.)

God's got [illegible] the Jews. So Jesus, he that [illegible] manifest in the flesh.

Did you ever see the side of the people? Did you ever seen over the end of the multitude? If you never did, then there's something wrong with your religion. If God Almighty had [illegible] concern about the salvation of Colorado Springs than some of you, [illegible] Colorado Springs would have been in hell long ago. [illegible] were no more anxious about Colorado Springs than some of the preachers I could name, this city would have been damned long ago. I've been here long enough to see that.

Salvation! All people through Jesus. You've got to see Jesus in order to see God, and you've got to see God in order to enter heaven. The hope of the world is in Jesus Christ, not in free trade, it's not in the banking system, it's not in tariff reform or conservation of natural resources or the ship problem or currency. We don't need more colleges or universities. We need a great total surrender of religion.

One time I found a little boy in the street. After that boy had been restored to his mother, I told that the mother had been frantic for his return. She could not do enough to show her appreciation. It opened my eyes and I said: "God, I know how you feel about all this unsaved world, for I know how that mother felt over that little lost boy."

Prayed Most Earnestly.

Another lesson we find is that much concern moves the unsaved for God.

Much concern is aroused by prayer. Dr. Chapman told me that when he was a young minister and was pastor of a little Dutch Presbyterian church in New York state he started what he called a revival. He told me that he had often apologized to God since then, for calling it that. He would preach, and then he would say: "If any one would like to join the church, let them step in and meet the session." If that isn't as cold-blooded a proposition as you can find, I'll give it up. Nobody stepped in to meet the session. They didn't believe in excitement in the church. No, sir. If anybody wanted to join he could step in and meet the session.

Dr. Chapman became concerned for one young man. He felt that he ought to speak for him, but he feared that he might show more zeal than knowledge. He felt the man might be offended if he went to him in that way. He had the wrong idea. If any one is offended because we are to do right, let them go! If anyone is offended because you ask them to be a Christian, let them go to hell. You've done your duty. He thought it over and made up his mind to speak that very night. The young man did not come that night, so on the next day Dr. Chapman drove out in a cutter to see him. He met the man and said, "I want you to be a Christian."

The man was angry. He said: "You blankety-blankety little preacher, I don't want you to come to me about that." Dr. Chapman turned and left him and drove away. He caught cold while driving out there and it stayed with him that winter, and soon after he left the place and took up evangelistic work.

One night, 10 years after, he was holding a meeting at Saratoga, when he saw a man coming down the aisle. "Don't you know me?" the man asked. Dr. Chapman didn't know him.

"Why," the man said, "I'm Benedict from Schuylerville. Do the man who cursed you when you drove out to my home and asked me to be a Christian. I want to be a Christian now."

"What has changed you?" Dr. Chapman asked.

"I'll tell you," said the man. "I never heard a sermon that touched me, nor a song. It was your tears, the tears that were in your eyes as I cursed you and you turned away. I've never been able to forget them. I've never had a day's peace since that moment.

Oh, if you knew of the power of tears for the sinner, if you only felt enough concern to weep over those who are in danger of being lost. The sight of such tears would win worth souls for Christ.

One morning when I was out in Iowa a woman came to my door and knocked and said that a man wanted to see me. I found that he was a church member—a ruling elder. He told me that he had not been living right.

"How can I get right?" he asked.

I told him that his confession must be as public as his sin had been great. I told him that he would have to stand up and tell the people that he hadn't been living right and promise that with God's help he would do better.

He said, "Oh, I can't do that."

"All right," I said, "but if you aren't willing to do what you must do to get right, what did you come to me for?"

He finally said he would do it, and he did. Then he asked me to pray for him and I did. Then he asked to pray for his son Ernest, and I prayed for him at intervals that day. The boy was at Shenandoah, that was out in western Iowa—going to school. He didn't go with his class that day. Late that night there was a knock at the door and when the door opened Ernest was there. He had walked 10 or 12 miles to get home and he was almost frozen.

"What's wrong," the father asked.

"Oh, father, I'm an awfully sinner," said the boy.

When God Shot Arrows.

"They called his mother and they got him warm. Today I was preaching the gospel to the Indians.

God shot the arrows of conviction over 10 miles that day in answer to our prayers.

If the church people are right, the whole world is all right. The world is challenging the church instead of the church challenging the world. If it was as easy to get the church on its knees as it is to get the unsaved world into the kingdom, we wouldn't have any more trouble about religion. And God can't save you unless you're willing. He won't force you to it.

I often think of what Bob Ingersoll might have been if he had only been turned into Christianity. What a power for God that man could have been!

I often think what a power Voltaire could have been for God—that brilliant man over whose writings many have tumbled to hell.

Carey translated the Bible into 24 languages and dialects.

Finney brought over 1,000,000 into the kingdom of God.

Moody brought hundreds of thousands to Christ.

I have seen a minister who preached [illegible] and creeds. And evolution and all such things and who had any real concern for the souls of his people. Jesus Christ is in a hurry to save this world and there never was an age when people were so hungry for the truth as they are today.

The people don't care anything about a railroad in Alaska. What do the angels care about political principles? What do they care about a 40-story skyscraper or reclaiming the deserts of the west? What do they care about pictures, art or science? The only thing they're interested in is the salvation of men. If you want to make the bells of heaven ring, get down on your knees. Tell a sinner about Jesus Christ if you want to hear the heavenly bells. Nothing will swing open the prison doors and bring men out of sin like prayer.

I never see a man or woman or boy or girl, but I do not think that God has a plan for them, and wonder what it is. He has a plan for each of us. He will use each of us to his glory, if we will only let him. We can defeat his plan if we want to.

Finally, we find that God honors this spirit in deep concern for the unsaved. This concern comes from a clear realization of man's relation. I never knew a higher critical preacher to save them from hell. Such preaching is not of God and he will not bless it. It is of the devil. If you haven't got in your heart an agonized concern for the unsaved—even if you are a deacon or an elder—yes, even if you are a preacher—go right down there in front and fall in the sawdust and ask God to forgive you.

Nothing makes such joy in heaven as the salvation of a soul. Kneel by that old drunkard there, kneel by that fallen woman, kneel by that thief, and you will set the bells of heaven a-ringing. The angels don't care a rap about your wealth, they don't care about your social position, they don't care about your culture. It's the salvation of sinners the angels care about.

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ALL MUST DIE, SUNDAY WARNS; THEN JUDGMENT

(Continued From Page Five.)

that peasant with my wife and children by my side and the open Bible on my knees, at peace with the world and at peace with God, I would rather have been that poor peasant and gone down at least in the promiscuity of the dust, with the certainty that my name was written in the Lamb's book of life than to have been that brilliant infidel whose tricks of oratory charmed thousands and sent souls to hell.

One day a man stood on the theater stage in Chicago and he painted beautiful word pictures of his home, his brother and the things a man loves. Then he took the brush, filled it with ink and blotted it all out. And he writes like a poison worm into the hearts of many people with his disbelief. He floated across the earth like a meteor with no orbit. He shone for a brief period, then was gone. His belief had no foundation like the rock to which I cling.

The man in charge of a drawbridge once was influenced to open the bridge to let by a tug boat when he knew he should keep it stationary for a fast train that was expected soon. When he tried to close it the machinery went wrong, the bridge stuck and the train went into the river with all its passengers. The man lost his reason and in the asylum cell to which they assigned him he paced back and forth until he wore a groove in the floor. Only one thought would he utter and that he repeated over and over. "If I only had," he moaned, again and again. There are men in hell today who are crying, "If I only had." There are men in Colorado Springs who will cry, "If I only had."

I plead in the name of God, with every ounce of my strength, that you will not have to say, "If I only had." If I only had, Your conscience is the ability of your mind to distinguish between right and wrong. Every man knows what is right and what is wrong. No man ever goes blindly through this world. You know what you ought to do. You are responsible for what you do. Be a man and do what you ought to do. Remember that your mind is immortal.

Every county has an office, where records of land ownership and transfers are kept. If you want to know who owns a piece of land you go to the office and see, and what the records say. They are absolute. What was set down there long years ago is still there. Nothing is forgotten. So it is with memory.

Marvelous Memories.

Some men have long memories. Some have short memories. Lord Bacon said that men never forget anything—that at some time or another they will remember every impression they have ever had—that such an impression can be reproduced.

King Cyrus could remember the names of 25,000 men in his army, and it gave him a wonderful power over them.

Horace Greeley could read several columns of the New York Tribune and repeat that he had read word for word.

Dr. J. M. Buckley of the Christian Advocate of New York could read a page, column and repeat the words just as he had read them.

I saw a Japanese student at Armour Institute in Chicago who could quote the first five books of the Bible, the Psalms and all of the New Testament.

Moody met a man in Scotland who could repeat the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelations. If the Bible were to be destroyed today it could be rewritten from the memories of men.

You can't down your memory. I bet some of you men would go down to the butcher shop, place your arm on the block and let the butcher cut it off if it would only wipe out the past. Some men plunge into pleasure to try to drown the past. Some men become dope fiends, but it's useless. They can't kill memory.

You must meet your memory in judgment—every fact of your life. God is writing a book of every life. He puts everything in and he leaves nothing out. If you were making a tree of the ancestors and one of them had been hanged for horse stealing, you might put that branch around at the back, where nobody would see it. But God puts everything to the front, where it will be seen in judgment.

Do you lie? Do you steal? Do you commit adultery? Are you keeping somebody on the side? Some day God will rip the bark off of you and show that you are full of worm holes.

You'll remember everything. You'll meet your sins unless you have buried them all in the faith of Jesus Christ. You'll remember my face. You'll remember the words in which I ask you to come to Jesus Christ. You'll remember the interior of this tabernacle tonight when you were given a chance to turn from your sins.

Sometimes people say to me: "What will be the outcome of the labor question?" I don't know. Sometimes they ask me how the problems of capital are to be solved. I don't know. But I do know that there will be a judgment and that it won't be a class judgment. Capital and labor, rich and poor, toiler and idler, all will stand alike in judgment.

Let the blasphemers come then. Come on, scoffers. Come on, old infidels. Stand up, skeptic and agnostic. It's your final stand of unbelief. Will you sneer and make fun of God? Get up and tell the universe what a fool you are. Come on, worshipers of mammon and idolators of gain. You have made a bank vault of your heart. Can that save you now?

Three Ways to Escape.

If you sin, there are just three ways in which you can escape.

First, because the law doesn't make you out a criminal. You may be arrested, but it may be found that there is no law to cover the offense you have committed.

Second, you are given a trial and the jury says that you are not guilty. Then you are justified by evidence.

But suppose that you're tried and the jury says that you are guilty. You are called before the court and sentenced. How can you escape now? Only if you are pardoned. Who can do this? Only one man in the state can save you—the governor.

You are condemned to hell. How can you be saved? Only by pardon. Who can pardon you? God—only God. But he won't do it unless you accept his son, Jesus Christ.

One day a court-martial was held by General Battle at Round Oaks church, and Edward Cooper stood charged with desertion. The witnesses testified against him, then the general asked him if he had anything to say. He said: "General, I got a letter from my wife and she said that our little girl was very sick, and asked me to come home. I asked for a furlough and it was refused. I asked again and it was refused. I asked a third time and it was refused.

"I was assigned to picket duty and as I walked to and fro, I could see the faces of Mary and Lizzie, and I couldn't stand it. I threw down my gun and went. I would have gone if every gun in the Confederacy had been pointed at my heart. When I got home my wife was at the gate to meet me and she ran in and brought out our child. She asked, 'How long is your furlough for?' She must have seen in my face, even as she asked, what the truth was. I said: 'I have no furlough. I asked for one and they wouldn't give it to me. I am a deserter.' She said: 'Go back at once.' The name of Cooper has never been dishonored, and you go back even if you be shot. I wasn't caught, General Battle. I came back and give myself up."

Deserter Let Go.

The men on that court-martial were men trained to do their duty. Cooper was found guilty and sentenced to be shot. The papers in the case went to Gen. Robert E. Lee for his action. He took them, looked them over, and wrote those words on the back: "The finding of the court-martial is approved, but the prisoner is ordered to be released and directed to return to his command at once."

You have been condemned and God has approved the finding that condemned you, but he'll free you if you only let him. Twenty-seven years ago he said to me: "Bill, you're free to go to heaven."

We've had our trial—"eternal damnation." Thank God he's willing to review the testimony. He's willing to go over it all and give us another chance. All we need is absolute faith in his bounty.

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BABIES AT TABERNACLE CRY--RODY TELLS STORY

Several mothers took their babies to the tabernacle last night. By a strange coincidence they all began to cry at the same time, whereupon Chorister Rodeheaver, who was conducting the song service, said:

"Mothers, we have provided a nursery at the First M. E. church, where you may leave your babies free of charge during every service. Competent women have been placed in charge and the babies will be better cared for than if they were with you here.

"We have had great success with the nursery in other cities, never having lost or mislaid any baby. We check them at the nursery, give you a duplicate check, and no one can take them away without presenting that check.

"At a meeting back east a mother lost her check. After the service she went to the nursery, explained the loss and asked if she might have her little one. The nurses refused. She pleaded with them. They told her she couldn't take any baby without presenting a check. However, they also told her she might wait until all the mothers had called, then take the baby left. She consented.

"She sat down and for half an hour or more mothers came in to get their babies. She wasn't angry or nervous, she waited patiently. Finally all the babies but one had been called for—that one was colored. So she took it home with her. It was her baby."

One From Missouri Who's Been Shown

This conversation was overheard on a Tejon car about 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Passenger—Where's all the crowd going?

Conductor—Up to the Billy Sunday meeting.

Passenger—Is that blankety blanked bunk here?

Conductor—Why, yes. What's the matter with him?

Passenger—Oh, nothing. Only the blankety blank held a meeting in my home town, Joplin, Mo., some time ago and put all the saloons out of business. The blankety blanked blank

WILDFLOWER
EXCURSION
Go at 9 a. m. Home 5 p. m.
$1.00—Every Day—$1.00

7,000 PLEDGE VOTES TO MAKE STATE DRY

(Continued From Page One.)

half was largely a recital of statistics, embellished with characteristic sayings and short stories that kept the audience on edge. The latter part was his denunciation of the saloon and liquor traffic. The crowd sat as if charmed throughout this part of the sermon. Faces were upturned; in many cases mouths were wide open; eyes fastened on the speaker; every nerve strained; attention centered on the words of the speaker. Had any doubted the evangelist's power over people, that doubt must have been dispelled by a glance at yesterday afternoon's crowd.

The service was open to both men and women, Sunday saying since the women of Colorado have a chance to "crack the dirty saloon they ought to be permitted to hear a sermon on booze." Scores of those who attended the morning service carried lunches with them and ate at the tabernacle. By 1 o'clock the big building was half filled and every street car was loaded to the running boards with the crowds. Before 2 o'clock, the time set for the service to begin, the building was completely filled and men were fighting to secure seats on a fence which extends the length of the tabernacle to the north. Before Sunday began to preach more than 1,000 people were standing at the windows and doors around the building.

Hundreds Stand in Rain.

Just as the sermon began, it started to rain. Though the rain continued to fall lightly for 15 minutes or more, the crowd outside never moved. During the sermon Sunday was not disturbed so much as once by anyone moving in the tabernacle; no one left. Chorister Rodeheaver, accompanied by a double male quartet, worked up the crowd with "Brewster's Big Horses" and another booze song. The choirmaster requested the audience to furnish the whistle and steam for the temperance engine, referred to in the song, and for several minutes the building echoed with laughter, and poor imitations of the whistling of a locomotive.

In response to the applause of the audience, "Rody" said: "We appreciate that applause, but we'll appreciate it far more when we get the returns from next fall's election."

"I am the sworn, eternal, uncompromising enemy of the liquor traffic," was Sunday's opening sentence. He was forced to pause after it for the applause to die down. In the meantime he removed his coat, tie and collar. "Get comfortable," he advised.

He spoke for a moment on the fight being made on the liquor traffic today, then said:

"Whisky is all right in its place." And while the audience gasped, added: "But its place is in hell."

He quoted statistics on lunatics, paupers and crime in Kansas, a dry state, then on whisky-soaked Missouri. Several people in front muttered something. "Yes, old whisky-soaked Missouri," with emphasis on every word. "I know a lot of you people are from Missouri. I'm glad of it. OLD WHISKY-SOAKED MISSOURI."

Not a Political Issue.

The evangelist declared that temperance is not a political issue and pointed out that all parties are considering it. "But old rock-ribbed, Democratic Dixie has got old rock-ribbed Republican north skinned to a frazzle on temperance," he added, amid the cheers of the audience.

"Every worldwide interest that's decent—only the underworld is excluded—is against the saloon," he shouted, then quoted the opinions of a score or more famous men on the saloon question. Among them was Ingersoll, his name bringing a loud laugh from the audience, Sunday having so often denounced him in bitter terms.

Frequently the evangelist would lean over his platform, shake his finger at his audience and say: "I'll tell you something, you old whisky soak, if you're here."

Sunday couldn't refrain from taking a rap at the license drug store.

"God has just as much respect for a saloon as a whisky drug store," he said. "I wouldn't buy anything in the drug line from a store that sells booze. If I couldn't find one here that doesn't I'd go to Colorado City or Manitou, or wait until I got to Denver." The applause was terrific. "Or send to Sears-Roebuck," the evangelist added with a laugh.

"You say if the saloons are driven out business will be killed," he said sarcastically. "Why, you black-hearted liar." He paused several seconds then said, with a hearty ha-ha. "If it does, 'Blessed are the dead that die for the Lord.'"

Personal liberty was taken up and roundly scored. "You say, 'You interfere with our personal liberty,' the 'personal liberty' voiced in deep tones and with much pomp and self-importance. 'Yes, Adam and Eve exercised personal liberty, too,' he said. 'Personal liberty shot Lincoln—and civil liberty shot John Wilkes Booth. I stand for civil liberty, but to hell with personal liberty.'"

The liquor interests advance the arguments that the farmers won't go to town to trade if the saloons are kicked out, the evangelist stated. "Why, the poor simps, the booze gang is more afraid of the burr-whiskered farmer than any other class. They know if the farmers are ever given a shot at them, they go in a minute."

Speaking of the liquor interests, he said in an aside, "That's the gang that thinks I'm vulgar. Oh, Lord!"

Says Its Adulterated.

Sunday declared that less than 5 per cent of all the beer brewed in the United States is unadulterated. He again stated that the "dirtiest thing the Taft administration ever did was to kick Dr. Wiley out." He also told how whisky is adulterated, with the permission of the government. "If the brewers of America made beer in Germany they would all be in jail in less than 30 minutes," was the way he described the quality of the product.

The evangelist's answer to regulation by high license was, "You might as well try to regulate a powder mill in hell."

"There isn't any man in America the dirty liquor gang hates so much as your humble fellow—ha! ha! ha!" the evangelist laughed. "God pity 'em. Oh, the dirty bunch," the latter expressions being almost in undertones.

Early in his sermon Sunday had grabbed a big American flag from the pulpit and during the remainder of his talk carried it over his shoulder. He quoted statistics from an internal revenue report. "Oh, I've got a friend who gives me all the dope I want," he smiled as he told the source of his information. The sermon was thickly interspersed with such sayings, all of which brought prolonged laughs from the crowd.

Then the evangelist began to tell a story. It required almost half an hour, so often did he get away from it to hurl forth his denunciations. It would be impossible to describe his acting of the story.

"Suppose I'm a drunkard with a wife and six kids," he said, adding: "Thank God, it's all a lie. Got four kids, though." And he led the laugh. "I get a dollar, go down to a saloon and buy a quart of whisky, then go home. 'What ha got, pa?' the kids say when I come in. 'Quart,' I answer.

"Now, suppose I reform and line up all the drunkards behind me." He lined them up, standing on one side of the platform and motioning the men into line behind him. He was enjoying himself immensely. Then he started to march: "Hep—hep—hep—hep—hep!" he shouted, stamping around the platform. "Then we stop at a butcher shop. 'Hello, John, that's my drunkard's name—what do you want?' the butcher says. 'Neck, liver, tail?' 'Nope,' I answer, 'porterhouse.'"

Imitates Drunken Man.

Sunday carried on a five-minute conversation, much of which was lost amid the cheers of the audience. The people simply held their sides and cut loose. And they continued while he marched his men around to a grocery store, dry goods store and other shops to buy things for the wives and kiddies. Then he gave a screaming imitation of a drunkard.

"Hello, drunk, where you goin'?" I say.

"To hell," he answers.

"Don't have to," I return.

"Yep, too far gone," and he's off.

Then here comes a swell in a Prince Albert and white vest. And Sunday played the swell strutting to church with a Bible under his arm.

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"To heaven," he proudly responds.

"Do you vote for the saloon?" I query.

"Yes," he responds, "but I'm going to heaven."

"You're going to hell."

Another characteristic saying: "Yes, and hell's going to be so full of church members who vote for the saloon that their feet'll stick out of the windows."

Sunday denounced everyone who has anything to do with the liquor traffic, saying they all are going to hell. "Yes, even the newspaper man who helps them by taking their advertising," he concluded.

He got a crowd of boys on the platform and pointing to them, shouted: "Every drunkard was once as pure as these American boys. I stand between these boys and the saloons, and if the dirty booze gang sets them it will be over my body." The crowd applauded for fully a minute.

Sunday spoke of the interests opposing him.

"That's the reason you were opposed to me before I came here," he said. "Their press agent has my itinerary as well as I have, and he told you a lot of dirty, stinking lies about me. They do everything to try to get me. I'll let they went around to the newspapers here and tried to buy them. They have every place else. When a paper won't publish the news of my campaigns I know they have sold out to the booze gang."

Relief Corps Gives Flag to Evangelist

Chorister Rodeheaver, who has charge of all tabernacle services, apologized from the platform at all three services yesterday to the members of the Women's Relief corps for his negligence in forgetting to call upon their delegation at the services Saturday night. The relief corps had a big American flag—the one used by Sunday yesterday—to present to the evangelist. The presentation was to have been made the night the G. A. R. and affiliated organizations attended in a body, but the flag was not received. Saturday the women attended in a body to make the public presentation and "Rody" forgot to call upon them. The ladies gave the flag to Sunday after the service.

Hears Booze Sermon; Is on Water Wagon

"I was drunk this morning. Had a hangover from last night and tried to get rid of the feeling by drinking more booze. For some reason or other, I don't know why, I came up to the tabernacle this afternoon. You know, I've never heard this booze proposition talked about just like that fellow talked. It kinda soured me up. And I think I'll lay off the booze after this. I can see now why they all say, 'What's the use?'"

It was a man, evidently a laboring man, who walked up to one of the ministers at the tabernacle yesterday afternoon after the service. That was the way he told his story.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

CRIPPLE CREEK SERVICE

The F. & C. C. R. R. is running the regular 10.35 a. m. train to Cripple Creek every day over the famous "Short Line," arriving at Colorado Springs on return at 5:45 p. m. The earlier train that was to go in service today leaving Colorado Springs at 8:35 a. m. will not be run for the present. Adv.

IF YOU WANT THE NEWS THE DAY IT HAPPENS SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE

I HAVE NO DESIRE TO BE AN ANGEL, SAYS REV. ROBIENT IN SERMON ON 'AMUSEMENTS

Pastor of All Souls Asserts That Theater Has Done Much for Uplift of People

All Souls church was packed to the doors yesterday morning, following the announcement that the Rev. Thomas Salter Robient would preach on "Amusements—the better and brighter side of the subject covered by a recent denunciation of the theater and the dance."

"Someone asked me during the week," said Mr. Robient in announcing his theme, "what was the chief characteristic of our liberal religion. And I replied without hesitation: 'It is the emphasis which we place upon life. There are no deathbed horrors in our theology.'"

Mr. Robient upheld clean amusement and entertainment and declared that he has never been able to find congenial fellowship with half-angelic men and women. "Angels," he said, "are all very well in pictures, but I have no desire to be one, either on this side or the other side of death. I prefer to be just a man living just a human life." Speaking of the theater, Mr. Robient asserted that it has done as much for modern civilization in attacking evil, in eradicating public wrongs, as the church. The sermon, in part, follows:

The chief characteristic of our liberal religion is the emphasis we place upon life. There are no deathbed horrors in our theology. While dinning as the majority of us do, to the bed of death, we place the emphasis on the life that now is—trying to fill that life with all the sweetness, sympathy, justice and joy

Earth Not a Wilderness.

that we can possibly put into it.

We do not believe that God has set us in this beautiful old world—a paradise as it is in these summer days—and then demanded that we should pass through it as through a wilderness, our eyes fixed upon something that perchance comes after. When we have done all he asks, then he has endowed us with these musings, harps as they are, of a thousand strings and then called upon us to put them into harmony that he has given us these bodies, fearfully and wonderfully made, and then told us to treat them as hallowed temples, that he has entrusted us with joy and gladness and then commanded that we put all happiness aside as if an incumbrance.

There are some people who want to make us angels before our time. I have to confess that I have never been able to find congenial fellowship with these half-angelic men and women. The people that seem to touch my life, and whose life I am able to touch are just human beings. Wordsworth says of his wife that when he first met her she was a phantom of delight, but as the years rolled on he was glad to think she was not merely an angel but a creature none too good for human nature's daily food.

I confess that my heart responds to the sentiment of one of our authors, when he says, that he likes to be just a human being—to wake up in the morning to the smell of a good breakfast, to hear the quick step of the milkman, the bark of a dog, the early song of the birds, to take a cold plunge and go down to the morning meal and open the newspaper and see how this old world has gotten along through a night and day; to take a quick walk or ride down town, to plunge into business to fight the battle of life for wife and child; to come back at night and be happy in the fellowship of the family circle; to make a social call, to go to the theater, or any other innocent amusement.

Doesn't Want to Be an Angel.

Angels are all very well in pictures, but I have no desire to be one either on this side or the other side of death. Angels as far as we know—never had any mothers to sing to them or fathers to romp with and play games. Angels never went gathering nuts in the autumn, never kept Thanksgiving or Christmas, never dreamed of Santa Claus. Angels never blushed at little maids they passed on the road or sighed gave advice to them. Angels never fell in love for good and all, never made homes or had children climb to their knees. Angels never smiled or wept and so, for one, I prefer to be just a man, living just a human life. That is the teaching of liberal religion. We believe in life, and in spite of what evangelists may say, based upon unconscious falsehood, we do not fear death.

I like that story told of one of our good New England Unitarian women, whose life was as sweet as a flower, who when she was dying, was awakened up by her nurse, and she said: "Why did you wake me, for I was dying so sweetly? But give me the drink and I will try again." And they gave her the draught to allay her pain and she closed her eyes and slept with God.

This is the teaching of liberal religion and I believe of Jesus of Nazareth. That man of sweetly human life, who sang at his play and rested when the day's work was done and sometimes in the evening hour sat on the hillside overlooking the blue Mediterranean, and felt that the sea and his own life were swaying with the heart of God; that man who went to the wedding feast at Cana of Galilee, who even pointed a lesson from the sight of people innocently dancing in the market place. If he felt the thing was so evil, why have we no record of his renunciation, in the same vulgar fashion as a certain evangelist denounces it, publicly to thousands in Colorado Springs?

The morbid idea of religion, which is abroad at this moment, is responsible for keeping hundreds of good men and true outside of the church. I sometimes think whether it is not possible to be too religious. The man who has no religion is a dwarf; the man who has too much is a freak.

Defense of Theater.

I have been asked to say a word in regard to the tirade recently made against amusements. Let us begin with the theater. Our Puritan forefathers took much the same view as Mr. Sunday. They denounced the theater, the dance, but they also denounced—in precisely the same way—Baptists, Quakers, the May pole, music and laughter.

The theater, as an institution, is as deeply rooted in human life as the church or the school houses. It may need reforming, but my experience teaches me that those who thank God that they are not as others are, would be a little better if they were more like them. I venture to assert that the theater has done as much for our modern civilization in attacking evil, in eradicating public wrongs, as the church has done.

I happened to be in New York at the time when "The Servant in the House" was first produced, and when Forbes Robertson gave his play the "Passing of the Third Floor Back" was there when the "Lion and the Mouse" was presented with its tremendous attack on the Wall street magnate, and the merciless man of wealth, who combined Sunday religion and week day tyranny, and I venture to say that these plays, including "Within the Law," with many others, and others have done more for the uplifting of true citizenship in our land than all the preachers and revivalists during the last 10 years.

When we talk of the theater needing reform let me remind you that this institution simply expresses man at a given moment in his life. If the theater offer panders to brutish instincts and expresses them, so do the church at the time of the inquisition and later. So does the church in Russia. And, if we find sad that the form of the theater should be raised higher, that it drives people because it panders to the lower elements in them, what shall we say of religion today, that deliberately descends to sensationalism and sing in order to draw the crowds.

Dancing and Cards.

Take up another question, the dance. There is no question that the dance has its root in human instinct. Watch an old dancing school when a dance tune is being played by an orchestra and you will see that his feet are keeping time with the music. We know that good Christian people have thought, meaning in their minds, that the dance may of the world, yet in the same time thinking the instilling into the minds of young people, by instinct, and other ideas of the thoughts—who I dare say are apt to be from the most decent folks—is little short of crime.

I have learned in family and church work, I have found in no matter what sphere I have labored, the highest ideal in the minds of young people, I have found, is the ideal of a man. The greatest man in the world is a man, and I am as much as one of them.

For some reason he is apt to be cast to cards. My experience has been that a game of cards, Mr. Sunday, brings us face to face with the realities of life. It brings the mothers and fathers together to play games. These games have given us much foundation for the development of character. They have taught us how to lose and how to win. They have taught us how to be generous and how to be fair. They have taught us how to be honest. They have taught us how to be patient. They have taught us how to be kind. They have taught us how to be courteous. They have taught us how to be thoughtful. They have taught us how to be unselfish. They have taught us how to be brave. They have taught us how to be true. They have taught us how to be pure. They have taught us how to be good. They have taught us how to be God-like. They have taught us how to be Christ-like. They have taught us how to be Christians. They have taught us how to be men and women. They have taught us how to be boys and girls. They have taught us how to be children. They have taught us how to be babies. They have taught us how to be everything that is good and pure and true and beautiful and noble and lovely and lovable and worthy of love and of being loved. They have taught us how to be everything that God wants us to be and that we should be. They have taught us how to be everything that we can be and that we should be. They have taught us how to be everything that we can be and that we should be and that God wants us to be. They have taught us how to be everything that we can be and that we should be and that God wants us to be and that we should be and that we can be and that we should be and that God wants us to be and that we should be and that we can be and that we should be and that God wants us to be and that we should be and

ALWAYS RELIABLE AND UP TO THE MINUTE

THE DAY'S HAPPENINGS IN SPORT CIRCLES

NEWS FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD

Edited for THE GAZETTE by T. W. Ross

ZOOZ TAKE CLOSE GAME FROM K. C.; SCORE 8 TO 7

HARD FOUGHT TO FINISH WITH RALLIES; FUSICK LOCAL CAPTAIN

By GORDON DAVIS

A game filled with thrilling incidents, a varying score and snappy hitting and fielding, was yesterday's offering at the Zoo, when the locals squeezed out a victory over the Knights of Columbus by the score of 8 to 7. The contest was the closest of the season and a local rally in the eighth netting three runs, and a Knight rally in the ninth, bringing two, kept the fans on edge until the last man was put out.

The Knights were playing in hard luck. In the sixth Cain, their mound-man, who had held the locals to four hits up until this frame, was at bat. He made a wild swing at one of Lomax' curves and missed it, and in the operation dislocated his knee. He was forced to retire from the game and was succeeded by Birch, who did not find the going so good.

The Zooz took a good lead in the first inning by hitting around and getting only one hit, a feature seldom seen on any diamond, not even the Zooz. Four runs were scored by this process. Another run was hung up in the second and from this time until the eighth the locals were only able to get blanks.

Lomax pitched a good game and received support which at times was sensational. He was wild for several innings, walking seven men, but he was able to tighten the screws in the pinches and to cut down on the runs.

Desperate Attempt to Win.

The Knights made a desperate attempt to win the game in the ninth when they pulled a strong batting rally, scoring two runs, one short of winning. Two men were on the cushions and two were out, when Birch popped a high fly to Fusick and ended the contest.

Manager Colburn yesterday announced that Fusick will captain the team during the season. The big Wisconsin pitcher is not only good on the mound but knows the game and can handle the men and get along with the umpires. Speaking of umpires, Sam [illegible] was not holding an indicator, and the work was done by Flood of Denver, whose work was not the best ever seen at the park.

The Zooz put up a high-class fielding exhibition. Garden accepting eight chances, some of them difficult ones, without an error. Hastings also [illegible] played some fine work by his running catch in center field and a throw to the plate that caught the runner and prevented the score from being knotted.

The Zooz also hit the ball with a vengeance, assembling 11 knocks, five of which were for extra bases.

With yesterday's victory, the Zooz take the lead over the Knights for the season's series. The locals have won two and tied one of the four games.

Yesterday's box score:

Zooz—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Geiser, [illegible]	3	2	0	[illegible]	0	0
Fusick, [illegible]	5	1	3	3	1	0
Schneider, [illegible]	5	1	0	10	2	1
Counts, [illegible]	4	0	3	2	1	1
[illegible]	4	1	0	3	1	0
Fowler, [illegible]	5	1	2	[illegible]	0	0
Vernon, [illegible]	3	0	1	5	0	0
Lomax, p	4	1	1	1	1	0
Totals	35	8	11	27	12	2

K. of C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Ryan, [illegible]	5	0	1	1	0	1
Dunn, ss	5	0	1	2	3	2
Wendt, [illegible]	4	0	0	0	4	0
[illegible], cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Birch, rf-p	2	2	0	0	0	0
Ditman, 1b	4	1	1	13	0	1
Baker, rf-lf	3	1	0	2	0	0
Miller, c-lf	3	2	2	3	0	2
Cain, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
Potter, lf	1	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	33	7	7	27	10	6

Score by innings:

Zooz . . . . . 4 1 0 0 0 0 0 3 *—8

K. of C. . . . . 0 0 2 0 0 2 0 0 3—7

Summary—Three-base hits—Dunn, Fowler. Two-base hits—Ryan, Miller 2, Geiser, Fusick, Counts 2. Struck out—By Cain, 4; Birch, 4; Lomax, 4. First base on balls—Off Lomax, 7. Hit by pitched ball—Hastings, Vernon. Umpire—[illegible] Flood of Denver. Time of game—2:15.

STOVALL FINED $500 FOR THREATENING NOT TO PLAY

CHICAGO, July 5.—George Stovall, manager of the Kansas City club of the Federal league, was fined $500 today by President Gilmore for threatening to refuse to play today's game with Chicago unless Harry Nelly, business manager of the club, who had been discharged, was reinstated.

Nelly returned to Kansas City with the team tonight to seek reinstatement from C. C. Madison, president of the club.

"That's a question for Nelly and Mr. Madison to settle," President Gilmore asserted.

BIG ED WALSH COMES BACK; WHIRLS WHITE SOX TO 6-3 VICTORY

St. Louis Beats Out Detroit in 14-Inning Thriller; Also Win Second

CHICAGO, July 5.—Ed Walsh made his "comeback" today. He started against Cleveland and pitched seven innings, allowing three hits and three bases on balls, netting the visitors three runs. He was taken out to let a pinch hitter bat for him in the seventh, and Faber finished the game, which the White Sox won 6 to 3.

Score: R.H.E.

Cleveland . . . . . 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—3 [illegible] 2

Chicago . . . . . 0 0 1 0 0 0 4 1 *—6 10 2

Batteries—Hagerman and O'Neill; Walsh, Faber and Schalk.

Two-base hits—Kirke [illegible] Breton. Three-base hit—[illegible]. Home run—Demmitt. Double plays—Chapman, Lajoie and Kirke. First base on balls—Off Walsh 3, off Faber 1, off Hagerman 1. Struck out—By Walsh 3, by Hagerman 4.

BROWNS HELD TO THREE HITS BY DUBEC, BUT WIN GAME

DETROIT, July 5.—St. Louis won both ends of a double header here today, the first game 6 to 5 in 14 innings, and the second 2 to 0 in the regulation distance.

Score—First game: R.H.E.

St. L. . . . 2 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1—6 [illegible] 3

Detroit . . . 2 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—5 [illegible] 1

Batteries—Hamilton and Agnew; Boehler, Hall and Stanage.

Two-base hits—Austin, Leary. Three-base hit—Veach. Home run—Heilman. Double plays—Bush and Stanage; Bush and Burns. First base on balls—Off Boehler 3, off Hall 2, off Hamilton 2. Struck out—By Hall 4, by Hamilton 5.

Score—Second game: R.H.E.

St. Louis . . . . 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 3 0

Detroit . . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 7 2

Batteries—Wiman and Agnew; Cavet, Dubuc and Baker.

Double plays—Leary, Lavan and Leary; Vitt, Burns and Baker; Wellman, Lavan and Leary. First base on balls—Off Cavet 2. Struck out—By Cavet 6, by Lavan 6.

CLOTHIER WINS TITLE IN SINGLES, BEATING CHURCH

GLEN COVE, N. Y., July 5.—Playing a steady, driving game, W. J. Clothier of Philadelphia, former national champion, won the singles tennis cup here today at the Nassau Country club, defeating G. M. Church, 8-7, 6-1, 1-6, 6-0.

Wednesday the Zooz meet the St. Louis Ladies' baseball team, which is touted as being the best female baseball organization in the country. Maggie Cash, the captain of the ladies' club, is the only woman pitcher in baseball. She is a southpaw. The game Wednesday will start at 3 o'clock.

Flying Boat Can Run With Either Motor, Curtiss Is Pleased

HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y., July 5.—Glenn Curtiss today made a test flight of the America, the Rodman Wanamaker transatlantic flying boat, with only one motor running. The machine flew steadily and but little adjustment of the rudder was required to offset the pull of the single propeller.

It had been held that should one motor stop while the machine was in flight, it would be necessary immediately to shut down the other in order to avoid overturning the craft. But Mr. Curtiss flew today with one propeller stopped and then the other without affecting the machine's balance enough to be noticed by the crowd watching the flight.

JOHNSON'S PITCHING WINS BRIDE; IS CONGRESSMAN'S DAUGHTER

Walter Johnson, hero of Washington fans, and Miss Hazel Lee Roberts, one of the prettiest girls in the congressional set, only daughter of Representative E. E. Roberts of Carson City, Nev., were married at the home of the bride's parents here. The event is the culmination of a romance which began on the baseball diamond a year ago, when the star pitcher of the Nationals and the congressman's daughter were introduced by her father, who is an enthusiastic fan. The honeymoon will be postponed until after the end of the ball season.

An inkling of the announcement has been entertained by their friends for some time. Whenever Johnson pitched for the Nationals in Washington, Miss Roberts was among the box holders. She put aside her preparation for her wedding day to go to the game with her mother. They will make their home [illegible]

ZIMMERMAN'S BASE RUNNING WINS FOR CUBS OVER PIRATES

Cincinnati Reds Show Slight Improvement and Wallop Cardinals

CHICAGO, July 5.—Zimmerman's daring base running in the tenth inning gave Chicago a 5 to 4 victory over Pittsburg today. Konetchy was ordered out of the game for arguing.

Score: R.H.E.

Pittsburg . . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 3 0 0—4 8 2

Chicago . . . . . 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 3 0 1—5 12 1

Batteries—Harmon, O'Toole and Gibson; Humphries, Pierce, Smith and Bresnahan.

Two-base hits—Bresnahan, Mitchell, Leach. Home runs—Harmon, Saier. Double play—Mowery, Viox and Konetchy. First base on balls—Off Harmon 4, off Humphries 4, off O'Toole 2, off Smith 1. Struck out—By Harmon 2, by Smith 1, by Humphries 2.

BENTON HOLDS CARDS TO 3 HITS; REDS BLANK ST. LOUIS

ST. LOUIS, July 5.—Playing errorless ball on its side, Cincinnati slugged two of St. Louis' pitchers for nine hits and defeated the home team 7 to 0. Benton, pitching for the visitors, was almost invincible.

Score: R.H.E.

Cincinnati . . . . 0 0 0 3 1 2 0 0 0—7 9 0

St. Louis . . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 3 1

Batteries—Benton and Clarke; Robinson, Steele, Griner and Snyder.

Two-base hits—Niehoff, Groh, Clark, Roche. Three-base hit—Miller. Home run—Moran. Double play—Wilson and Miller. First base on balls—Off Benton 5, off Robinson 3. Struck out—By Benton 5, by Steele 1, by Griner 1. Hits—Off Robinson 4 in 3 innings, off Steele 5 in 5.

BARON ROTHSCHILD'S PONY AGAIN WINS PARIS RACE

PARIS, July 5.—The Prix du President de la Republique at Maisons-Laffitte was won today by Baron Maurice de Rothschild's Sardanapale, which last Sunday captured the Grand Prix de Paris. J. Tissot's Djamy was second, with J. Davis' Fauche Levent third.

The race, at one mile four and a half furlongs, was valued at $22,600. In the betting Sardanapale was 13 to 4, Djamy 71 to 4, and Fauche Levent 99 to 1.

Sardanapale has earned more than $200,000 in less than 10 races.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Milwaukee, 9; Kansas City, 6.
Minneapolis, 9-7; St. Paul, 6-4.
Indianapolis, 3-5; Columbus, 4-2.
Cleveland, 7-5; Louisville, 4-0.

Standing of the Clubs

WESTERN LEAGUE

Clubs—	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Denver	43	25	.606
St. Joseph	41	27	.603
Sioux City	41	33	.554
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wichita	29	34	.460
Omaha	33	39	.458
Des Moines	28	37	.455
Topeka	26	43	.377

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Clubs—	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Philadelphia	41	29	.586
Washington	38	32	.543
Chicago	38	32	.543
Detroit	39	34	.534
St. Louis	38	34	.534
Boston	37	34	.521
New York	24	42	.364
Cleveland	23	46	.333

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Clubs—	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
New York	38	24	.613
Chicago	39	33	.548
St. Louis	36	36	.500
Cincinnati	34	35	.486
Brooklyn	30	33	.476
Pittsburg	31	35	.470
Philadelphia	28	34	.452
Boston	26	38	.406

FEDERAL LEAGUE

Clubs—	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	39	26	.600
Baltimore	34	28	.548
Indianapolis	36	29	.544
Buffalo	35	30	.538
Brooklyn	30	32	.484
Pittsburg	27	34	.443
St. Louis	29	39	.426
Kansas City	26	36	.419

Federal League

INDIANAPOLIS, July 5.—Falkenberg's wildness, an error and two hits in the third gave St. Louis enough runs to win today's game, 6 to 3.

Score: R.H.E.

St. Louis . . . . . 0 0 5 1 0 0 0 0 0—6 9 5

Indianapolis . . . 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3 10 2

Keupper and Hartley; Falkenberg, Billiard and Rariden.

CHICAGO, July 5.—Pitcher Hendrix' home run in the third today, scoring Farrell ahead of him, enabled Chicago to defeat Kansas City, 2 to 1.

Score: R.H.E.

Chicago . . . . . 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 *—2 7 1

Kansas City . . . 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1 4 0

PACKERS SWAMP WOODMEN AND DECIDE WHO'S WHO

By the score of 18 to 5 the Packers yesterday defeated the W. O. W. team at Zoo park, thus settling the question of supremacy in the amateur division. The Packers were never in danger and it became a question of how large a score they would run up. The batteries were: Packers—White, Dodson and Hall. W. O. W.—Bundy and Murdock.

FISH-MEN BREAK RECORD AND ILLINI WIN THE MEET

Duke Kahanamoku Beaten by Chicago Swimmer; World's Mark in 440-Yard Swim Broken

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—A new world's tank record in the 440-yard swim, a new American record in the 300-yard relay race and a new Pacific coast record in the 200-yard breast stroke swim were established today in the last day's tournament of the National Invitational swimming championships here. The meet was won by the Illinois Athletic club with a margin of 25 points over its closest contender, the Hui Halu club of Hawaii.

Ludy Langer of Los Angeles, Cal., did the 440 yards in five minutes 22 1-5 seconds, four-fifths of a second under the world's record. P. McGillivray, Illinois Athletic club, holder of the former American record in the distance, finished second.

The I. A. C. men made the new relay record, going the 300 in two minutes 44 3-5 seconds, and M. McDermott, I. A. C., made the 200 yards breast stroke swim in 2 minutes 48 4-5 seconds, nearly 17 seconds better than it has been done on the coast before.

P. McGillivray, A. C. Raithel, Max Mott and K. Wohfeld composed the winning relay team.

Raithel beat Duke Kahanamoku, the Hawaiian prodigy, and R. R. Small of San Francisco, holder of the world's 50-yard open water record, in today's 75-yard indoor distance. Small and Kahanamoku bumped.

Illinois Athletic club took 44 points in the meet.

UMPIRE WAS "IVORY" AND D. & F. LOSE TO VICTOR

The D. & F. team returned from Victor last night claiming that the umpire robbed them of the game, which ended by a score of 6 to 5 in favor of the Miners. The locals outhit the camp boys 2 to 1, getting 10 hits and claim they should have won the contest. The batteries were: D. & F.—Fuller and James. Miners—Mayhew and Gilton.

CRIPPLE CREEK SERVICE

The F. & C. C. R. R. is running the regular 10:35 a. m. train to Cripple Creek every day over the famous "Short Line," arriving at Colorado Springs on return at 5.45 p. m. The earlier train that was to go in service today leaving Colorado Springs at 8:35 a. m. will not be run for the present. Adv.

CUBS AND RED SOX PUT UP SENSATIONAL FIGHT OF WEEK; GIANTS HAVE A FIRM LEAD

Race in American Is Tightest in Years at This Part of Season; Cobbless Tigers Are Playing Sterling Baseball

NEW YORK, July 5.—[illegible]

[illegible] Boston, coming fast from behind in the American league, [illegible] the Athletics' lead [illegible] a little more [illegible]

The American league race is far closer and more [illegible] than the National [illegible] Detroit, [illegible] has been playing [illegible] for a considerable period now and has shown sufficient winning power to work up to within a little more than a game and a half of the leaders. Washington [illegible] time in the Philadelphia series, moved up [illegible] expense of New York and [illegible] its own [illegible] now only four games from the top.

White Sox Look Good.

[illegible] as strong [illegible] Boston's chances, [illegible] the White Sox [illegible]. The team is playing a game that insures [illegible]. The record of each league in games played, won and lost, with runs, hits and errors and men left on bases, follows:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team	P.	W.	L.	R.	H.	E.	LB.
New York	7	5	2	24	67	16	47
Chicago	9	7	2	41	69	12	52
St. Louis	8	[illegible]	3	33	59	6	42
Cincinnati	9	[illegible]	4	25	55	21	64
Brooklyn	7	5	2	29	[illegible]	11	56
Pittsburg	[illegible]	[illegible]	5	16	[illegible]	7	48
Philadelphia	7	3	4	26	55	12	42
Boston	7	1	6	23	61	24	55

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team	P.	W.	L.	R.	H.	E.	LB.
Philadelphia	9	4	5	[illegible]	[illegible]	12	[illegible]
Detroit	7	5	2	37	61	15	55
Washington	8	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	41
Boston	9	6	3	[illegible]	[illegible]	12	51
Chicago	7	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	21	55
St. Louis	7	1	6	[illegible]	49	19	39
New York	8	2	6	20	55	8	46
Cleveland	7	2	5	[illegible]	[illegible]	15	51

RALLY IN TWELFTH WINS FOR OMAHA OVER LINCOLN

Harrington's Fine Pitching and Rallies by Bears Win From Sioux City; Score 7 to 1

OMAHA, July 5.—Omaha tied the score in the ninth today, added a tally in the twelfth inning and won the first game of the series 4 to 3.

Score: R.H.E.

Lincoln . . . 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—3 [illegible]

Omaha . . . . 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 1—4 [illegible] 3

Batteries—Clauss, Jordan and Hoffer; Styles, Slagle and Crosby.

Two-base hits—[illegible] Schipke, Crosby. Double play—Lloyd and Williams. Hits—Off Clauss 5 in 10 innings, off Jordan 2 in 1, off Styles 5 in 5, off Slagle 3 in 4. Struck out—By Clauss 3, by Jordan 2, by Styles 2, by Slagle 5. First base on balls—Off Clauss 3, off Styles 2.

RALLIES WIN FOR BEARS; HARRINGTON IN FINE FORM

SIOUX CITY, July 5.—Denver rallied in the fifth and ninth and won the opening game 7 to 1.

Denver . . . . . 1 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 3—7 [illegible] 2

Sioux City . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1 [illegible] 2

Batteries — Harrington and Block; Gaspar, Ezell and Murphy.

Two-base hits—Butcher 2, Coffey. First base on balls—Off Harrington 2. Struck out—By Gaspar 3, by Harrington 6. Double plays—Fisher, Gage and Fisher; Harrington and Fisher; Smith, Cooney and Kane. Wild pitch—Ezell.

REGAN'S PITCHING WALLOPS ST. JOSEPH FOR TOPEKA

ST. JOSEPH, July 5.—Good base running coupled with bad ball playing by the locals allowed Topeka to take the opening game. Regan did not allow a hit until the sixth inning.

Score: R.H.E.

Topeka . . . . . 0 2 6 2 5 0 1 0 0—8 12 4

St. Joseph . . . 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2 [illegible]

Batteries—Regan and Walt; Glaze, Pursell, Piercy and Schang.

Three-base hit—[illegible] Tallion. Struck out—By Pursell 1, by Piercy 1, by Glaze 2, by Regan 4. First base on balls—Off Pursell 1, off Glaze 1, off Regan 1.

WICHITA MANAGER ASSAULTS UMPIRE; DES MOINES WINS

DES MOINES, July 5.—Des Moines won this afternoon from Wichita in the first game of the series by a score of 7 to 2. Manager Maddox of the Jobbers assaulted Umpire Stockdale during the game and was put off the field.

Score: R.H.E.

Des Moines . . . 0 0 2 0 0 0 5 0 *—7 8 0

Wichita . . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—2 [illegible] 2

Batteries—Mogridge and Haley; Clemons and Graham.

Two-base hit—Oaks. Home runs—Bills, Jones. Struck out—By Mogridge 4, by Clemons 4. First base on balls—Off Mogridge 1, off Clemons 3. Double plays—Fitzsimmons, O'Rourke and Henry; Hartford, Ewoldt and Jones; Graham and Henry.

WISHART CLAIMS HE WON RACE; MISSING LAP CAUSE

Row at Sioux City Auto Speed Contest; Will Be Given Second Place by Rickenbacher

SIOUX CITY, Ia., July 5.—Spencer Wishart, who finished second in the 300-mile automobile race here yesterday, filed a protest late last night against the scoring with officials of the Sioux City Speedway association. Wishart alleged he had not been given a lap he was entitled to which would land him in first place, thus putting Rickenbacher, the winner, in second place. So strong was Wishart's protest that Referee Kreedler ordered a recount of the laps. The contest waged for 18 hours. The first session lasted until 2:30 this morning. It was resumed at 10 o'clock and not finished until late this afternoon.

Wishart's protest as to being short a lap was not sustained, but Rickenbacher, the winner, seeing an endless controversy in sight, consented to move his second car, driven by Ralph C. Mulford, from third to sixth place. Cyrus Patschke was moved from fifth to third and Billy Knipper from sixth to fifth. Gil Anderson held on to fourth place. By the agreement the winners of third, fourth and sixth positions pooled their money, each taking down $1,700.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE

Sacramento, 5-3; San Francisco, 4-8.
Portland, 4-4; Venice, 3-2.
Oakland, 9-1; Los Angeles, 3-11.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION

Memphis, 3; Birmingham, 2.
Nashville, 5; New Orleans, 4.

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MONDAY, JULY 6, 1914.

WILSON AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE

TO a delegation of visiting woman suffragists the other day President Wilson expressed his emphatic disapproval of anything savoring of militancy. He thought the women had gone a little too far in pressing their demand for Congressional action. He told them, too, that he had already made it plain that the failure of the Baltimore platform to commit the party to a definite position on the subject debars his taking any part in the movement.

Fine words, but they butter no parsnips. In the first place, there has been no resort to militancy in this country. To apply the term to the street parades, outdoor speaking, and like demonstrations made by the advocates of woman suffrage is an absurdity. The leaders of the movement not only admit that they have no need to use militant methods such as are employed in England, they glory in the fact. They have the common sense to realize that it could only harm their cause.

As for the President's effort to hide behind the Baltimore platform, it may be observed that his attitude in this matter is hardly consistent with his position on the Canal tolls question. The Baltimore platform expressly declared in favor of the exemption of American coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls, but when the matter became an issue Mr. Wilson did not hesitate to repudiate the platform pledge and force Congress to repeal the exemption clause. Remembering this episode it is a little hard to believe that his real reason for refusing to take a position on the suffrage question is a desire to be guided solely by the mandate of his party platform.

ROYAL SNOBBERY

WHEN the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, late heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, became of marriageable age his uncle, the Emperor, advised him to select as his wife a certain royal princess whose alliance with the Hapsburgs was considered politically desirable. Franz Ferdinand refused, and insisted on marrying the Countess Sophie Chotek. He carried his point, but since the Countess was not of royal birth he could only marry her morganatically.

A morganatic marriage is a plan to enable a royal somebody to enter into a legitimate union with somebody else who doesn't happen to be royal. In the ceremony the royality gives his left hand to the inferior person instead of his right. The wife, if she happens to be the one who is so unfortunate as not to have royal blood in her veins, cannot assume her husband's title, and in Austria she is not recognized at court. Neither can her children inherit the throne.

Now the history of the Hapsburgs—the Spanish branch more particularly than the Austrian—suggests that the best thing that could happen to the family would be an infusion of good red blood, preferably as far removed from royal sources as possible. But of course such a thing would do violence to the inflexible laws and precedents of the oldest and most formal court in Europe. So the Countess Sophie was given the title of Countess of Hohenberg, and to the end of her days she was treated as a nobody. And observe that the distinction is continued even to the grave. Press dispatches from Vienna describing the funeral of the Archduke and his wife last Friday contain this interesting paragraph:

> High on black catafalques the caskets of the dead heir to the Hapsburg throne and his wife towered in the little chapel. But the archduke's body lay in a golden coffin, while that of his life's partner was silver gray.
>
> And the remains of royalty were raised one step higher than those of the woman who gave him her love and life, who bore his children and whose hands stanched the blood which poured forth to the shot of the assassin while her own life ebbed to another leaden call.

Vanitas vanitatem! One was of royal blood, whatever that really means, so his body was placed in a golden casket and "raised one step higher" than that of his faithful wife. Rather an empty distinction for Franz Ferdinand, we should say, and one he may find it hard to maintain in the next world.

EXIT A DIPLOMAT

PRESIDENT WILSON'S demand for the resignation of George Fred Williams, minister to Greece and Montenegro, brings just the sort of an ending to the diplomatic career of that official that might have been expected. Williams is a Massachusetts man whose eccentricities have kept him in the public eye for a long time. In personal characteristics he has a good deal in common with our own Congressman Kindel. He does a vast amount of talking which is generally preceded by very little brain work, and it would have been surprising indeed if his recent published statement on conditions in the Balkans had not been followed by a peremptory dismissal from the diplomatic service.

Apparently Mr. Williams took it upon himself to visit Albania, diagnose its troubles and recommend himself to the Powers as a proper person to effect an adjustment. He criticised everything and everybody, and among other typical remarks he expressed the opinion that Prince William was "a ruler with no loyal subjects except his own family."

* * * * *

It is a marvel how the President ever happened to appoint such a man as Williams to a responsible diplomatic post but for that matter, it is marvelous how many freaks manage to break into the American diplomatic service. One reason, perhaps, is that the pay is so small that none but rich men can afford to fill the positions. The candidates are usually socially ambitious millionaires who of course are wholly untrained in diplomacy.

The stories concerning the crudities and rank indiscretions of these gentry would fill a volume. For instance, once upon a time there was an American minister to Italy who soon established a reputation for himself in Rome by everlastingly ridiculing the ancient ruins. He would argue with whoever would listen to him that the Coliseum, the ruins of the Forum, etc., ought to be torn down and carted away; that their retention was evidence that the people were not "up to date." At a state dinner he called across the table to the King of Italy, "I want to tell you, if we had that junk in Cincinnati we would tear it down and put up a row of apartment houses and get some money out of them." At another dinner given at the royal palace he looked doubtfully at the cigars offered him, and said: "I dunno. They don't look very good. Guess I'll stick to my own brand." Then he calmly took one of his own cigars from his pocket and lighted it.

It isn't surprising, after all, that Europeans hold some extraordinary misconceptions of America and Americans. Not a few of them are caused by the antics of our misfit diplomats.

A MORAL OBLIGATION.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The moving picture is the most popular form of amusement. Nobody knows the number of people who daily patronize the moving picture show. Because of its universal popularity it is a help or a hindrance to the morals of the community.

Detective William A. Pinkerton thinks the "shocking features of the moving pictures are like throwing more fuel upon a fire already hard to control," and that some managers "ought to be brought to task sharply for their sins on this score." He objects to the representation of train hold-ups, bank burglaries, acts of pocket-picking, counterfeiting, black hand tactics, highway robberies and the white slave traffic.

That such pictures have a bad effect upon the young cannot be denied. The imagination of today feeds willingly upon the suggestive and immoral. If the moving picture is not controlled by the conscience of the city and determined by good taste and respectable standards, its future is uncertain. The world is full of beauty, truth and inspiration, everyday life is not wanting in poetry and charm. Life is crowded with human interest. The moving picture may inspire or degrade. Indelible impressions are made upon the waxlike minds of children. There is a moral obligation to make these impressions good, not bad.

Rogues and rascals should not be exploited as heroes and policemen depicted as fools or crooks. Moving picture men should hearken to the sensible words of Detective Pinkerton and act accordingly.

BRITAIN'S MANY ARMIES

From the Pittsburg Leader.

While the world is watching Mexico with her armies it is paying little attention to Great Britain, which has four armies in the field, although only one is active—the women fighting for franchise. But the dangers that may be figured out of the risks when these armies get into motion—if they do—are many, and will affect the world.

First, there is the British army, the nation's arm of defense. Then there is that more less hazy army of Ulster volunteers. Then the equally hazy army of Nationalists, and, finally, there is the army of suffragists. Two of these armies are in England, the other two in Ireland. So far the only active force, the only real live one, is the suffragist army.

People who like to draw conclusions from incomplete statistics have been wondering what England is to do if these armies get into action at the same time. The suffragists alone have kept the British government in hot water for a long time and they have neither arms nor other force than ordinary people employ every day.

With the social and industrial conditions as they are, nothing much worse could happen to the British empire than for war to break out in Ireland over home rule. It would be revolution, and while it is comparatively easy to bring on a revolution, it is a bigger job to stop it, and once begun, no man, not the wisest, may forecast exactly what will happen.

But the curious are asking every day, if a handful of determined women with nothing but their hands and tongues can do so much to upset England, what may not happen if three actual armies begin to shoot.

* * *

WILL WILSON SURRENDER?

George Harvey, in the July North American Review.

When the president signed the sundry civil bill which forbade the use of a specific appropriation in prosecuting labor unions, he excused his act upon the ground that other funds were available for that purpose. Mr. Gompers has now deprived him of that pretext by forcing into the appropriation bill this sweeping proviso:

"Enforcement of antitrust laws: For the enforcement of antitrust laws, including not exceeding $10,000 for salaries of necessary employes at the seat of government, $600,000; provided, however, that no part of this money shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act done in furtherance thereof not in itself unlawful."

The house of representatives meekly acquiesced and it is reported that the senate committee has already signified its approval. If the president should now say simply that he will veto the bill if it comes before him with this proviso included, there would be nothing for the Democratic senators to do but to strike it out. But there is small prospect of his taking this course. It is far more likely that he will make no sign until the bill reaches him, and then, while perhaps again sternly pronouncing such limitation "unjustifiable in character and principle," will weakly plead, as before, that he cannot kill the proviso without depriving thousands of suffering employes of their wages appropriated by the bill as a whole, and then attach his signature.

It can hardly be expected or hoped for that after having shown the white feather, President Wilson will now refuse to make his surrender complete, thus definitely repudiating the fundamental principle of equality before the law and fixing upon the Democratic party the odium of exempting a class from prosecution for criminal offenses.

But the penalty—the penalty that must be paid

SAY IT YOURSELF.

From the Philadelphia North American.

William Damm and Lena Good were married recently in Canada.

* *

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL.

From the Bloomington (Ind.) Student.

Landis is still on the hospital list with a strained tendancy.

* *

THE BATH IN MICHIGAN

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Grand Rapids, Mich., want ad reads: "Wanted—Five or six rooms with bath about the middle of April." In Michigan people insist on the spring bath, whether they move or not.

* *

DISAPPEARED.

From the Pecos (Tex.) Times.

In some manner, not clearly understood, my coat has disappeared from the Commercial Club rooms. It made its getaway sometime between Saturday night and Monday morning. It is a brown garment that suits me quite well, and its loss inconveniences me considerably, since I have two pairs of trousers of the same material at home. This inconvenience is enhanced too, by the fact that, in the pockets of the coat were a number of letters, more or less personal in their nature; some papers that are of value to me only, and a memorandum book in which I have been keeping data that is of particular value to me.

If you know anything about the coat, I have several propositions to make to you. First, if you'll return the coat, I'll be glad to pay you for your trouble, and shall ask no questions; second, I'll swap you a pair of perfectly good trousers for the coat; third, if you don't feel inclined to avail yourself of either of the above opportunities, then "have a heart" and send me back the letters, papers and the notebook that were in the pockets of the garment; and fourth, if your compassion has not been stirred by any of these appeals, make yourself scarce when you are connected with the coat, and be sure if pursued by officers that they have instructions to shoot you in the legs, for the coat's sake. Finally, if the coat is discovered by anyone, anywhere, in whatever condition of threadbareness, I'll be glad to receive it back upon my waiting arms.

H. B. LINK.

What Shall We Read?

BY RUTH CAMERON

"There are some of us who sit at home all summer," writes a letter friend, "and do the same things. It may be at a summer home, but it is doing the same things. Would you be willing to suggest a few worth while books for those who do not want to let the summer slip away and have no new thoughts or ideas harvested?"

Of course I'd be willing, Letter Friend. The only question is, am I capable of deciding what books are worth while? I don't feel that I am. So suppose instead of my risking criticism by posing as a judge of good literature, we just talk over a few books, old and new.

Perhaps you'd like to know what I'm taking on my vacation with me. Well then, in my trunk I have Tolstoi's "Awakening," DeMorgan's "Joseph Vance," Thomas Hardy's "Far From the Madding Crowd" and Thackeray's "Yellow Plush Papers" for fiction. For biography I have Lockhart's "Scott;" for essays I have Stevenson's "Travels With a Donkey," and (for rereading, of course) Lamb's "Elia." It is not a very "highbrow" list, but I must confess I find it hard to be strenuously intellectual in summer.

My correspondent asked for new books of travel. For these I have applied to the Lady-Who-Lives-With-the-Books and she suggests: "My First Years as a French Woman," Madame Waddington; "A Poet in Africa," George E. Woodberry; "Through the Gates of the Mediterranean," Mary Waller; "The Mecca of the World," by Warwick.

The Lady-Who-Lives-With-the-Books also suggests for other new books, "From the Porch," a book of reminiscence by Lady Ritchie, (Thackeray's daughter); "They Who Knock at Our Gates," by Mary Antin; "Capturing Mary Carstairs," by H. Sydnor Harrison; "From an Island Outpost," by Waller, and "The Price of Love," by Arnold Bennett.

"An interesting life of man or woman," is another of my correspondent's specifications. First let me suggest, as I always do when biography is mentioned, Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Bronte." Balfour's "Stevenson" is another fine piece of work. The "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," by her husband is one of the most interesting of recent biographies. If you want to be convinced that fact can be as romantic as fiction read Lamartine's "Life of Nelson," or one of the biographies of Richard Sheridan.

Essays make pleasant summer reading. Of course you have read Lamb's "Essays of Elia," but that is one of the beloved books we like to keep with us always. Stevenson's essays, especially the collection "Virginibus Puerisque," everyone ought to know. Of living essayists, I am most fond of Agnes Repplier. By the way, if you will read her "Critical Essays" you will find infinitely better suggestions on what to read than I can give you.

Did you ever read straight through one author—one of the standard writers, I mean? There is a certain satisfaction in knowing some one author well. Perhaps that would make a pleasant and valuable summer stint. One summer I read all of Jane Austen's work and found them far too few.

I trust the Reader Friends who know far more about books than I, will not turn up their intellectual noses at these suggestions. Remember they are given in no dictatorial spirit, but merely to please a Letter Friend.

VEST Pocket Essays

BY GEORGE FITCH
Author of "At Good Old Siwash"

THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

The Republic of Panama is a small side show which occasionally attracts the attention of tourists for a few minutes after they have finished viewing the big slash.

Nobody sees much of Panama but the city of Panama, the flat arch which has fooled the earthquakes, and a few streets in Colon. But there is a good deal to the country which will be discovered rapidly when flying machines become a little more practicable. It is 430 miles long and over 100 miles wide in parts and has 32,000 square miles, most of which are upholstered with jungle so thick that it has to be tunneled for footpaths.

Panama enjoys a speaking acquaintance with both oceans. They are separated from each other by a spiny ridge of mountains, and until the United States got busy and introduced them, they haven't mixed any more than old Washington society does with

"Getting nothing but a peculiarly sticky-fingered bunch of office holders in return."

the official circle. Panama has had unlimited amounts of yellow fever and history ever since it was discovered in 1501. Shooting up Panama was a favorite occupation with pirates in the Sixteenth century. For almost 100 years it belonged to the United States of Colombia, paying heavy dues therein and getting nothing but a peculiarly sticky-fingered bunch of office holders in return. In 1903, it seceded with the aid of an American gunboat and immediately sold the Panama canal rights for $10,000,000 and $250,000 a year.

Ever since then Panama has been living happily as a subsidized government. It has $7,000,000 invested in New York real estate, gets enough from Washington each year to pay most of its bills, calls on the United States for troops when necessary, and indulges in agriculture instead of yellow fever and malaria. That is what it gets for being so narrow.

Panama has about 400,000 people, who go out in the back yard and eat a banana when hungry. It has enough hardwood forests to congest it with millionaires if it had any railroads and a little American hustle to boot. It has now existed 11 years without a revolution and still has money in the bank which makes it one of the most permanent of Central American republics.

(Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.)

OLDEST RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

From the New York Evening Post.

Oldest of all religious magazines in America is the "Sailors Magazine," published by the American Seamen's Friend society, New York. Started in 1828, it has appeared without interruption ever since. Its monthly issue has been printed by the same family from father to son for 75 or 80 years. For sixty years its cover was unaltered.

In this magazine appeared for the first time the world-famous hymn, "Jesus Savior, Pilot Me." It was written by E. Hopper, then pastor of the little old Church of the Sea and Land, its edifice still standing, but almost unknown to this generation of New Yorkers. Col. Roosevelt's first speech, made when he was a boy, is also recorded here. Romances are traceable through its pages—true stories of adventure, heroism and tragedy that make up the life of the sea.

One such story is behind the brief account of the loan libraries sent to sea by the Dowager Duchess of Aberdeen after her visit to America. The present Earl of Aberdeen, lord lieutenant of Ireland, had a brother. This brother was the real heir to the title, but long years ago he came to this country from England, and shipped from here as a common sailor under the name of Gordon. He rose to the position of mate, but shortly after that was drowned at sea. His mother came here and gave in his memory the libraries that today are multiplied and sent over the ocean to as great a number as the funds of the society permit.

The magazine incarnates also a history of the change in the usage of English. It is a most valuable account of the moral tone nowadays on the waters and the moral tone of the past. One of the chaplains of the United States navy says in an article which the old issues hold, that he wishes "they would flog the men forward, instead of aft" for the reason that it disturbed his evening meditations.

Probably the first account of the free churches in Sweden was published in the magazine. These churches are now grown to be rivals of the state church there.

It was started, this brave little herald of the sailor's life, with 250 subscribers, all in New York city. At the end of the first year, 1829, it had gathered in Boston, Philadelphia and Charleston, S. C., 1,200. Its oldest subscriber today is Asher Sheldon, of New Haven, Conn., who has just celebrated his one hundredth birthday. He has been on the lists of the Seamen's society for 40 years.

CRIPPLE CREEK SERVICE

The F. & C. C. R. R. is running the regular 10:35 a. m. train to Cripple Creek every day over the famous "Short Line," arriving at Colorado Springs on return at 5:45 p. m. The earlier train that was to go in service today leaving Colorado Springs at 8:35 a. m. will not be run for the present. Adv.

TOURISTS:
Don't fail to see the new water color pictures of Colorado by Catherine Croft 35c to $15.00.

Handy's
16 North Tejon

IN THE EARLY DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO TODAY

July 6, 1884.

Miss Hattie Seidomridge had returned from her father's ranch, bringing with her three beautiful young antelope. Miss Seidomridge is now Mrs. H. W. Hoagland.

Postmaster Price had changed the Sunday hours for delivering mail from 10 to 11 to from 11 to 12.

Rev. A. W. Arundel, pastor of the Methodist church, had returned to Colorado Springs and preached both morning and evening.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

July 6, 1894.

The Dead Pine mine on Battle mountain had been bonded and leased for a year for $100,000 and 20 per cent royalty. This was the largest mining deal in Cripple Creek property since the late strike troubles.

E. S. Humstead & Co's delivery horse ran away on Tejon street and made things quite lively for a time.

A. Sutton, E. Barnett, C. E. Noble and others left for a hunting and fishing trip in the White river country.

How to Keep Well

By Dr. W. A. Evans

Questions pertinent to hygiene, sanitation, and prevention of disease, if matters of general interest, will be answered in this column. Where space will not permit or the subject is not suitable, letters will be personally answered, subject to proper limitations and where a stamped addressed envelope is inclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnoses or prescribe for individual diseases. Requests for such service cannot be answered.

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FEAR—MASTER AND SERVANT

Dubois says that fear, within certain limits, is an eminently useful emotion. Fear drove men into groups; thus society was born. Fear made men forefend against the hunger of lean seasons; thus thrift was born. Fear drove men to plan and scheme; thus progress came. Such has been the work of fear—the servant.

Fear, the master, produces misery. It produces disease. It is disease. In Stedman's medical dictionary I find 82 kinds of morbid fear. A phobia is defined as any unreasonable or insane dread or fear. The fear of bacteria is bacteriophobia; of being alone, autophobia; of being buried alive, taphophobia; of being stared at, scopophobia; of crowds, ochlophobia; of cold, phychiophobia; of death, necrophobia; of dirt, mysophobia; of drafts, aerophobia; of high places, acrophobia; of being shut in, claustrophobia; of everything, panophobia; of lightning, astraphobia; of water, osmophobia; of rabies, hydrophobia; of syphilis, syphilophobia; of tuberculosis, tuberculophobia; of odors, osmophobia; of disease, pathophobia.

To keep the hands clean is desirable; to be afraid of dirty hands is proper. Yet the fear of dirt on the hands is sometimes so commanding as to be a phobia; and it may even be so excessive as to constitute an insane obsession.

To be reasonably on one's guard against contagion is good sense. While fear underlies the precaution, it is fear, the servant. Bacteriophobia is, on the other hand, too much of a good thing.

To take ordinary precautions against falling off a high building is good sense. It is based on fear, the servant. To be morbidly afraid of high places is acrophobia.

Stedman gives his list of 82 phobias. It would have been just as easy to make it 182. When a man has a phobia, the trouble is not with that which he fears; it is with the man himself. A man who is neurasthenic or neurotic, or ill balanced can get up a phobia about anything. If he finds that some one else has preempted his phobia, he can invent him a new one to be indulged in by himself and himself only.

Perhaps the most ridiculous of all the phobias is phobophobia, or the morbid fear of fear. Some men are so afraid of being afraid or of showing fear, or of others thinking that they are afraid, that they become morbidly afraid of fear—phobophobia.

It all leads back to this. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with fear. It is one of the most useful servants that man has ever had. As his slave, it has brought him power, clothed him with riches and brought him happiness.

However, fear as the master is a tyrant, a czar, a murderous wretch.

The need is for the balance, poise, common sense that makes fear serve, that prevents fear from mastering.

NOT CANCER SYMPTOMS.

B. E. M. writes: "What are the symptoms of cancer? For some time, at times, my right breast has been itchy and I have a creeping sensation here and there on the body."

REPLY.

Do not worry about cancer. Itching and a creepy sensation have nothing to do with cancer.

NO DANGER OF INSANITY.

M. D. B. writes: "Would you kindly tell me if neurasthenia and nervous prostration are the same? Is not selfishness usually the cause of nervous prostration? What is the normal blood pressure for a woman of 45? You have spoken of the brain as being sometimes the cause of diabetes. Does the mind ever become affected? Is there any way of telling from the symptoms whether the liver, brain, or pancreas is the cause of the disease?"

REPLY.

1. Roughly speaking, yes.
2. Yes, again speaking generally.
3. About 125.
4. Careful study of a case of diabetes mellitus usually shows where the underlying trouble is. The tumors, or other brain lesions which sometimes cause diabetes do not produce insanity. Diabetics are prone to develop intoxications, some of which cause a little mental disturbance, but it is not to be confused with insanity.

CURE FOR HOOKWORMS.

J. P. L. writes: "What are the effects of hookworms? What can be done to get rid of them?"

REPLY.

1. Anaemia, muscular weakness, constant fatigue, inefficiency, vague ill health.
2. Take a full dose of salts at night. The next morning at 8 take 30 grains of thymol in capsules; at 10 repeat the dose; at 12 take a dose of salts. Do not take any alcohol, wine, beer, whisky, or oil while taking thymol.

NEURASTHENIA AND HYPNOTISM

Roger P. writes: "I am 18 and am troubled by a peculiar form of neurasthenia. I have tried to cure myself by reading various books on neurasthenia, but in vain. However, a short time ago I read "Psychotherapy," by Hugo Münsterberg. In this book Professor Münsterberg tells how he cured hundreds of neurasthenics of all forms simply by hypnotizing the patient and talking to him while in the hypnotic state about his affliction, explaining how foolish he was to worry, instilling confidence into the patient, etc., etc. In many cases complete cures were effected in only one treatment. This made such a favorable impression on me that I feel inclined to try this method of curing myself. Have you ever heard of any neurasthenics being cured by hypnotism?"

REPLY.

Most of the nerve specialists treat suitable cases by hypnotizing them.

Generally suggestion to a man at himself does more good than suggestion to a hypnotized man. Therefore, in most cases, the nerve specialists prefer to treat without hypnotism.

PARTIAL TYPHOID IMMUNITY.

A. B. writes: "Kindly advise if one who has had typhoid fever is as liable to have it again as those who have never had it. I am 30 years old and had typhoid last year. Do you advise me to take serum treatment?"

REPLY.

Having had typhoid you are partially, though not completely, immune. The chance that you will get it again is not great enough to make vaccination advisable.

Vaccine immunity is not so perfect nor so long continued as immunity due to an attack of the disease.

CHINA AS A SPOON MARKET

From the Indianapolis News.

The Chinese do not use knives and forks as we in this country do, but they have some use for spoons. Consul General Anderson writes from Hongkong that there seems to be no reason why some energetic American spoon manufacturer cannot develop a market in China. Before the Standard invaded China with its 7-cent lamps, the Chinese had little artificial light. Now it is only a very humble coolie that is without illumination by night.

So with the spoon. John Chinaman knows what spoons are, having made them himself. Long, peculiar-looking instruments they are, but spoons, for all that, and serving spoon purposes just as well as our dainty designs. Spoons of German and Australian manufacture, made in imitation of native goods, are sold in increasing quantities in the Chinese department stores of Hongkong.

COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE
60 CENTS A MONTH

NewspaperARCHIVE®
NewspaperARCHIVE®

Perkins-Shearer Co

Great Clearance Sale of Men's Summer Suits

From regular stock.

On sale this week.

—One lot of Suits that were $15.00 to $16.50.

sale price **$10.50**.

—Another lot of Suits that were $18.00 to $25.00.

sale price **$13.50**.

—The sizes of these Suits are from 32 to 42. Most of these Suits are The Stratford System Clothes.

—A sale of this magnitude at this time in the season and at these prices must be classed as one unusual.

LAWN MOWERS

still have an assortment of the best Mowers at special prices.

KINSON HARDWARE CO.

M. 465 107 N. Tejon St.

et Metal and Furnace Work

YOUR FILMS

the imported "Ensign" Film. are in the exposure and we will e the results you are after.

illet R. Willis

a and Victrola Shop, 22 E. Kiowa

. H. AUSTIN

of Manitou

notice is to inform the public Mr. Austin has sold his ownership in the Wonderful Cave of the Winds and has no further duties or interests with that institution. Mail for the Cave of the Winds should be addressed to the Officers of that company.

Mail for Mr. Austin should be addressed "personal," care Box 171, Manitou, Colorado. Adv.

NGS TO ENTERTAIN WAR VETERANS IN 1915

Colorado Springs was chosen for the encampment of the Rocky Mountain department of the United Spanish War Veterans at the annual meeting held in Denver Saturday. Three Colorado Springs men were elected to office in the department. The officers elected were as follows: E. F. Silvers, commander; A. E. Romans, senior vice department commander; J. Floyd Neff, Colorado Springs, junior vice commander; Hagerman, Denver, inspector; Vaile, Denver, judge advocate; Moses, Colorado Springs, surgeon; A. H. Jordan, Colorado Springs, chaplain; Isaac Buts, Denver, marshal.

THE MOST WONDERFUL

seeing trip in America is over the famous CRIPPLE CREEK SHORT LINE. Adv.

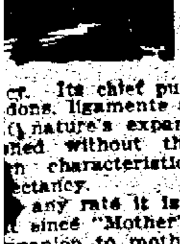
Deaths and Funerals

... O'Rourk, 61 years old, formerly of Topeka, Kan., died Friday in San ..., Cal. The body has been brought to this city by Mrs. O'Rourk, and the funeral will be held at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon from the D. F. Law undertaking rooms. Interment will be in Evergreen cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourk had never lived in Colorado Springs, but had spent their summers here for many years. Besides his wife, O'Rourk is survived by one son, Morris Rourk of Guthrie, Okla., and one daughter, Mrs. George F. Morrow, of ...ogee, Okla.

The body of Mrs. Florence E. Morse, formerly Mrs. Florence E. Brown of Colorado Springs, who died Friday in Dundee, Ill., will be brought to this city at 10:30 o'clock this morning. The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon from the Grace Episcopal church, and the body will be buried in Evergreen cemetery. Mrs. Morse lived in Colorado Springs for 12 years, but left here about seven years ago. She is survived by two children, ... Brown and Mrs. W. W. Witt, of Denver.

Planning for the Stork's Arrival

Among those things which all women should know of, and many of them do, is a splendid external application sold in most drug stores under the name of "Mother's Friend." It is a penetrating liquid and many and many a mother tells how it so wonderfully aided them through the period of expectancy. Its chief purpose is to render the tendons, ligaments and muscles so pliant that nature's expansion may be accomplished without the intense strain so often characteristic of the period of expectancy.



At any rate it is reasonable to believe that since "Mother's Friend" has been a companion to motherhood for more than half a century no more timely advice could be given the inexperienced mother than to suggest its daily use during expectancy.

Ask at any drug store for "Mother's Friend," a penetrating, external liquid of great help and value. And write to Bradfield Regulator Co., 302 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their book of useful and timely information to expectant mothers. It contains many suggestions that are of interest to all women.

PLAYGROUND KIDDIES CELEBRATE TOMORROW

Events Scheduled for July 4 to Be Given in Two Parks Tuesday

The celebration of the Fourth of July by children at the playgrounds in Monument Valley park and at Prospect Lake park, which was to have been held Saturday, was postponed on account of the weather. No games were played on that day at either park. The exercises which would have been given, however, will be held at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at both parks, and the ribbons prepared for the Fourth of July events will be used. The other two playgrounds will combine with these two for the one afternoon.

Arthur Murray, Jr., the director of the playgrounds, and his assistants have arranged a program of special games and races which will be the same at both grounds. Those who are in charge of the work at the playgrounds are unable to have anything in the way of pageants or plays prepared for presentation at this time, and for this reason the program will not be an especially big one. There will be a huge pageant on August 1, however, in celebration of Colorado day. Colorado day will be the big day this year for the playgrounds.

FIELDING TO TELL HOW PHOTOPLAYS ARE MADE

Romaine Fielding, managing director of the Lubin Motion Picture company's Colorado Springs studio, will make an address tonight at 8 o'clock at the Opera house, in which he will tell of the art of staging and making photoplays. Fielding will explain in detail how the plays are outlined, filmed and finally put on the screen. He will be introduced by Mayor McKesson.

Passenger Agents to Be Here Tomorrow

Railroad representatives from all the territory west of Chicago will be in Colorado Springs tomorrow and Wednesday for the midsummer convention of the Western Passenger association. The association is made up of general passenger agents and traffic managers, and although small in the number of its members, is one of the most important organizations which will meet here this season. The delegates who will come to this city are in a position to secure the Pikes Peak region much valuable publicity, and local publicity men will do their best to give them a favorable impression of the region during their visit here. Eben E. McLeod is chairman of the association.

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Midland Band Concert

J. E. Boxheimer will be the soloist at tonight's Midland band concert in North park. Mr. Boxheimer has been a member of the Midland two seasons, and was formerly flute soloist with Conway's band. He will play a piccolo solo, "The Conquest," by Ritchie. The complete program for tonight is as follows:

Wedding March from "Midsummer Night's Dream" .... Mendelssohn
Overture, "William Tell" .... Rossini
Piccolo solo, "The Conquest" .... Ritchie
Mr. Boxheimer.
Selection from "Woodland" .... Luders
INTERMISSION.
Three Dances from "Henry VIII" .... German
Moorish Dance. 2. Shepherds Dance. 3. Torch Light Dance.
"Hungarian Fantasia" .... Tobani
"Softly Unawares," Idyl .... Lincke
"The Guard Mount," German Patrol .... Eilenberg

Personal Mention

Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Faust have returned from a six weeks' trip to Atlantic City and Washington.

Mrs. Nellie J. Hartley and her grandson, Hartley Murray, left Colorado Springs yesterday for Aberdeen, S. D., to attend the funeral of Mrs. Hartley's brother, James Ringrose.

BAR MEMBERS FAIL TO MAKE NOMINATION

No Choice Indicated in Ballot Taken for Supreme Court Justice

The Colorado bar in its first ballot for the choice of its candidate for justice of the supreme court, to succeed George W. Musser of Colorado Springs, whose term expires in January, failed to make a nomination, according to announcements given out by Lawrence Lewis of Denver, secretary of the state bar association, no one candidate receiving a majority of the votes cast. Lewis has sent out ballots for another vote. If any one on the list receives a majority of the votes at that ballot, he will be the candidate of the bar. If not, a third ballot will be taken. If no choice is then made, the canvassing board will select the names of those candidates receiving the greatest number of votes whose combined vote shall constitute 60 per cent of the entire vote cast, and the bar will ballot on these candidates. If no choice is made then, the two leading candidates, or three if there is a tie vote, will be submitted, and the voting will continue until some one candidate has received a majority.

John Campbell, formerly of Colorado Springs, who now lives in Denver, led the list, with 75 votes, on the first ballot. Campbell has served a term as justice of the state supreme court. District Judge John W. Sheafor of Colorado Springs came eleventh in the list, with 24 votes. Former Mayor Ira Harris, another of the local nominees, was twenty-seventh, with 10 votes. Henry C. Cassidy, the third candidate from this city, was lower in the list. In all, 82 candidates were voted on by the lawyers of the state.

The votes for the respective candidates were as follows:

John Campbell 75
James H. Teller 67
Charles Cavender 45
C. D. Hayt 45
John H. Dennison 40
H. N. Haynes 38
H. P. Burke 35
C. C. Holbrook 33
George W. Allen 30
Charles C. Butler 25
J. W. Sheafor 24
A. R. King 21
Harvey Riddell 20
John R. Dixon 19
Straud L. Logan 18
Harry P. Gamble 18
Platt Rogers 16
William L. Dayton 15
John D. Fleming 14
Sprigg Shackleford 14
Charles A. Wilkin 12
L. M. Goddard 11
Harry E. Kelly 11
T. E. McIntyre 11
John T. Shumate 11
Charles L. Allen 10
Ira Harris 10
John C. Bell 9
S. S. Sherman 9
Sylvester G. Williams 9
John A. Gordon 9
Edwin van Cise 9
Thomas J. Black 8
Frank J. Annis 7
Henry E. Babb 7
Robert J. Pitkin 7
Francis E. Bouck 6
C. S. Essex 6
William N. Searcy 6
W. B. Morgan 6
E. L. Regennitter 6
G. Q. Richmond 6
Dudley W. Strickland 5
William A. Moore 5
Sperry S. Packard 5
John A. Perry 4
J. E. Rizer 4
Lyman I. Henry 4
Alfred C. Phelps 4
Charles Roach 4
William F. Robinson 4
Thomas A. Rucker 4
Frank P. Secor 4
Henry C. Cassidy 3
Joseph C. Ewing 3
D. G. Graham 3
H. J. Hersey 3
J. W. McCreery 3
George S. Redd 3
R. W. Ritter 2
Samuel N. Wheeler 2
Charles S. Witter 2
Charles J. Blakeney 2
Frank E. Gove 2
William E. Hutton 2
Charles McCall 2
Leo G. Mann 2
William C. Matthews 2
James A. Pulliam 2
John W. Sleeper 2
John W. Barnes 1
Edgar Buchanan 1
George A. Carlson 1
Robert E. Foote 1
M. J. Galligan 1
Charley Hayden 1
Leon A. Lang 1
V. H. Miller 1
William L. Palm 1
Thomas B. Stuart 1
C. D. Todd 1
D. L. Webb 1

Stratton Park Dance

The Stratton park orchestra, under the direction of Fred G. Fink, will play the following program at the dance at the park pavilion tonight:

Waltz—"The Marriage Market."
Two-step—"I Love the Ladies."
Waltz—"Red Mill."
Two-step—"This Is the Life."
Waltz—"June."
Two-step—"Down in Chattanooga."
Waltz—"Little Nemo."
Two-step—"Crazy Bone."
Waltz—"The Girl in the Train."
Two-step—"Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm."
Waltz—"Gypsy Love."
Two-step—"Some Baby."
Waltz—"Little Boy Blue."
Two-step—"My Arverne Rose."
Waltz—"On the Banks of Lovelight."

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR

So many thousands of women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that there is hardly a neighborhood in any city, town or hamlet in this country wherein some woman has not found health in this good old-fashioned root and herb remedy. If you are suffering from some womanly ill, why don't you try it? Adv.

SHORT LINE EXPECTS TO COMPLETE SERVICE SOON

Men Being Engaged Daily and Vacancies Will Be Filled Quickly, Say Officials.

According to a prediction of company officials, Cripple Creek Short Line passenger and freight service will be back to normal in a few days. ... Experienced in mountain railroading are being employed by the company to fill the places vacated by members of the union who walked out Friday night.

Yesterday the passenger trains ... running ... reached ... and freight trains were running both ways, although there still remains a quantity ... at the ... by the layoff Saturday. A ... crew is working in the Colorado Springs yards, and additional crews will be put on today.

There has been no trouble whatever over the strike. The company is putting on men to fill the places vacated, and officials last night stated that within a few days the road will be running as smoothly as ever.

FOLLOWING THE SUNDAY PARTY

The Rev. Merle N. Smith, pastor of the First M. E. church, will meet all those tabernacle converts who have specified a preference for his church tonight at 8 o'clock at the church. All members of the Brotherhood and their wives are requested to act as a reception committee. Mr. Smith will meet the members of the Epworth and Intermediate leagues at 7:30 o'clock.

Several delegations will attend the services at the tabernacle tomorrow night when Mr. Sunday will preach on "The Unpardonable Sin." The members of the W. C. T. U. are requested to meet at North park at 7 o'clock. Employes of the Golden Cycle mill, who will attend in a body, are also requested to meet at North park at 7 o'clock. The city and county officials will attend tomorrow night, a special section having been reserved for them.

Miss Grace Saxe will conduct Bible study classes at the tabernacle tomorrow, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons at 2 o'clock. The classes will continue for but half an hour.

Miss Frances Miller will meet the Business Women's committee at the First Presbyterian church Wednesday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock. The meeting will be the last held during the campaign.

Miss Miller and Mrs. Asher will conduct the noonday meetings and luncheons for the business women at the First Presbyterian church Wednesday, Thursday and Friday from 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. Bible class work will be taken up and several classes probably organized among the business women of the city.

Tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock Miss Saxe will meet the High school girls at the Sunday home, 6 Boulder Crescent. The meeting will be the last held during the campaign.

Mr. Sunday will preach on "The Incarnation of Christ," Wednesday night.

The Brotherhood of the First Christian church is requested to meet at the tabernacle immediately following the service tomorrow night.

Mrs. Asher will meet the maids employed in the homes and all others unable to attend the business women's noonday meeting at the Y. W. C. A. Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Sunday will speak at noonday meetings for men only at the Princess theater tomorrow, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The meetings will begin at 12 o'clock and continue until 12:45. They will be held promptly on time.

Many of the pledges to the current expenses, subscribed a week ago yesterday, remain unpaid. The Rev. S. E. Brewster of the finance committee asks that all pledges be paid before Wednesday at the very latest. It is imperative that all money be in the treasury immediately. Pledges are payable to C. C. Morris, treasurer, at the Exchange National bank, or to Mr. Brewster at the tabernacle.

Societies and Clubs

The Women's Missionary society of the Boulder Street Presbyterian church will meet at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon at the home of Mrs. Morton Joslin, 1101 East Platte avenue.

Hermione temple, Pythian Sisters, will meet Wednesday evening to install the following officers: May Potts, M. E. C.; Gwendolin Miller, E. S.; Fredrica Collette, E. J.; Myrtle Bold, M.; Margaret Laing, M. of R. and C.; Christina Clow, M. of F.; Anna Hardesty, P. of T.; Catherine Weller, G. of T.; Margaret Finch, P. C.

There will be a church service at 8 o'clock tonight at the Second Congregational church.

UNTIL

You use coffee that is freshly roasted you don't realize in full the quality and aroma of that palatable beverage.

DERNGOOD FRESHLY ROASTED COFFEE

will satisfy the most critical. It is delivered to you fresh from the roaster.

DERN'S

Makers of Fine Candies

Coffee Roaster—Tea Importer

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PRINCESS

Today's Grand Special

THE ONLY ORIGINAL

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' HEROIC ROMANCE

The Three Musketeers

IN 8 PARTS AND 279 SCENES

Never before shown here. A $100,000 production.
As big as "Quo Vadis," "Last Days of Pompeii," etc.
Each performance lasting 2 hours. Shows start at 1 p. m., 3, 5, 7, 9 o'clock.

Adults 15c; Children 10c. A Few Reserved Seats Left

You Know It's Always the Best at the Princess

'ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY' NEW A. I. A. PUBLICATION

By GEORGE M. HOWE

"Art and Archaeology" is the title of a new magazine published by the Archaeological Institute of America, the first number of which bears the date of July, 1914. During the present year four numbers will be issued, but commencing with 1915 the magazine will appear monthly. The new journal gives promise of success as to contents as well as from an esthetic point of view. Its 50 pages are devoted to articles covering a considerable range and to minor notes and brief book reviews.

The articles begin with "Masterpieces of Aboriginal American Art: I. Stucco Work," in which W. H. Holmes of the United States National museum interestingly describes one of the decorative features of some of the great prehistoric structures of Yucatan and other parts of Mexico, abundantly illustrated with photographs and drawings. Edward Kennard Rand of Harvard describes "The School of Classical Studies of the American Academy in Rome," its work and its needs, with views of Villa Aurelia, the home of the school, and a portrait of Francis D. Millet.

Art in Ancient Babylon.

"The Visitation at Pistoia by Luca della Robbia" is discussed by Allan Marquand of Princeton, whose identification of the masterpiece sets at rest a controversy of long standing. Albert T. Clay of Yale describes "Ancient Babylonian Antiquaries," in which he shows that discoveries in that ancient land in recent years give evidence that in early centuries there were those who had the same appreciation of antiquities that people have at the present time. Among these were Nabonidus, the father of Belshazzar; Nebuchadnezzar, perhaps the greatest builder known to history, and Naram-Sin of a period 3,000 years earlier.

The "Excavations at Vrokastro, Crete, in 1912," are described and illustrated by Edith H. Hall of the University of Pennsylvania museum, and Charles T. Currelly of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, under the title of "Archaeological Perplexities," presents an account, particularly of two Irish swords of the Bronze age (about 1500 B. C.), the handles of which were made in the year 1798 A. D., and were in the possession of peasants who took part in the Irish rebellion, and who, being very poor, went to war with whatever weapons they could get.

A brief illustrated description of the beautiful Lincoln memorial, now being erected at Washington forms the first of a proposed series on "Modern Masterpieces of Classical Architecture." If the contents of the future issues of "Art and Archaeology" are to be judged by the initial number, its success seems assured; and this is made practically certain by the fact that a body of prominent guarantors throughout the country stand ready to support this new venture in the field of art and science.

The editorial staff consists of:

General editor, David Moore Robinson, Johns Hopkins university.

Advisory editor, Allan Marquand, Princeton university.

Art editor, William H. Holmes, Smithsonian institution.

Associate editor, R. V. D. Magoffin, Johns Hopkins university.

Contributing editors: H. Rushton Fairclough, Stanford university; Chas. H. Weller, University of Iowa; Albert T. Clay, Yale university; Frederick W. Hodge, Smithsonian institution; Chas. T. Currelly, Royal Ontario museum; George H. Edgell, Harvard university. (Others to be selected.)

Managing editor, Mitchell Carroll, general secretary, Archaeological Institute of America, Washington, D. C.

NORMAL TEMPERATURES FOR THE WEEK FORECAST

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Temperatures averaging near normal over the entire country, with local rains fairly well distributed, were forecast tonight by the weather bureau for the coming week.

"A disturbance that is now over the northwest," the bulletin added, "will move slowly eastward, crossing the great central valleys Tuesday and the eastern states about Wednesday, attended by rising temperatures and local showers and thunderstorms.

"This will be followed by a change to cooler weather over the northern states east of the Rocky mountains."

THE FONT WAS LIMITED

From Puck.

Indignant Politician—Why didn't you print all of my speech?

Country Editor—Well, to tell the truth, boss, we ran clean out of capital I's.

See THE EMPRESS First

MONDAY'S BIG SPECIAL PROGRAM

A LEAP IN THE DARK

MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

No. 3 Series

KEYSTONE COMEDY
"Fatty's Finish"
Just one big laugh.

"KATHRINA CATCHES A CONVICT"
An American Comedy.

MUTUAL MOVIES MAKE TIME FLY

FORD ACCEPTS INVITATION FROM PRESIDENT WILSON

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Henry Ford, the Detroit manufacturer, who was invited by President Wilson last week to come to the White House to discuss business conditions, has accepted the invitation and will take luncheon with the president Thursday. He is understood to agree with the president as to ... that the outlook for business is good.

A different story will be told the president Wednesday by a delegation of leading Chicago business men. They plan to protest against certain features of the pending antitrust measures.

TONIGHT

THE BURNS

THE BURNS PLAYERS

Present

The Ghost Breaker

Curtain 8:30 Sharp.

Phone 200

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday

PRICES

Night, 25c, 75c; Matinee, 25c, 50c

WILDFLOWER

EXCURSION

Go at 9 a. m. Home 5 p. m.

$1.00—Every Day—$1.00

OPERA CHEAP IN NEW YORK

From the New York Times.

BERLIN.—Buenos Aires is the cause of the fabulous salaries paid to the great singers and orchestra leaders in New York, according to statements made in Berlin recently by representatives of the Metropolitan opera.

The prices for talent at the Kaiser's Royal opera have been steadily going up in recent years and whenever Mr. Gatti-Casazza makes his annual pilgrimage to Germany, as he is now doing, Count von Hulsen-Haseler, the impresario general, and other authorities always take the New Yorker to task for pulling the price of singers and conductors the world over.

They have been informed on the present occasion that the root of the evil lies along the banks of La Plata river, and not in Broadway. Argentina now pays artists of the rank of Caruso and Toscanini salaries which make the Metropolitan's almost penurious by comparison.

To Caruso was recently offered $7,000 a night for a series of 20 or 30 performances by the Grand opera at Buenos Aires. The great tenor receives only $2,500 in New York. On the basis of his New York income he demands and receives the same salary for his three Berlin performances per annum.

Buenos Aires also tried to tempt Signor Toscanini away from the Metropolitan by offering him $14,000 a month, which is exactly twice his salary at New York. Other Metropolitan stars have received an intimation that corresponding rewards await them in Argentina.

All that seems to deter them from going is the fact that the Buenos Aires season is very short and that they are really better off in New York with its much longer season than they would be on double or triple their salary basis for six or seven weeks in South America.

SEA ANCHOR HAS OIL TANK ATTACHMENT

To protect a lifeboat in a heavy sea, the familiar device known as a sea anchor, consisting of a triangular piece of canvas lashed to a rigid frame, has been improved by the addition of an oil tank. A cable or chain bridle is arranged to keep the lower point of the canvas triangle submerged, while oil oozing from the holes in the bottom of the cylinder smooths down the waves and prevents them from breaking and swamping the boat. As the anchor holds the boat headed the action of the wind and waves carries the discovered water past the boat. A number of these sea anchors are in use in the army transport service, says the July Popular Mechanics magazine.

MISS FLORENCE RADFIELD

Who will be seen in "The Ghost Breaker" at the Burns tonight and week

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Wants

WANTED Male Help

WANTED—Men to learn the barber trade. Few weeks completes. Good money made. Best trade in existence for poor men. Machinery can't kill it. Our graduates greatly in demand on account of our thorough training. Write for catalogue. Moler Barber College, Denver, Colo.

PAINTING in exchange for rent of a four-room modern flat. Call C. E. Meadows, 5 Cheyenne Blvd.

GENTLEMEN [illegible] 120 N. Nevada. Young [illegible]

CARPENTER wanted in exchange for [illegible] lot. 411 Exchange National Bank Bldg.

YOUNG [illegible] clerk. Hotel [illegible]

WANTED—Man to take half interest [illegible] I have outfit and women. [illegible] Gaz.

RAILROAD firemen, brakemen $120. Experience unnecessary. Send age, postage. [illegible]

WANTED—Clerk of age and experience, small salary. Rex hotel.

WANTED—Pastry cook at Plaza hotel.

WANTED—Bell-boy. Plaza hotel.

WANTED Female Help

HOUSEKEEPER wanted, fond of children; able to do washing; German or Swiss preferred. Apply at Ryser's Delicatessen, 2 E. Kiowa St.

MIDDLE-AGED woman for light housework small family. 708 W. Kiowa.

WANTED—An experienced waitress. Silver Grill Cafe.

RHIND'S Employment Bureau. 45 1st Nat'l. Bank Bldg. First-class help. Main 7406.

LADIES', gents' and children's used clothing bought and sold at 32 N. Weber St. Phone Main 894.

FIRST-CLASS help furnished. Mrs. A. McGrath's Employment Office, 311 E. Bijou. Phone 4066J.

WANTED—Male and female help. Henderson Employment Office, 20 E. Kiowa. Phone 2916.

WANTED—An experienced pantry woman. Silver Grill Cafe.

NURSES—college, six weeks' course, diplomas, opens July 15. 631 N. Weber.

WANTED AGENTS

STOCK salesman. Great proposition. Quick money can be made. Address [illegible] Gazette.

WANTED Situations

WANTED—Position in Colorado for at least three months, have had several years experience [illegible] Address [illegible]

SITUATIONS wanted by two Swedish girls. Would like place together as [illegible] cook and laundress. Will go out of town. Call [illegible] 316 N. Weber. M. 3489-W.

RESPECTABLE young man wants permanent position; good habits. Address E-12, Gazette.

WANTED—Private laundry work by piece or bundle; also rough dry. Phone Main 2898.

MAN and wife want position; man housework, lawns, etc.; wife cook; good references. Address F-25, Gazette.

YOUNG women visiting city wants work in dining room of summer hotel. Phone Main 6518-W.

SITUATION—laundry work; will take home or go out; colored woman. Phone 2513.

WANTED—To do general housework. Phone Main 39.

DINING room work in small boarding house, best references. F-11, Gazette.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER, 420 Hagerman Building.

PLAIN sewing done by hand at 321 South Sahwatch.

CURTAINS and other fine laundry at reasonable prices. Ph. M. 3782-J.

WANTED Miscellaneous

ASH PITS cleaned, gardens plowed, express work done. Office 114½ E. Cucharas. Phone Main 1004. H. T. O'Brien, mgr.

UMBRELLAS re-covered, repaired; keys made; lawn mowers sharpened. 20 E. Bijou.

LAWN MOWERS called for, sharpened and delivered. E. H. Morse. Phone Main 832.

SAFETY razor blades sharpened. E. H. Morse, 111 E. Huerfano St.

SAFETY blades sharpened. Sun Drug Co. and Fiedler's cigar store.

LADIES', gentlemen's left-off clothing bought, sold. Ph. 2[illegible] 22 E. Huerfano.

FOUND

FOUND—Locket and head chain. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for ad at Gazette office.

FOUND on Nevada Ave., brown purse. Identify and pay for Ad.

FOUND—Silver mesh bag. Owner call [illegible] office.

PERSONAL

LADIES—Why have pimples and blackheads? Send 25c for formula. Address Formula, 120 E. Pikes Peak Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

CUT this out for luck, send birth date and 10c for wonderful horoscope of your entire life. Professor Raphael, 499 Lexington Ave., New York.

Electric Magnetic Massage

FOR treatment of paralysis, appendicitis, rheumatism, goiters, salt ration and nervous troubles. Room 10, Everhart Blk. Main 656.

FOR RENT HOUSES Furnished

AT CHEYENNE CANON.

Small house, kitchen, living room, pantry and 2 sleeping porches, newly painted and scrupulously clean, never occupied by sick, shade and shrubbery; see it and you'll take it; on car line; also comfortable tent house. 1600 Cheyenne boulevard. Phone 3056-W.

WE HAVE a number of furnished and unfurnished houses for rent, from 3 to 8 rooms; prices from $7 to $100 per month.

ADAMS INVESTMENT CO.

Room 5 Independence Bldg. Phone M. 909.

AT GREEN MOUNTAIN FALLS—My cottage, well located, hot and cold running water, porcelain bath with shower, large fireplace, steel range in kitchen. Inquire J. P. Barnes, 111 E. Pikes Peak Ave., Colorado Springs.

FOR RENT—At a reasonable rate, a seven-room, second floor, flat, fully furnished; two bathrooms; a large porch; close in. For information phone 3056W.

FOR sale or for rent; a 11-room modern house, nicely furnished, high sightly location in Manitou. Inquire of W. D. Escher, 107 Ruxton Ave., Manitou. Phone Hyland 39.

AN 8-room modern house, with fine sleeping porch, inclosed grounds, clean and in good order for immediate residence. Apply to owner, room 234, Plaza hotel. Phones 3060 and 871.

NEW MODERN FURNISHED COTTAGE; BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED, MANITOU. PHONE M. 739.

CAMP CHEYENNE

Cottages, with sleeping porches. Canon car, 5c fare. 815 Cheyenne Blvd.

WILL rent my home for 3 months; 7-room modern; reasonable; plenty of shade, and vegetable garden. City Clerk, city hall.

COMPLETELY furnished cottages at Rosemont, on Short Line; fine trout fishing and wild strawberries. C. C. Lane, Rosemont, Colo.

MODERN 4-room flat, furnished for light housekeeping; no children. Phone 3598J. 20 E. Dale.

NEW, modern, nicely furnished cottage, Broadmoor park. Phone Red 22. Inquire 727 N. Weber.

LARGE 5-room furnished cottage, 2 porches, large grounds, shade, to adults. 1411 N. Wahsatch.

NEAT, newly furnished, 3-room cottage and sleeping porch. 1745 Wood. Phone Main 2850.

NEW cottage in Manitou, accommodations for 4; sleeping porch. Phone Hyland 64W.

THREE-ROOM cottage, furnished; Green Mountain Falls; for rent. Phone 597.

TENT cottages, electric lighted; shady lawn; one block from North park. 327 N. Weber.

2-ROOM house, furnished or unfurnished, modern. Call 828 E. Willamette. Phone 3697J.

MODERN 5-room house, 2 sleeping porches, a piano. Phone 3765W; on N. Weber car line.

FOR RENT—cheap, furnished tent cottage near Stratton park. Phone M. [illegible]

FOR RENT—Furnished 6-room house; modern; very cheap. 1163 N. Arcadia street.

MODERN cottage with large sleeping porch. Apply Mrs. Helland, No. 11 Stratton park.

[illegible] cottage, walking distance and on car line, large porch, piano. 527 N. Wahsatch.

MODERN 4-room bungalow with large sleeping porch. Adults only. 1527 N. Royer.

[illegible] house for summer. [illegible] Colorado Ave. [illegible]

FOUR rooms, nearly modern, rent [illegible] Cache la Poudre St.

5-ROOM cottage, 4 months or longer, 2 to 5 during week. 410 E. Madison.

FOR RENT—Two-room cottage, water, gas, lights, choice. 425 E. Kiowa.

FOR FURNISHED houses, rooms and apartments call 510½ E. Pikes Peak.

5-ROOM house, sewing machine, piano; modern. Inquire 14 S. Corona. Red 17.

7-ROOM house at Woodland Park. Inquire Sarah Baldwin, 1510 Grant Ave.

5-ROOM flat, thoroughly modern. Inquire 1005 N. Wahsatch.

8 ROOMS modern. 1619 N. Weber.

FIVE-room furnished cottage, modern, close in. 422 E. Willamette.

7-ROOM bungalow, fully furnished. 719 N. Wahsatch.

CLAIRVOYANTS

MADAM ELLOON

World renowned for her marvelous predictions; most reliable, truest scientific palmist, trance clairvoyant, psychic healer.

THE FUTURE CAN BE FORETOLD.

My success has been built upon honest advice and the success I bring my clients. The confidence of a client can only be earned through honest dealing and satisfying advice. There are good and bad people in every profession. No client has ever lost a dollar through my advice, of which fact I am proud. Moved to 312 S. Tejon.

MOVED from 14½ E. Pikes Peak, MRS. SAMPSON—Noted psychic; all work guaranteed. Readings daily. Spiritual meetings Sun., Thurs. eve., 8 sharp, now at 112 N. Nevada.

$2 TRANCE READING, 50c (with this ad.) this week. 217 S. Twelfth St.

FOR RENT OFFICES

FOR RENT—Office rooms, single or en suite. Gazette building. Apply Gazette Business Office.

I HAVE a desirable location for physician's office. Address N-26, Gaz.

FOR RENT—One furnished office in Gazette Bldg. Apply business office.

FOR RENT HOUSES Unfurnished

HOUSES FOR RENT

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY

W. W. WILLIAMSON

ROOMS 40-41 BANK BLOCK

1115 NORTH WEBER—Six rooms; modern. Inquire L. H. Rouse, Main 1868.

UNFURNISHED apartment, corner, ground floor. 802 N. Tejon. Phone M. 2271.

528 N. WEBER—9 rms., strictly mod. 509 N. Royer, 5 rms., pantry, $12. Hahn, 712 S. Columbia. Phone 3580J.

MOST desirable 5-room, modern apartment to permanent tenant. Inquire J. F. Murray, Y. M. C. A. Bldg.

LATONIA apartment of 6 rooms; first floor. See janitor.

6-ROOM modern house; on car line. Call 838 E. Willamette. Phone 3697J.

8 ROOMS, modern. 232 E. Washington. See owner, rear 518 E. Bijou.

4-ROOM house, partly modern. Inquire 32 N. Weber.

5-ROOM flat; thoroughly modern; unfurnished. Inquire 1005 N. Wahsatch.

4-ROOM apartment, first floor. Latonia apartments. Phone Main 2521.

A four-room modern flat, new and very cozy; $15. 508½ S. El Paso.

4-ROOM, modern house, except heat. Corner Caramillo and El Paso.

12-ROOM house, 930 N. Weber. Inquire Smith Packing Co.

3-ROOM cottage, rear 716 N. Wahsatch.

4-ROOM house with garden. 716 East Cucharas.

SHOE REPAIRING

FOR FIRST-CLASS shoe repairing call the old reliable, Electric Shoe Factory, 20 E. Huerfano. Ph. Main 1853.

QUICK and first-class work while you wait at Peterson's Shoe Shop, 121 E. Kiowa St. Phone Main 1276.

MEN'S nailed soles, 50c; rubber heels, 25c. Shoe Hospital, 25 E. Huerfano.

GRADUATE OSTEOPATH

DR. G. W. PAULY

and wife, graduates of osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo., under Dr. A. T. Still. Osteopathy corrects the cause of diseases, and thereby prevents further disease. Office, 201-202-203-204 DeGraff Bldg., 118 N. Tejon St. Phone Main 1701. Residence, 1532 N. Nevada. Phone Main 956.

We will show you to your satisfaction the cause of your trouble.

DR. HORACE J. RICHARDSON, OSTEOPATH AND NEUROLOGIST GRADUATE KIRKSVILLE, MO. RES. AND OFF. 824 N. TEJON ST. MANITOU OFF. OPP. MANSIONS SPRING. PHONES MAIN 2744, HYLAND 173.

DR. AMELIA E. SPARLING, graduate Kirksville, Mo. 15 yrs. practice. Office and Res. 418 E. St. Vrain. 8 to 12 a. m. Ph. 2032. Manitou office 2 doors east P. O., 2 to 7 p. m. Ph. Hyland 64J.

DRS. J. P. O. Givens and Laura B. Givens, graduates under Dr. Still, founder of osteopathy; acute and chronic diseases treated. Calls answered. Office over Busy Corner.

DR. CONWAY, Still's graduate; post graduate work under specialists. Phone or call 5 El Paso Bank Bldg.

SEWING MACHINES

SINGER Sewing Machine Co., 210 N. Tejon. See our bargains in used machines. Late style, Drop-head Singers. Repairing guaranteed.

FOR RENT ROOMS Unfurnished

3 NICE rooms, unfurnished, for housekeeping. 201 S. Wahsatch.

VETERINARY COLLEGES

S. F. VETERINARY COLLEGE begins Sept. 14. No profession offers equal opportunity. Catalog free. C. Keane, Pres., 1818 Market St., San Francisco.

COLLEGES

KEISTER'S LADIES' TAILORING COLLEGE. A school of scientific dress cutting, dress making and ladies' tailoring. Hours from 8 a. m. to 12 m. during summer months. Custom dept. Hagerman Building, S. E. Cor. Kiowa and Tejon.

Watch and Clock Repairing.

WATCHES cleaned, 50c; mainspring, 50c; work guaranteed. We buy old gold and silver. S. Klein, 16 E. Huerfano. Phone 541.

EDUCATIONAL

EXPERIENCED teacher would take charge of nervous, backward or subnormal children. Defective speech corrected. Recommended by one of the best private schools in the east. Address F-20, Gazette.

DRESSMAKING

QUEEN CITY College of Dressmaking and Tailoring. Satisfaction guaranteed. Laura G. Abendshien, instructor. Phone M. 218. El Paso Bank Bldg.

MRS. MERCHANT is located at 212 N. Wahsatch and does work by the piece; low rates.

CHIROPRACTIC

COULTRUP & COULTRUP, CHIROPRACTORS, 46 First National Bank Bldg. Telephone Main 398.

S. B. SOMERS, Edith E. Somers, Chiropractors. Opp. 1st M. E. church. 128 E. Boulder.

CAPSHAWS, "THE PIONEERS." Opposite postoffice. Phone M. 1991.

FOR RENT ROOMS Furnished

313 E. KIOWA

Modern, cool rooms, single or en suite; sleeping porch; close in; no invalids.

COMPLETE; modern housekeeping, 2, 3 or 4 rooms; ½ block north of park; airy, clean and convenient. 321 E. Monument.

NEWLY furnished housekeeping apartment; also sleeping rooms; 1½ blocks north Catholic church, facing Monument park. 19 West View Place.

WEST front, adjoining bath, newly completed home, shaded porch, breakfast given. 825 N. Wahsatch. Phone Main 3086-M.

2-ROOMS in modern house, located by cool, mountain stream; good board near; half block from car. Phone 3558W.

NICE housekeeping room, fine sleeping porch, gas, toilet, two beds, private entrance, first floor. 326 E. Yampa.

MODERN ROOMS

No children or tuberculars; garage. 622 N. Nevada. Phone 1892.

FOR RENT—GLADSTONE APARTMENT, furnished or unfurnished. 10 Boulder Crescent. Phone M. 2244.

FULLY modern 2 or 4-room housekeeping apartments; north. Phone Main 2198.

MODERN, single or ensuite, private family. 312 N. Tejon. Opposite Acacia hotel.

COMFORTABLY furnished room, private family; N. Tejon car. 229 E. Uintah.

NICE, clean, large rooms cheap; close in; kitchen privileges. 425 N. Wahsatch.

ROOMS—Separate kitchen for guests; reasonable rates. Mrs. Palmer, 321 S. Wahsatch.

ONE room, best location, west side; porch, shade, lawn; man and wife or ladies preferred. 1408 Colorado avenue.

FOR RENT—Furnished room, reasonable, breakfast privilege. 931 N. Wahsatch.

NICELY furnished rooms, with or without board. Phone 2077. 525 N. Nevada.

2 MODERN rooms for rent; east front; in private home; breakfast, if desired. 1726 N. Tejon.

MODERN rooms, single or en suite; private bath, sleeping porches; close in. 28 W. Bijou. Phone Main 1850.

4 ROOMS for light housekeeping, upstairs. July, August and Sept. 618 E. Boulder.

THREE nicely furnished rooms in north end home; bath, phone, garage for automobile. Phone 2386J.

TWO OR THREE housekeeping rooms. Others with kitchen privileges. Phone M. 1052.

HOUSEKEEPING rooms, sleeping porch, other rooms, low prices. 522 N. Nevada. 4091W.

MODERN, furnished rooms, close in; near car; kitchen privileges; no sick; $2.00 per week. 20 W. Kiowa.

TWO furnished rooms, modern. 215 N. Wahsatch.

NEWLY furnished modern rooms, also housekeeping rooms. 418 S. Nevada.

SUITE housekeeping rooms, modern, private kitchen. 423 E. Boulder.

2 HOUSEKEEPING rooms. 224 N. Franklin.

2 ROOMS for light housekeeping, also 1-room cottage. 111 N. Weber.

FURNISHED housekeeping rooms and sleeping porch. 619 E. Boulder.

COZY flat, 3 rooms, bath, sleeping porch, gas, shade. 326 E. Yampa.

FURNISHED rooms; also two 2-room apartments. 118 E. Platte.

TWO private housekeeping rooms; gas range. 326 E. Huerfano. Main 1573.

SLEEPING porch, other rooms, modern; Wahsatch line. 1615 N. Weber.

ROOMS for light housekeeping; modern. 701 N. Tejon. M. 3870W.

NICELY furnished front room; ground floor; cor. Bijou and Weber. No. 132.

CLEAN furnished rooms, 75c and up. 23 W. Huerfano. Elizabeth Behrendt.

CLEAN lodging, 15c. 23 W. Huerfano St. Elizabeth Behrendt.

HOUSEKEEPING tent and rooms at 316 N. Nevada Ave. Rear 318.

NICE rooms, housekeeping or otherwise. 409 N. Nevada.

STRICTLY modern 3-room apt.; also sleeping rooms. 116 E. Boulder.

TENT house. 419 East Boulder.

FOUR modern housekeeping rooms, cheap; adults. 721 S. Sahwatch.

FOR 2 nice housekeeping rooms, close in. 425 E. Platte.

NICELY furnished rooms, sleeping porch. 314 E. Monument.

2 OR 3 ROOMS, furnished, $15. 1533 N. Weber. Phone 3600-J.

APARTMENT of 3 large rooms, 3rd floor, housekeeping. 530 N. Weber.

FOR SALE RANCHES

THREE DOLLARS AND NINETY CENTS PER ACRE

320 acres, raw; all tillable Arkansas valley land; best bargain in Colorado. 1408 Colorado Ave.

POULTRY SUNDRIES

1 DOZEN HENS and good cockerel; also hen house for sale cheap. 119 Colorado Ave., Colorado City.

CHICKEN ranch near town, 1½ acres ground; 3-room house, city water, garden; $425.00. Address F-19, Gazette.

YOUNG chicks 1 to 6 wks. old and year old hens. M. 3453W.

INDIAN RUNNER duck eggs for hatching, 50 eggs. 424 W. Uintah.

FOR SALE Real Estate

Between Cascade and Wood Avenues

Artistic Bungalow. Six rooms and bath. Large sunny room. Hot water heat. Fine surroundings. Genuine bargain.

HASTINGS-ALLEN CO.

120 E. Pikes Peak Ave.

RELINQUISHMENT FOR SALE. Colo. 320 acres, two-room house, good cellar—off—basement, 160 acres fenced, 35 acres in cultivation; good outbuildings, two cisterns, one well. Write Mrs. Ida M. Lake, Yoder, Colo., R. F. D. No. 2, Box 44.

FOR SALE—$500

Picturesque site for bungalow in Ivywild, lots 1 and 3, block 4, add. 1, Center St., 200 ft. by 129.7 ft.; one block from Cheyenne Canon car line. Owner, 1307 Josephine St., Denver.

6-ROOM house, modern except heat; nicely finished inside; 4 closets, enclosed back porch, good cellar, gas and coal ranges, gas water heater; 1½ lot. 1712 Grant Ave.

CHEAP, on easy terms, in Ivywild, 5-room modern house, two fine sleeping porches. Nice lawn and shade. Inquire 313 S. Tejon. Phone Main 3886-J.

PROPERTY at 327 W. Vermijo, sacrifice sale, $800; clear title. Inquire owner.

MIXED gravel and dirt, just the thing for walks or driveway. Stark, 2887.

MODERN, 8-room house, 3 blocks from college. Phone 2826, evenings.

TO TRADE

NICE 107-a. farm in New York to trade for small place near the Springs; 50 a. cultivated, balance in timber. Seven-room house; good barn, orchard, spring and well, grove of 700 sugar maples; close to town. Chas. Whitford, Belvidere, Ill.

WILL TRADE—Five thousand dollar stock of merchandise for good income Colo. Spgs. property. What have you? Address E-46, Gazette.

3-ROOM house and 6 lots; good shade and shrubs, chicken houses for 300 chickens; barn, buggy shed; clear; for C. S. property. 402 Howbert, Colo. City.

BUSINESS CHANCES

A MONEY MAKER

FINE BUSINESS FOR SALE; CONFECTIONERY, FRUITS, CIGARS AND SODA FOUNTAIN. HURRY IF YOU WANT A GOOD THING. POST BOX 629. OWNER.

FOR SALE—Weekly paper and job plant in Colorado town of about 5,000. Good thing for right party. Present owner unable to look after the property, so is willing to dispose of same at the right price. For particulars, address X. Y. Z., care Gazette, Colorado Springs, Colo.

WANTED—Reliable person to act as sole distributer for 11 states on a first-class auto specialty recently invented; must possess about $1,000 to pay for stock, etc.; only capable man will be considered. M. Shewit, Acacia hotel.

FOR SALE or trade at Green Mountain Falls, grocery and fixtures with living room. Apply 40 Boulder Crescent.

A NICE, neat grocery and confectionery; finest location in the city; at a bargain; also $100 cash register for $25. 222 S. Tejon.

OR trade, second-hand furniture store. Money maker. Investigate. 429 E. Pikes Peak.

$550.00 BUYS second-hand furniture store; invoice $750.00. 429 E. P. P.

COAL and feed business for sale. Address C-100, Gazette.

GOOD opening for insurance and real estate office. Address F-27, Gazette.

FOR SALE FURNITURE

GASOLINE stove, range, beds, springs, dressers, kitchen cabinet, two-wheel sulky. 31 S. Cascade.

MAPLE chiffonier, sewing machines, ranges, furniture, all kinds, at bargains. 429 E. P. P. Ave.

FOR SALE—Folding bed with large [illegible] glass in front. 521 North Cascade.

NEW furniture of 5 rooms, also piano; very reasonable. 426 E. Bijou.

SAVE $2.00 to $5.00 on all room-size rugs. The Carpet Store, 231 E. P. P.

SHOW cases and restaurant counters. 31 S. Cascade.

WANTED To Rent Houses

WANTED—Aug. 1st, 5-room cottage, close in, unfurnished; permanent tenants. Phone 1765.

WANTED—An unfurnished house, about 10 rooms, close in; state price. Address D-57, Gazette.

For Sale Rooming Houses

BOARD and rooming house, 16 rooms; close in; good class trade; must be sold; part cash. Address F-16, Gazette.

FOR SALE—The Maples rooming house, 523 E. Pikes Peak. Phone 2459.

HORSES AND VEHICLES

FOR SALE—1,100-pound horse, wagon and harness. This is a fine delivery or carriage horse; sound, stylish and well broke. 121 S. Cascade.

DRIVING horse, good style, sorrel, also buggy and harness. Inquire Country club.

DUMP wagon for sale. Hastings-Allen Co., 120 E. Pikes Peak.

TWO first-class surreys and tour [illegible] for sale at Kentucky Stables.

FOR SALE—Three [illegible] heavy horses. [illegible] 202 W. [illegible]

AUTOMOBILES

USED CARS FOR SALE.

1913 5-passenger Cadillac, best of condition, recently overhauled and revarnished.

1914 Chalmers Big Six, driven 1,200 miles; condition same as new.

1912 Hudson, has been driven very little and is in perfect condition.

1910 Pierce "48," factory rebuilt, fore doors, new top and newly painted.

We have several slightly used and second-hand cars for sale at prices that guarantee their being bargains.

THE G. W. BLAKE AUTO CO.

15 N. Nevada Ave. Telephone Main 131.

FOR SALE—Two-cylinder, 5-passenger Buick touring car; make first-class combination truck and family car. The Strang Garage Co.

AUTO repairing, by factory expert, at your own garage; reasonable; A-1 reference. D-69, Gazette.

WANTED—Roadster in good condition. Have 1914 two-speed twin motorcycle to trade on same. F-5, Gazette.

FOR SALE—5-passenger Peerless touring car; bargain for quick sale. The Strang Garage Co.

5-PASS. auto for sale at a bargain, would consider trade. Room 2, Midland Blk. Phone Main 427.

TRUCK for sale; 2,000-pound capacity, slightly used; price right. The G. W. Blake Auto Co.

MODEL F Buick for sale or trade. 209 Washington, Colo. City.

SECOND-HAND Fords, $300 to $450. Vollmer Bros., 122 N. Cascade.

MONEY TO LOAN

MONEY TO LOAN

On dry farming lands, irrigated ranches or city property, at lowest rates. I make no chattel loans, but if you want cheap money on real estate, and want it quick, call or phone

W. W. WILLIAMSON

40-41 Bank Block. Phone Main 476.

MONEY TO LOAN on furniture, pianos, diamonds, horses, cattle, or anything of value; easy payments; confidential. The Private Loan Bank; C. W. Bohannon, Alex. Koehler. Rooms 8-9, 24 S. Tejon St. M. 1567.

$25.00 UP to loan on pianos, household goods, cattle, autos; lowest rates; no delays. City Loan Bank, 31 Bank Bldg.

EVERYTHING IN LOANS AND DAVIS INSURANCE. DAVIS, 36 First Nat'l Bank Bldg. Ph. M. 170.

MONEY to loan on Colorado Springs real estate. George Peyser, 124 S. Tejon.

MONEY TO LOAN on city property or dry land. 123 N. Nevada. Main 380.

PIANOS FOR RENT

JUST received large shipment of pianos for rental purposes. Your choice of several good makes. We will make you a special rate for the summer. Call or phone The Hext Music Co., 19 N. Tejon St. Phone Main 1272.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

R. W. HUNTER, fine piano tuning. 117 E. Pikes Peak, rear. Phone Main 1229.

STORAGE & TRANSFER

GOING to move right this time? Our vans are padded, the men experienced and our storage modern. The Smith Storage & Transfer Co. Phone M. 100.

STORAGE MILLEN, HE stores goods right. 107-111 S. Nevada.

BATHS

MACK'S sulphur baths, 75c; 8 for $5. Chiropody, massage. M. 1056. 324½ N. Tejon.

BOARD AND ROOMS

ROOMS and board; also sleeping porches; camp grounds for automobiles. Phone M. 1515, or 418 Jefferson Ave., Colorado City.

"THE PINES," on Cheyenne foothills; fresh eggs; porches; daily mail; excellent place for tubercuars. Phone Black 952.

FURNISHED rooms; also sleeping porch; board. Phone Main 3350R. 318 E. Platte.

MRS. KATE M. BROWN, 2809 N. Nevada, order home made bread, pies and cakes. Phone Main 4084-W.

ROOMS and board, $5, $6, $7 per week. 21 W. Espanola.

ROOMS—1st and 2nd floors; sleeping porch; board if desired. 315 N. Weber.

PLEASANT airy rooms and good board in north end. M2579.

ROOMS and board. Mrs. J. F. Maloney, 320 N. Cascade Ave. Phone 933.

SUITE of rooms, private bath. 615 N. Tejon. Phone 1746.

2 MODERN rooms and board for 4 people, $25 each. F-2, Gazette.

MISS HURST, 108 East Boulder.

HER PEARL NECKLACE BROKE

From the New York Times.

Even Assistant Manager Shanks could not recall out of a long experience an instance where a hotel room was rented for such a purpose as one was used recently at the Hotel Manhattan. A woman from Greenwich, Conn., paid $5 for a room which was used as a temporary workshop for restringing a pearl necklace.

According to those who were in the neighborhood of the desk when the woman approached it, there was one pearl in the lot that was of great size and, with the rest of the 25 or 30 that went with it, made up a collection worth thousands of dollars. The woman explained that her necklace had broken, and that as she was not to take any risks about leaving the gems in a jewelry shop, she had stopped at a jeweler's and had asked that a good workman, with his tools, should be sent to the hotel to meet her. She wanted a room where there was plenty of light and a table.

The workman soon arrived, and the woman gave him the pearls and told him to go up to the room. He let himself in and restring the necklace there. When he entered the elevator she took a seat in the lobby which commanded a view of the elevator and the front stairs, and waited until he came down and returned the necklace to her. After examining carefully, she professed herself satisfied with the result and went away.

FOR SALE Miscellaneous

FOR SALE—Weekly paper and job plant in Colorado town of about [illegible] Good thing for right party. Present owner unable to look after the property, so is willing to dispose of same at the right price. For particulars, address X. Y. Z., care Gazette, Colorado Springs, Colo.

CHERRIES

CHERRY ORCHARD RANCH—[illegible] mile east of Keiker, 3½ miles [illegible] town, 29 cents per gallon on trees, [illegible] cents delivered. P. O. Box 2[illegible]

CHERRIES

PORTABLE garage for sale. [illegible] city. We pay highest prices for piano boxes. The Smith Storage & Transfer Co. Phone Main 100.

FOR SALE—Nine dairy cows, horses, wagon, surrey, harness, utensils and retail milk route. [illegible] Hudson, Box 897. Phone Black [illegible] 7 a. m.

2 MOTORCYCLES, cheap, Harley-Davidson, twin Excelsior. [illegible] garage, 628 Colo. Ave., Colo. City.

PRESSED PAPER MATS—For lining chicken houses and outbuildings, for sale at this office.

EXCELSIOR auto cycle, in good condition. 120 North Nevada. Very reasonable.

RANGE, almost new; 6-hole, with reservoir, good condition. 209 E. Cimarron.

CHERRIES, picked to order. [illegible] Nursery, 210 S. El Paso. Phone 3929J.

$235 CASH takes new $500 high-grade upright piano if sold this week. Reply P. O. Box 264.

MASON fruit jars; pints 35c; quarts 40c; half gallons, 59c. Home Furniture Co., 408½ S. Tejon.

FIVE-GALLON Jersey cow. [illegible] 604 First street, Nob Hill.

FRESH, 6-gallon cow and calf. Live Stock Co., 119 S. Cascade.

SECOND-HAND gas range, cheap for cash. 102 N. Tejon St.

ROW boat on Prospect Lake. Herwig. Phone 494.

FOR SALE—Second-hand gas water heater. 102 N. Tejon St.

GRAVEL for sale. Let me gravel your driveway or yard. Stark, Main 2887.

GOOD Singer sewing machine; refrigerator. 205 Cheyenne Ave.

MIXED gravel and dirt, just the thing for walk or driveway. Stark, [illegible]

PEDIGREED Persian kittens [illegible] 419 E. Boulder. Phone 3893W.

ONE Jersey cow for sale. 604 N. [illegible] Nob Hill.

LEGAL NOTICES

CERTIFICATE REEXTENDING CHARTER

Treasury Department, Office of Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, D. C., June 24, 1914.

WHEREAS, By satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF COLORADO SPRINGS," located in the city of Colorado Springs, in the County of El Paso and State of Colorado, has complied with all the provisions of the Act of Congress "to enable National Banking Associations to extend their corporate existence, and for other purposes," approved July 12, 1882, as amended by the Act approved April 12, 1902;

NOW THEREFORE, I, JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Colorado Springs," located in the town of Colorado Springs, in the County of El Paso and State of Colorado, is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended articles of association, namely, until close of business on June 23, 1934.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, witness my hand and seal of office this twenty-fourth day of June, 1914.

JNO. SKELTON WILLIAMS,
Comptroller of the Currency.
(SEAL)
Charter No. 2179. Extension No. [illegible]

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The French Gulch Dredging Company for the election of directors and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, Suite No. [illegible] Mining Exchange Building, Colorado Springs, Colorado, at 12 o'clock noon on Wednesday, July 15, 1914.

The stock transfer books will be closed at 12 o'clock noon on the [illegible] day of July, 1914, and will reopen the day after the final adjournment of such meeting.

WILFRID M. HAGER,
Secretary.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Bids will be received by the City Clerk of the City of Colorado Springs until 9 o'clock a. m. of Wednesday, July 15, 1914, for the construction, complete in place, of an arch concrete conduit along the North line of Mesa Road between the East boundary line of the Rio Grande Right of Way and the West bank of Monument Creek.

The following is the Engineer's approximate estimate:

300 Lin. Ft. Conduit with reinforcement.

400 Cu. Yds. Excavation.

Plans and specifications may be obtained at the office of the City Engineer.

Certified check for $250.00 must accompany the proposal.

A Bond in the sum of $700.00 for the faithful performance of the contract will be required from the successful bidder.

The City reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the City Council.

A. J. LAWTON,
Commissioner of Public Works and Property.
July 2nd, 1914.

GAZETTE 60 CENTS A MONTH

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Wants

LOST

—Small gold crescent pin with mond setting, between the El building and Dale street, or on car. Reward for return to Gaz.

—Garnet brooch, last Saturday in Monument park or between r's cafe and Monument park. Re- this office.

—17-jewel Elgin, 25-year hunting gold watch. Lady's size. "Bes- n inside cover. "B. V." on back. Reward. Gazette.

—Black crochet handbag, be- en Huerfano and Pikes Peak ve, containing pocketbook with money, cards, etc. Reward if ned to Gazette.

—Ladies' gold watch, open face, h initials R. J. U. on back; lost een R. & R. G. station and Sun- tabernacle. Reward if returned azette.

—Silver mesh bag, initials E. B. containing handkerchief and change; was left on steps of ce- enclosure in Monument park. rd at Gazette.

—On N. Tejon street car, Sun- evening about 10 o'clock, pocket- containing money. A liberal re- will be paid for its return to tte office.

—About 10 days ago, pocket ke- s, leather rather worn; left either me friend's house or store or else Finder will receive reward for rn to Gazette.

L LADY who picked up blue baby riage-robe at Stratton park pa- n Sunday evening return to Ga- e.

T—Pocketbook at tabernacle ursday afternoon, containing ey, gas bill of $1.60. $5 reward, ette.

L party who got my suit case, ne 11, mail my dairy book to 312 oln St., Denver, as it's valuable wner.

T—Black feather boa in paper ca, between Colorado Springs and ittou. Return to Gazette office for ard.

ST—At Monument Valley park ayground, last Monday, child's blue folk jacket and tan hat. Reward eturned to Gazette office.

ST—Eye glasses; toric lenses; near idland bridge on South Tejon et. Reward if returned to Gazette ce.

ST—Silver breastpin; name of own- inside. Return to Gazette. Re- rd.

ST—June 14, Eastman vest pocket odak, No. 77955. Return to Gazette. ward.

ST—Tail light from auto, between own and Cragmoor. Return to Ga- te. Reward.

ST—Raincoat with name Crowning- hield inside collar. Reward at Ga- te.

ST—Brown leather pocketbook con- aining milk tickets and receipt. Re- rd at Gazette.

ST—$10, Saturday noon, between olo. Spgs. bank and Kaufman's eral reward Gazette.

ST—Small red cross pin, letters U. S. lost in business district. Re- rd Gazette.

ST—Saturday night on N. Cascade P. P. Ave., child's knitted cap. ward Gazette.

OST—Pocketbook between 1300 block Tejon and 500 block S. Weber. Re- rd this office.

OST—Bar pin, set with large pink and gray pearls. Reward at Gazette ffice.

OST—Small black Water Spaniel wearing collar; answers to name of ll. Reward. 1927 Wood avenue.

AIR eyeglasses, in head bag, at con-ert in Manitou, June 27. Return to azette.

OST—Dark blue silk card case, con- taining one silver dollar. Saturday ght. Return to The Gazette.

ST—Lady's gold brooch, set with pearls and Copenhagen blue stone. eward if returned to Gazette office.

OST—In Evergreen cemetery, Sunday, silver purse, chain and ring attached. eward Gazette.

OST—Gold rope bracelet, turquoise setting, near tabernacle. Reward at azette.

UNCH of keys, between 107 E. Ver- mijo and Santa Fe depot. Reward Gazette.

OST—Black silk umbrella, Thursday afternoon. Return this office. Re- ard.

OST—Probably in North park, small purse containing three $5 bills. Re- ard if returned to Gazette office.

OST—Sterling silver pencil with in- itials "R. C. S." Reward at Gazette.

OST—String of gold beads, with pen- dant. Return to Gazette. Reward.

OST—Monday, on Tejon St., brown alligator purse. Reward at Gazette.

. O. E. CHARM; gold. Return to Gazette. Reward.

IS IN BILLS, in Huerfano St., Satur- day afternoon. Reward at Gazette.

PHI KAPPA PHI sorority pin, lost Sunday. Reward at Gazette.

LOST—Purple automobile veil, Satur- day night. Reward at Gazette.

UMBRELLA at Santa Fe depot. Re- ward at Gazette.

CHARM from watch fob; gold K. Re- ward at Gazette.

KEYS on string; lost on Tejon St. Reward at Gazette.

LOST—Gold bar pin, name Okiku on back. Reward this office.

WILDFLOWER
EXCURSION
Go at 9 a. m. Return 5 p. m.
$1.00—Every Day $1.00

'Perfect Irish Type' Artists Say, Weds

MRS. ALBERT SURPRENANT

Albert Ulrich Surprenant, the young wealthy French banker of New York and Paris, has announced his marriage to Miss Lavinia Grimes, a beautiful artist's model of New York. Miss Grimes came to New York two years ago to visit relatives. She met a number of young artists who were struck with her great beauty, and after much persuasion consented to pose. The bride is of the dark hair, blue-eyed type of Killarney, famed in verse and song, and her unusual coloring and features have been the motive of many drawings by such famous artists as Harrison Fisher and Charles Dana Gibson, who have unitedly in calling her a "perfect type of Irish beauty." Mr. Surprenant and his bride are on their way to visit her family in Scranton, Pa., before they sail for Europe, where the couple will make their home.

SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN QUEEN

From the Denver News.

STERLING, Colo.—But for the defeat of James II of England at the Battle of Boyne, Mrs. Mary Iler of Sterling, asserts she instead of Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, might have reigned as queen of England.

She declares she is a lineal descendant of the Stuart kings through the line of Charles I, through his son, James the Second, through the pretender, son of James the Second, and finally through the young pretender, son of the old pretender.

The young pretender, Charles, did not succeed in maintaining his claim to the British throne; but had the fortunes of war gone in his favor, and the Stuart family instead of the House of Hanover, prevailed in the struggle for the crown, Mrs. Iler avers she had as valid a claim to the throne as had Victoria.

Mrs. Iler is 78 years old. She was born in Canada two years before Victoria came to the throne. She was for many years a teacher and writer for the press, and is engaged in lecturing in the cause of temperance. She is a woman of brilliant attainments and pleasing personality. She is connected with some of the most notable families of the United States, being a descendant of Gen. Thomas Gage, commander of the British forces at Boston during the Revolutionary war. She is a cousin of Lyman G. Gage, secretary of the treasury under President McKinley and is closely related to Oscar Underwood of the house of representatives, and to former Governor Carpenter of the Philippines.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA
Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA
Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

GAZETTE 60 CENTS A MONTH

Controlling the Movies

HOW FILMS ARE CENSORED BY NATIONAL BOARD

BY ORRIN G. COCKS

Advisory Secretary National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures

(Exclusive Service the Sunday Press Bureau)

Control over motion pictures has recently aroused widespread public discussion. Official censorship has been established in several states and many cities. And a bill is pending in congress to create a federal motion picture commission for the entire union.

Especial interest therefore attaches to a statement recently issued by the national board of censorship of motion pictures giving its principles, policy and standards of judgment. The board is a voluntary, self-governing organization working with the manufacturers and importers of motion pictures and in the interests of the public. It was formed by the People's Institute of New York. No member engaged in any branch of the motion picture business. The 23 members of the general committee speak as skilled social workers, representing such agencies as the Y. M. C. A., Charity Organization society, Children's Aid association, Federation of Church and women's clubs, Y. W. C. A. and People's institute.

The Censoring Committee.

The 105 members of the carefully selected censoring committee drawn from the most intelligent groups in New York volunteer their services. The board at present views from 150 to 185 film subjects a week, covering 85 per cent of the industry. These pictures are daily seen by about 1,000,000 people in 18,000 motion picture houses in the United States. Last year 53 film subjects were entirely condemned and parts were eliminated from 301.

The total cost of organization and bodies kept off the American market was more than $382,000. The board sends out weekly a bulletin to all the pictures passed for exhibition with or without parts eliminated and those which have been condemned. These bulletins go to some 10,000 authorities, social workers, press committees and interested individuals.

The board's statement of its policy and standards of judgment is an interesting attempt to crystallize in words the moral and psychological effect of this new form of recreation on the minds of people, to estimate public opinion and to arrive at or exclude from the screen those scenes which have dangerous effects.

Difficulties of Censorship.

Few people realize the scope and complexity of such censorship. Laws have always lagged behind public opinion and there has been startling disagreement on fundamental principles. The members of the national board recognize these obstacles and freely acknowledge that they are open to error. Their methods, however, are sound. They know the motion picture business. They have actual knowledge of the effects of the pictures on people of different classes in different parts of the country. They seek advice from people skilled in a part or the whole of the field of life.

The problem is found complicated by the necessity of reviewing and criticising pictures for all the people. The same films are released on the same day in Florida, Maine and Oregon. The motion picture houses are open to people ranging from 3 to 80 years of age and representing social traditions modern and some antiquated, some modern and some antiquated, some native and some foreign. A partial solution of this difficulty appears to be special theaters and programs for children and young people, community theaters and unusually fine films in schools, churches and libraries.

The board recognizes that the imagination of young people acts quickly on the senses. It appreciates that they are open to all kinds of suggestion. On the other hand, it knows that the safeguards of youth—reticence, respect, fears and ideals—are as barriers against impure and unworthy thoughts and acts.

Sensuality and Crime.

It realizes that pictures stimulating the senses require particular study from the point of view of the adolescent. It therefore has adopted standards curtailing prolonged love scenes which are ardent beyond the strict requirements of the dramatic situation. It believes that it is one of the purposes of censorship to keep out of the mire the great experiences of humanity so that they may not be cheapened to the extent of losing their significance. The board restricts also very carefully the display of clothing and the person in ways to arouse the imagination and suggest immorality and sensuality. It also enforces strictly the exclusion of those forms of close dancing which have the same sensuous appeal.

A bewildering variety of crimes against person and property requires careful treatment. "The portrayal of crime should not degenerate into pandering to a morbid appetite, but should seek ends which are legitimate for the drama." The board insists that punishment naturally and fatally follows crime, and that an adequate dramatic motive for committing a crime is always necessary to warrant picturing it. "Gruesome and suggestive details are excluded. Regarding violence, the board states: "The actual deeds of violence need to be treated with the greatest discretion in motion pictures and the producer should remember that he is not writing a detailed exposition of the crime, but is telling a dramatic story which most often does not need such detail, but merely enough to make clear what has happened."

Vice Films.

The board critically examines films presenting various forms of sex lapses, for those effects on audiences which arouse rather than minimize passion, which tend to perpetuate the double standard of morality, which reveal easy ways of gratifying desire and of making money in the trade, of which simply indicate the weakness of humanity or recite the dreary detail of the lives of "prostitutes". The board gives its support to those subjects and films which present facts in a sincere, dramatic way leading to repression or to the removal of causes of commercial or sub-rosa prostitution. "There is a place on the screen of the motion picture theater for presentations which unquestionably indicate the causes, the dangers and the effects of sexual misconduct. These subjects dealing with the social evil will therefore be supported by the national board of censorship which arouses fear in the minds of both sexes, which develop a hatred on the part of the audience of this ancient evil, which stimulate efforts to rescue the prostitute and which indicate sensible and workable method of repression or suppression."

The board deals severely with films which picture maniacs, on the ground that they unduly harass the emotions of the normal person and seldom serve a real dramatic purpose. "The insane character who is not a maniac is less liable to be eliminated from a picture, though if the presentation of such character be unduly unwholesome or unpleasant, it is challenged."

The board recognizes the need of popular education as to extent and dangerous effects of habit-forming drugs and believes that motion pictures may be a medium for this purpose. But it is opposed to the portrayal of the alluring, the gruesome and suggestive, and will allow only those scenes which are dramatically necessary to point the moral. It also opposes those methods of using such drugs as would stimulate curiosity and experimentation. It will critically scan any suggestions of easy methods of obtaining such drugs.

It will support those subjects presented in a dignified, sincere and dramatic way which will enlighten and arouse the public to the enactment and enforcement of laws leading to the repression or prevention of illegal or immoral use or sale.

Though located in New York as being the headquarters of the motion picture industry for the distribution of film, the national board does not accept as a basis of criticism the standards of the New York stage or of its complicated, liberal and abnormal life. It seeks constantly the point of view of typical Americans and attempts to write this same judgment into its standards.

CRIPPLE CREEK SERVICE

The F. & C. R. R. is running the regular 10:35 a. m. train to Cripple Creek every day over the famous "Short Line," arriving at Colorado Springs on return at 5:45 p. m. The earlier train that was to go in service today leaving Colorado Springs at 8:35 a. m. will not be run for the present. Adv.

Articles of clothing from wood fiber are being made in Europe. Material for a suit costs about 50 cents. Clothing made of this material, however, cannot be washed.

OTIS & CO.
INVESTMENT BROKERS
MEMBERS
New York Stock Exchange — Chicago Stock Exchange
Cleveland Stock Exchange — Chicago Board of Trade
New York Cotton Exchange
125-127 East Pikes Peak Ave. COLORADO SPRINGS

LIMITED OFFERING
SOUTHWESTERN POWER & LIGHT 7% PREFERRED
Earning 24% from forty-nine well developed properties with stability insured by wholesale contracts with municipalities and other large consumers.
Particulars on request.
HAGER & SMITH
Suite 101 Mining Exchange Bldg.

THE COLORADO TITLE & TRUST COMPANY
Capital and Surplus, $400,000.00
OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:
President, J. Arthur Connell; Vice Presidents, Horace G. Lunt, Eugene P. Shove, Leonard E. Curtis, Wilfrid M. Hager; Secretary and Trust Officer, William R. Whiteton; Treasurer, George E. Nolte; W. M. Vance, Henry Hine, H. C. Ball, C. P. Dodge, George A. Fowler, George M. Irwin, W. A. Otis, Richard F. Howe, Charles L. Tutt.
Bonds, Mortgage Loans and Investment Securities Bought and Sold.
Small Accounts Accepted — Interest Paid on Deposits

THE COLORADO SAVINGS BANK
OF COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.
Capital ..... $[illegible]
Surplus $100,000
General Banking Business. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.
OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS—R. J. EATON, Pres. O. H. SHOUP, Vice Pres.; F. P. EVANS, Cashier; T. C. STRACHAN, Asst. Cashier; F. S. CASTELLO, FRANK A. VORRIES, JOHN CURR, JOS. G. DEEN, B. H. HOPKINS, WM. STRACHAN.

Colorado Springs National Bank
CORNER TEJON AND KIOWA STREETS.
CAPITAL, $100,000. SURPLUS, $75,000.
OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:
S. D. McCracken, President; W. F. Richards, O. E. Hemenway, Vice Presidents; W. S. Armstrong, Cashier; Carl C. Fingel, Asst. Cashier.
George S. Elston, M. C. Gile, D. N. Heizer, W. W. Flora, C. B. Seldomridge, Raymond R. Robbins.

The Exchange National Bank
Of Colorado Springs, Colo.
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.
Capital $300,000.00
Surplus $200,000.00
OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:
William Lennox, Chairman of the Board.
A. G. Sharp, President; S. J. Giles, Vice President; A. S. Hitchcock, Vice President; C. G. Graham, Cashier; W. J. Jones, Assistant Cashier; C. C. Morris, Assistant Cashier; Frank F. Castello, H. H. Rice, W. H. Spurgeon.

The First National Bank
OF COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.
CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $300,000.00
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY
OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:
J. A. HAYES, Pres.; IRVING HOWBERT, Vice Pres.; J. B. HUNT, Cashier;
WM. I. HOWBERT, Assistant Cashier; JAY B. MERRITT, Assistant Cashier.
WILLIAM A. OTIS, CHARLES M. MacNEILL, SPENCER PENROSE,
E. W. CHISHOLM, JAMES F. BURNS, RICHARD F. HOWE.
TRAVELERS' CHECKS AND LETTERS OF CREDIT
SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES

THE EL PASO NATIONAL BANK
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.
CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $150,000.00
WE ISSUE LETTERS OF CREDIT AND TRAVELERS' CHEQUES.
SAFETY BOXES FOR RENT.
OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:
U. C. HEMMING, President. E. P. SHOVE, Vice Pres. R. S. BROWNLIE, Vice Pres.
W. D. HEMMING, Cashier. O. L. GODFREY, Assistant Cashier.
T. J. FISHER, HARRY JACKSON, B. F. LOWELL, H. ALEX SMITH.

Railroad Time Tables

DENVER & RIO GRANDE

Effective June 7, 1914.
City Ticket Office, 123 E. Pikes Peak Ave.
Phone Main 96.

SOUTH, EAST AND WEST

No.	TO	Leaves
1	Salt Lake City and Pacific Coast	10:35 am
5	Salt Lake City and Pacific Coast	11:45 am
11	Pueblo, Wichita, Kansas City and St. Louis	2:55 pm
9	Pueblo, Wichita, Kansas City and St. Louis	6:20 pm
3	Glenwood, Utah, Pacific Coast	8:20 pm
18	Alamosa, Durango, Silverton	10:15 pm
15	Salida, Leadville, Ouray, Telluride	11:45 pm

NORTH TO DENVER AND DENVER CONNECTIONS.

No.	FROM	Leaves
16	Leadville, Telluride, Ouray, Salida and Alamosa	4:45 am
12	Pueblo, St. Louis, Kansas City and Wichita	9:25 am
6	Pacific Coast and Salt Lake	11:00 am
14	Pueblo, St. Louis, Kansas City and Wichita	1:35 pm
4	Pacific Coast and Salt Lake	3:40 pm
2	Pacific Coast and Salt Lake	5:40 pm
10	Canon City and Pueblo	8:15 pm

Trains to Manitou:		Ar. from Manitou:	
41	7:30 am	42	8:35 am
43	11:00 am	44	11:35 am
45	4:10 pm	46	5:00 pm

COLORADO & SOUTHERN LINES

119 East Pikes Peak Ave.
Phone Main 164
Effective February 16, 1914.

No.	NORTHBOUND.	Leave
7	For Denver from Texas and the Gulf	4:05 am
13	For Denver	6:20 am
5	For Denver, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis, north and west, Puget Sound, California	7:25 am
807	For Denver, Omaha, Chicago and East	11:35 am
1	For Denver, DeLuxe for California from Texas and Gulf Coast	12:30 pm
11	For Denver	3:00 pm
801	For Denver, California and Puget Sound	4:05 pm
8	For Denver, Kansas City, St. Joseph, St. Louis, Omaha, Chicago and East	5:50 pm
	SOUTHBOUND.	
6	For Texas, Louisiana, Florida and Gulf Coast points	2:05 am
113	For Pueblo	8:30 am
4	For Pueblo	10:35 am
12	For Pueblo	12:25 pm
2	Gulf Coast Limited for San Antonio, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Waco, Austin, Houston, Galveston, Louisiana, Florida and Gulf Coast points	2:35 pm
810	For Pueblo	6:35 pm
6	For Pueblo	10:30 pm

G. H. LOGAN, Commercial Agent.

COLORADO MIDLAND

(MIDLAND ROUTE)
121 East Pikes Peak Ave., Phone 378.

No.		
5	For Leadville, Aspen, Glenwood, Grand Junction, Salt Lake and Pacific Coast (A. T. & S. F.-Midland depot)	12:20 pm
11	For Victor and Cripple Creek (D. & R. G. depot)	6:35 pm
3	For Leadville, Aspen, Glenwood, Utah and Pacific Coast (A. T. & S. F. depot)	9:30 pm
6	From Grand Junction, Glenwood, Leadville (A. T. & S. F.-Midland depot)	6:05 am
8	From Cripple Creek, Victor (D. & R. G. depot)	10:40 am
4	From Grand Junction, Aspen, Leadville, Utah and Pacific Coast (A. T. & S. F. depot)	5:30 pm

SANTA FE

Corrected to March 1, 1914.
Union Station, East Pikes Peak Avenue.

COLORADO SPRINGS TO DENVER.

No.	Leave Colorado Springs.	Arrive Denver.
7	4:05 am	7:00 am
13	6:20 am	8:50 am
5	7:25 am	10:00 am
807	11:35 am	2:15 pm
1	12:50 pm	3:20 pm
11	3:00 pm	5:50 pm
801	4:10 pm	6:45 pm
3	5:50 pm	8:20 pm

DENVER TO COLORADO SPRINGS.

No.	Leave Denver.	Arrive Colo. Springs.
808	3:50 am	6:25 am
4	8:00 am	10:30 am
12	9:30 am	11:59 am
2	12:15 pm	2:45 pm
810	3:30 pm	6:15 pm
16	4:45 pm	8:00 pm
6	7:45 pm	10:20 pm
8	11:30 pm	2:00 am

EASTBOUND AND CALIFORNIA.

808	Kansas City and Chicago connecting with California Fast Mail	6:30 am
4	To Pueblo	10:35 am
12	Kansas City and Chicago	12:25 pm
2	To Pueblo	2:55 pm
810	Kansas City and Chicago California Limited connection	4:35 pm
6	Kansas City and Chicago	10:20 pm

C. C. HOYT, City Passenger Agent.
Phone Main 163.

ROCK ISLAND LINES

Effective Sunday, March 29.

No.	LEAVE COLORADO SPRINGS.	
8	Rocky Mountain Limited for Omaha and Chicago	9:15 am
40	Colorado Flyer for Kansas City and St. Louis	12:45 pm
6	Eastern Express for Omaha, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis	9:00 pm
5	For Pueblo	8:00 am
7	For Pueblo	1:25 pm
	ARRIVE IN COLORADO SPRINGS.	
8	From Pueblo	9:05 am
5	Colorado Express from Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis	7:30 am
39	Colorado Flyer from Kansas City and St. Louis	11:25 am
7	Rocky Mountain Limited from Chicago and Omaha	1:20 pm
6	From Pueblo	8:00 pm

R. S. TORRINGTON, City Passenger Agent
2 East Pikes Peak Avenue.

MISSOURI PACIFIC

Effective June 7, 1914.
City Ticket Office, 123 E. Pikes Peak Ave.
Phone Main 96.

Arrive		Depart
9:15 am	St. Louis, Sedalia, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Wichita and Hot Springs, Ark., daily	6:20 pm
1:30 pm	East Mail: St. Louis, Hot Springs, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth	2:55 pm

THE CRIPPLE CREEK TRIP

Effective July 4, 1914.

15—Daily	Leave Colo. Springs	8:35 am
	Arrive Cripple Creek	11:40 am
3—Daily	Leave Colo. Springs	10:35 am
	Arrive Cripple Creek	1:40 pm
14—Daily	Leave Cripple Creek	1:20 pm
	Arrive Colorado Springs	4:05 pm
4—Daily	Leave Cripple Creek	3:00 pm
	Arrive Colorado Springs	5:45 pm

All trains arrive and depart from the Santa Fe-Colorado & Southern station, Colorado Springs.

The Wonderful Avenue of Progress at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Copyright, 1914, by Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co. H. S. Crocker Co., official photographers.

HERE is one of the thoroughfares between exhibit palaces at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. The spectator is facing the south, looking toward the Fillmore street hill. At the right of the picture are the eastern facades of the Palace of Varied Industries and of Mines and Metallurgy. On the left is the Palace of Machinery, the largest wooden building in the world. The Palace of Machinery is an example of early Roman architecture, being studied from the baths and thermae of ancient Rome. The facades of the buildings opposite are Italian Renaissance, the portals being derived from gateways to Italian cities built during the sixteenth century.

GAZETTE--60c A MONTH
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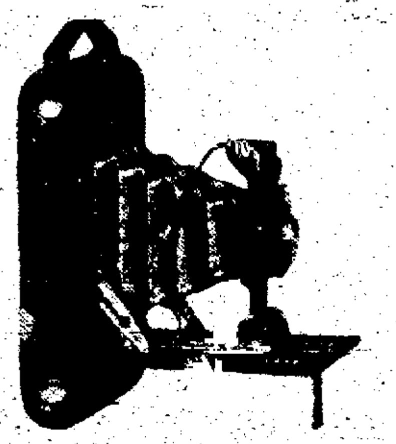

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You can depend on our judgment when we tell you that in this new No. 1A Kodak Jr. you will find an efficient instrument—easy to load and operate, and so thin and compact as to fit the pocket without inconvenience.

Has Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, for time and bulb exposures and for speeds of 1-25, 1-50 and 1-100 of a second—size of pictures, 2½x4¼—price, $9.00.

The work of our Developing and Printing Department is guaranteed to please. Bring your films.

D. Y. Butcher Drug Co.
PHONES MAIN 30 AND 750
CORNER OPPOSITE P. O.
Quickest Delivery Service in this town.

SPECIAL SALE—Crepe de chine Waists, formerly priced at $5.00, on sale at **2.98**

POLANT'S
119 S. Tejon Phone 2495

THE FRANKLIN CALENDAR

JULY 6

It is a maxim that those who feel can best judge. This end, I think, would be best attained if money affairs were to be confined to the immediate representatives of the people.

(Remarks on originating money bills in the lower house of congress, in the constitutional convention, 1787.

THE WEATHER

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Forecast: Colorado—Generally fair Monday and Tuesday.

The following meteorological record is furnished by the Colorado Springs weather bureau for the 24 hours ending at 6 p. m.:

Temperature at 6 a. m.	52
Temperature at 12 m.	70
Temperature at 6 p. m.	67
Maximum temperature	75
Minimum temperature	51
Mean temperature	63
Max. bar. pres., inches	24.20
Min. bar. pres., inches	24.16
Mean vel. of wind per hour	4
Max. vel. of wind per hour	12
Relative humidity at noon	48
Dew point at noon	36
Precipitation in inches	.01

CITY BRIEFS

THE MANSION HOTEL now open. Dutch Room Grill in connection. Orchestra concert evenings. Adv.

The cream of ALL ELISARDO cigars. Adv.

CRIPPLE CREEK SERVICE

The F. & C. C. R. R. is running the regular 11:25 a. m. train to Cripple Creek every day over the famous Short Line, arriving at Colorado Springs on return at 5:45 p. m. The earlier train that was to go in service today leaving Colorado Springs at 8:35 a. m. will not be run for the present. Adv.

HOMEMADE MUSIC

From Farm and Home.

Every boy with a spark of music in him loves to try his skill at making strange musical instruments. Is there a country boy or girl living who does not try playing tunes upon a folded leaf? I have heard really sweet music produced by stretching a blade of grass between the first tips and fleshy parts of the two thumbs, leaving an opening between the first and second joints, where the music is produced by blowing upon the taut grass with the breath. The balance of the two hands are pressed in close contact, so as to form a hollow sounding body, like a violin.

Flutes are made by cutting a stem from a pumpkin or squash leaf, leaving it end closed. A lengthwise slit is cut near the closed end and this end is inserted in the mouth so as to include the whole of the slit. Keys to be covered by the fingers are then cut by making notches in the stem. To play, the breath is forced out through the slit in the stem, and notes are made by covering and uncovering the notches with the fingers.

A cornstalk fiddle is an old instrument which our great-grandparents used to make. Cut a joint off a large cornstalk. Slip the knife under the tough bark, loosening it for a few inches near one end, but do not cut the ends. Now remove about half the stock beneath the loosened bark. Cut the bark into strips an eighth of an inch in width, and cut away every other or alternate one. These strips are your strings, and you may, by doing your work neatly, have quite a creditable looking instrument.

You may put in a bridge with notches for the strings, and thus change the tone of each string a trifle. For a bow you may use long strips of cornstalk bark stretched in a bow frame, or well-rosined thread, or you may be able to get horse hair for your bow.

WILDFLOWER
EXCURSION
Go at 9 a. m. Home 5 p. m.
$1.00—Every Day—$1.00

FUNERAL DIRECTORS
EMBALMERS
PRIVATE AMBULANCE
Carrington
Phone 413 317 N. Tejon

CHICKEN FRIED STEAK
A cooling, summer food, at the coolest restaurant in the city.
PHELPS
111 E. Bijou
Cafeteria Now Open for Breakfast.

The A. P. C.
CANDY STORE
Fountain Drinks of all kinds.
Ice Cream, Candies, Fruits and Cigars.
Opp. N. Park 222 N. Tejon

N. W. HAAS
PLUMBING & HEATING CO.
Strictly Guaranteed Garden Hose
Hot Water Heating a Specialty.
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.
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HEINZ STUFFED MANGOES
Large bell pepper mangoes, cored and filled with finely chopped sweet pickle, deliciously chopped sweet pickle, deliciously served in Heinz Sweet Pickling Liquor. We sell these at 5c each. Splendid for a relish.
Sommers' Market
QUALITY MARKET GOODS
113 S. TEJON ST.
Call Main 114 or 172.

Welch's Grape Juice
See our window display of this delicious summer drink. Pressed from choice Concord grapes grown in the famous grape district of New York, and bottled almost in the vineyard itself, this juice preserves all the freshness and luscious tang of the grape itself.
It's more economical to buy it by the dozen. You are always prepared then for unexpected guests.
4 oz. ...... 10c ea., $1.00 per doz.
½ Pts. ...... 15c ea., $1.75 per doz.
Pts. ...... 25c ea., $2.75 per doz.
Qts. ...... 50c ea., $5.50 per doz.
BURGESS
PHONE MAIN EIGHTY-THREE
112-114 N. Tejon St.

The Craftwood Shops
Town Sale Rooms
19 E. Pikes Peak Ave.

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LICENSED EMBALMERS & FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Parlors, 16 E. Bijou St.
Phone 534 Res. Phone, 2211

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For men who care
Made to our order, by such manufacturers as—
The Boyden Shoe Mfg. Co.
The Hurley Shoe Co.
Kelley-Buckley Co.
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Get Your Bread at D. W. Smith's
FAMILY GROCERY
717 N. Weber Phone Main 151
And get the finest homemade bread in the city.
6 5c loaves 25c
3 10c loaves 25c
1 doz. Parker House rolls 10c
1 doz. cream puffs 30c
1 doz. Scotch scones 15c
BREAD AND ROLLS READY FOR BREAKFAST, 6 A. M.
You should try our famous home-cooked veal loaf, boiled ham, corned beef, tongue.
We have some very choice salt mackerel, each ...... 15c to 25c
1 pound finest table butter 30c
1 pound extra choice coffee 25c

DAILY EXCURSION
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BY AUTOMOBILE
Cars Leave Tuckers' Cafe at 8 a. m.
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For Cut Flowers call CRUMP
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Your summer cottage is not complete without a
VICTROLA
Largest and most complete stock in the city.
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Cold Ice
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Phone 46 and 91.

D. F. LAW
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
116 N. Nevada. Office Phone 166

COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE
60 CENTS A MONTH

MISS LIDA FLEITMAN

LONDON, July 5.—Miss Lida Fleitman, the New York horsewoman who has been the sensation at the Horse show and is now one of the most popular young women in London, is stopping at Buckland's hotel. She won numerous prizes at Olympia, riding Walter Winans' horses, and was invited by Queen Mary to Buckingham palace, before the court moved to Windsor, the queen having admired her horsemanship at Olympia.

KING WAITED ON GUESTS

Ruler of Denmark Acted as Servant During a Luncheon

In a letter to her mother written in 1878 Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone gives in Harper's magazine a pleasant picture of the home life of the king and queen of Denmark:

"Copenhagen, Jan. 28, 1878.

"Dear Mother: Some days have passed between this and my last letter, but I have been very busy. I have tried to do some sightseeing—there are many interesting and enchanting things to see here. Then I have had a great many visits to pay, and I go often to sing with the queen.

"Yesterday I lunched at the palace. The queen had said to me before: 'When you come to me come straight to my room. Don't bother about going first to the dames d'honneur. The servant has orders.'

"So yesterday when I arrived the old decorated servant who sits in the antechamber simply opened the door of the queen's private apartments, where I found her and the Princess Thyra alone.

"The queen said: 'You will stay to luncheon, will you not?' I hesitated, as we had invited some friends to lunch with us, but that was evidently no obstacle. She said: 'Never mind that. I will send word to your husband that I have kept you.' Of course I stayed. We had a great deal of music. I sang 'Beware' for the first time. The queen said: 'Oh, the king must hear that,' and rang the bell, sending the service to beg Prince Valdemar to come in.

"On his appearing the queen said: 'Valdemar, you must tell papa that he must come.' Prince Valdemar soon returned, saying, 'Papa has lumbago and says he cannot come.' The queen shook her head, evidently not believing in the lumbago, and said: 'Lumbago or not, papa must come, even if we have to bring him.'

"The king came without being 'brought,' and I sang 'Beware' for him and then 'ma mere etait bohemienne,' the queen accompanying me in both.

"'Now,' said the queen, 'please sing that song which you play for yourself—that one with a dash.' (She meant 'Biondina.')

"'Please, madam,' said the king when I had finished, 'sing "Beware" again.'

"Then we went down a little side staircase for luncheon. The dining-room is quite small and looks out upon the square. The table could not have seated more than 12 people. Besides the king and queen, there were Prince Hans and Prince Wilhelm, brothers of the king; Prince Valdemar, Princess Thyra and myself. There were no ladies or gentlemen in waiting, except the king's adjutant.

"On a side table were the warm meats, vegetables and several cold dishes. No servants were allowed in the room. It is the only meal when the family are quite alone together; the serving was all done by the royalties themselves. I felt quite shy when the king proposed to shell my shrimps for me. 'Oh, your majesty,' I said, 'I can do that myself.'

"'No,' said he, 'I am sure you cannot. At any rate, not as it ought to be done.'

"He was quite right. I never could have done it so dexterously as he did. He took the shells and put the shrimps on some bread—they looked like little pink worms. I did not dare get up and serve myself at the side table, and rather than be waited on by royalty, I preferred eating little and going away hungry.

"The king was very gay. He asked me how I was getting on with my Danish. I told him some of my mistakes, at which they all laughed."

10 DEAD AS RESULT OF SANE FOURTH CELEBRATION

CHICAGO, July 5.—Revised figures announced tonight by the Sane Fourth committee, a Chicago organization, show a total of 10 deaths caused by fireworks throughout the nation in this year's two-day celebration of Independence day. This list doubtless will be increased by deaths of injured, of whom 867 were reported. In the 1913 celebration, 25 deaths were reported and 1,032 injured.

SYDNEY GRUNDY DIES

LONDON, July 5.—Sydney Grundy, the dramatic author, died today. He was born at Manchester, in 1848. Among his publications were "A Pair of Spectacles," "The Degenerates" and "Frocks and Frills."

HOW A RICH MAN'S WIFE GOT HER PIN MONEY

In the July American Magazine appears an interesting short story entitled "That Awful Bill," by Rebecca Hooper Eastman, in which the wife of a rich man tells as follows, how she gets hold of her spending money:

"Kitty, dear, I can't bear that you should misjudge me, and so I am going to tell you what not a soul in this world knows: I have absolutely no money, and no way of getting any. My husband doesn't think it is necessary for me to have money when I can charge things. I owe you a dollar. You think I have forgotten, but I haven't. And I am going to pay you—when I can!

"I want to tell you that I have just discovered a way to make money. You see I have borrowed so many small sums for tips and car fares that I am quite in debt.

"We have one of the finest cooks in New York, as you know, and I order him to make cakes. He thinks they are for a bazaar. In reality, I sell these cakes at a certain woman's exchange for one dollar a loaf, cash, Kitty! I leave my car at a nearby hotel, walk through the hotel to the exchange on the next street, wear a plain suit, and a thick veil, which I put on in the hotel dressing room. Nobody knows."

Have You—
Tried our fountain? The cool, dainty things we serve are really delightful and altogether different.
We are glad to have you meet your friends here.
The Paris Wood Drug Co.
"Better Than Ever"
Opera House Block—Phone 491 Acacia Hotel Bldg.—Phone 872

Cottage Properties
A few low-priced cottages and building lots offered at quick sale to clear mortgage indebtedness. Prices and terms most favorable. Apply soon to THE ASSURANCE SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, 116 E. Pikes Peak Ave.

NOW OPEN
5c car fare to the Zoo | ZOO | 5c car fare to the Zoo
BATHING
Hot and Cold Water Swimming Pool.
Roller Coaster; Miniature R. R.; Circle Swing; Shoot-the-Chutes; Merry-Go-Round; Old Mill; Katzenjammer Castle; Menagerie.

Climbing the Rockies to Crystal Park
The World's Most Wonderful Scenic Mountain Auto Trip
Leave daily, morning, afternoon and evening
Grand Sunrise Trips every Tuesday and Friday, leave 3:00 a. m.
Arrangements can be made for all-day picnic parties
Special Excursion Trips Every Sunday Round Trip Only $2.50
Road now open to visiting motorists. Inquire at Hotels or other information places for special rates and conditions. Ask for Log-Map folder exploiting this new and novel mountain climb.
Telephone Main 1183 or Main 2082

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GET ONE WITHOUT FAIL
IT'S AN EDUCATION

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IRRIGATES 290 ACRES
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2-STORY HOUSE
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STABLE FOR 8 HORSES
$160 Per Acre
The Bennett-Shellenberger Realty Company
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OWNER HAVING TO GO TO LOWER ALTITUDE OFFERS FOR QUICK SALE
One of the Finest Places ON Cascade Avenue
FOR HALF PRICE
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